Sept.18,1954

THE NEW YORKER

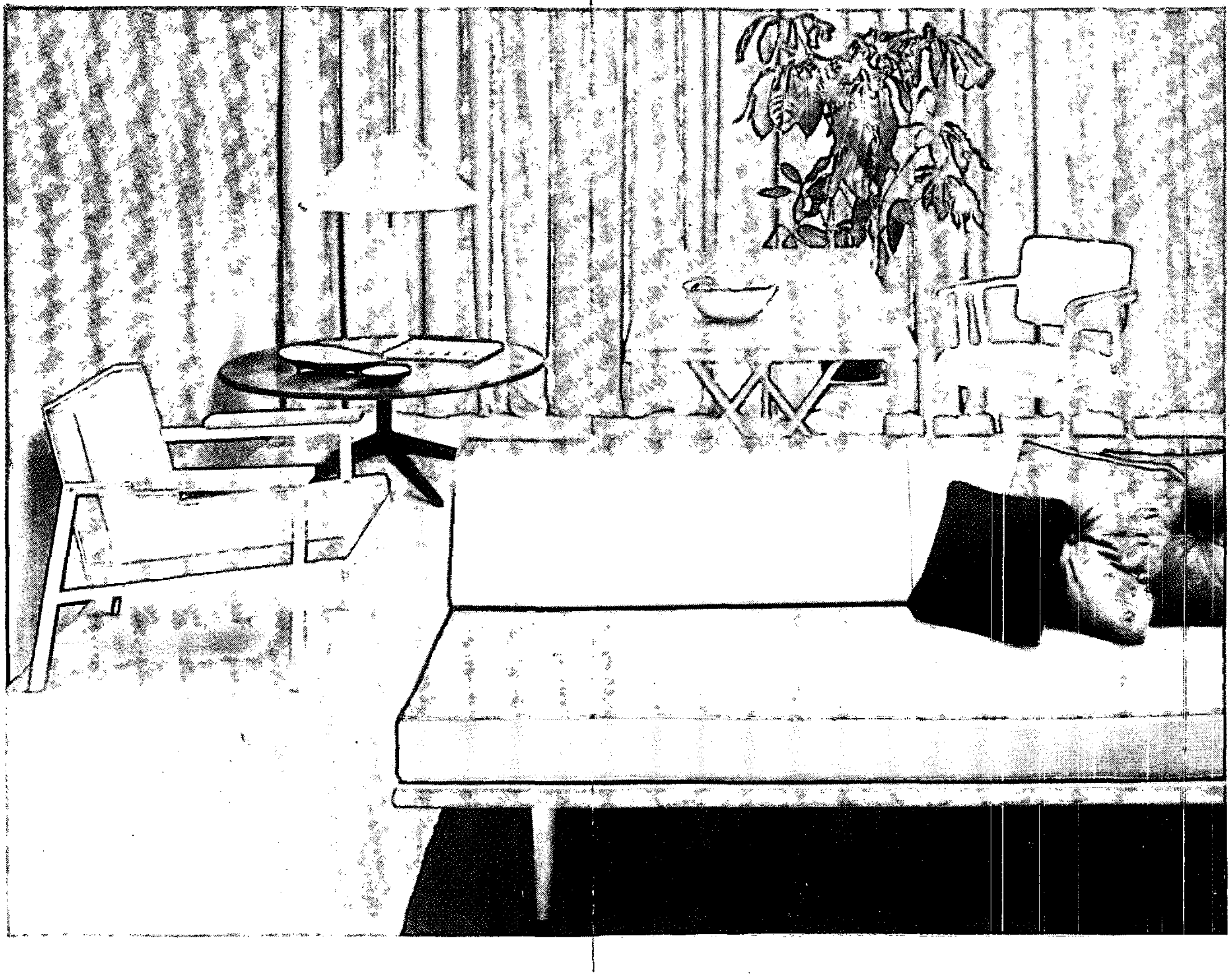
Price 20 cents

THIN SLICED
Garrett Price

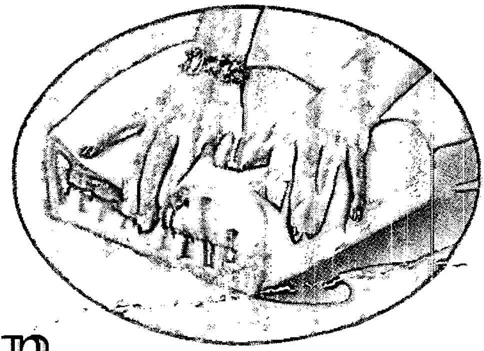
Herman Miller Furniture

Designed by George Nelson and Charles Eames

Cushioned with U. S. Koylon Foam



From the clean, simple lines of the modern day bed to the tailored desk chair in the background, furniture from the Herman Miller Collection visualizes the modern beauty and comfort today's leading designers can achieve with U. S. Koylon Foam Cushioning. And the beautiful lines of furniture cushioned with U. S. Koylon Foam are made to last. So, whether you prefer modern, period or traditional, you may be sure that furniture bearing the U. S. Koylon Foam Cushioning label will give you luxurious seating comfort for years to come. Herman Miller Furniture available through architects, decorators, and authorized dealers or write Herman Miller Furniture Company, Zeeland, Mich.

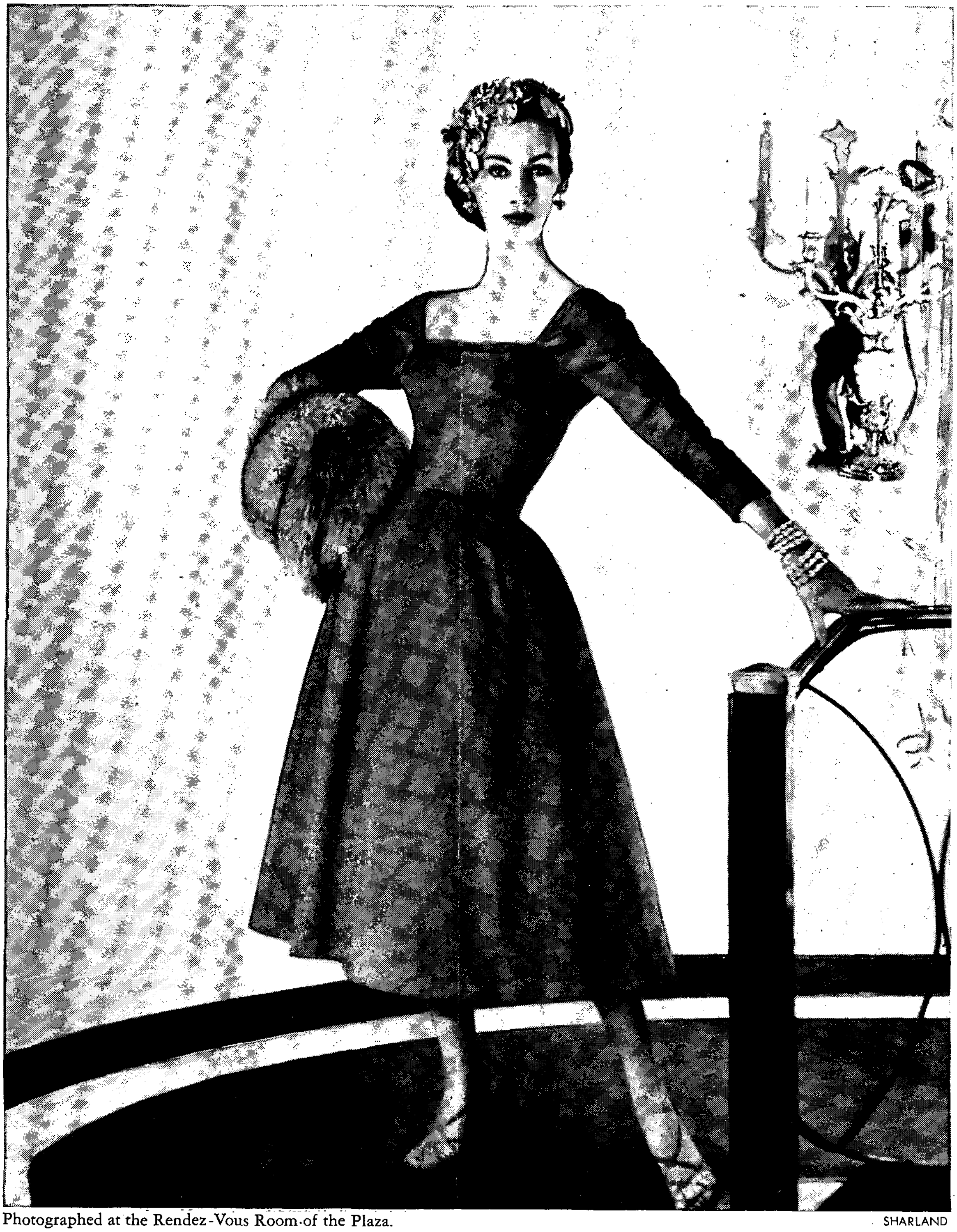


U.S. Koylon® FOAM *Cushioning*

US RUBBER

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA



Photographed at the Rendez-Vous Room of the Plaza.

SHARLAND

Crème de la Crème of French Broadcloth $110

Winter's newsiest little wool dinner dress by Harvey Berin, in the palest of pale gray French broadcloth, creamy soft, shaped à la Pompadour with low, square décolletage, petite waist, the bell-shaped skirt rounded over a froth of net petticoating. A French flirt, also in black or navy in sizes 8 to 16.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W.˙mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do their best in this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel is a highly impressive achievement, and Charles Laughton's direction of it is illustrious. Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan currently head the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Maybe this unobtrusive item by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke lacks substance, but it has enough real comedy to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE FIFTH SEASON:** Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Chester Morris and Joseph Buloff now in the main roles. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!:** Lloyd Bridges plays a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net, and Joan Gray, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who conspire to complicate his life. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** Elliott Nugent at the moment has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl while his wife is away for the summer. Sally Forrest and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A satire by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, on the business world of today. Josephine Hull is still out of action, but Loring Smith is around at the head of the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 19.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. David Wayne, John Forsythe, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly involved. Starting Monday, Sept. 20, Burgess Meredith will take over for Mr. Wayne, and Scott McKay for Mr. Forsythe. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Dear Charles—*Tallulah Bankhead in an adaptation*, by Alan Melville, of a French comedy by Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon. Produced by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers in association with Julius Fleischmann. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

MUSICALS

By the Beautiful Sea—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means in his best vein. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, old-fashioned Coney Island setting. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory, and easily the best musical visible in town. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse was responsible for the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith, Gwen Verdon, and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET:** Alfred Drake is the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI. 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	134
THE CURRENT CINEMA	66
LETTER FROM BONN	120
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	68
MUSICAL EVENTS: CONCERT RECORDS	102
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: ABOUT THE HOUSE	96
ON THE COURTS	118
THE RACE TRACK	132

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—S. Hurok presenting the Old Vic Company, with Robert Helpmann, Moira Shearer, and Stanley Holloway, and augmented by a symphony orchestra and a corps de ballet, in a four-week engagement of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Michael Benthall, costumes and scenery by Robin and Christopher Ironside, and choreography by Mr. Helpmann and Frederick Ashton. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 21. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-2165. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:15.)

Home Is the Hero—An Irish drama by Walter Macken, with Peggy Ann Garner, Glenda Farrell, and the author heading the cast. Produced by the Theare Guild and Worthington Miner, who also directed. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 22. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

All Summer Long—A new play by Robert Anderson, adapted from a novel by Donald Wetzel. John Kerr, Ed Begley, and June Walker are in the cast. Presented by the Playwrights' Company, directed by Alan Schneider, and with sets by Jo Mielziner. Opens Thursday, Sept. 23. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Sept. 19: "The Barber of Seville," in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Sept. 24: "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Provincetown Playhouse—"The Cretan Woman," a play by Robinson Jeffers, with Jacqueline Brookes and Charles Aidman. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

Theatre de Lys—"The Pony Cart," a new play written by Roger Garis and presented by I. B. Joselow, with a cast headed by Louisa Horton and Lamont Johnson. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Sept. 16: "Interplay," "Illuminations," "The Duel," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 17: "Swan Lake," "The Five Gifts," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 18: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 18: "Swan Lake," "A la Françaix," "Orpheus," and "Pied Piper.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 19: "Filling Station," "Ivesiana," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Pied Piper.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 19: "Four Temperaments," "Illuminations," "Harlequinade," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 21: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Opus 34," and "Pied Piper.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 22: "Serenade," "Ivesiana," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 23:

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine. Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 31, September 18, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

Lord & Taylor

Otto Fenn

Where does beauty begin? With lines as simple as this—
with shaping so basically perfect there's never a need for tricks.

A Parade dress in black velvet, 35.00; gold or red corduroy, 22.95;
brown or charcoal wool flannel or flecked charcoal wool, 24.95
All in sizes 8 to 16. The Budget Town Shop, Second Floor, Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Duel," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 24: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "The Cage," and "Con Amore."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 25: "Four Temperaments," "Harlequinade," "Fanfare," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 25: "The Five Gifts," "Pas de Trois," "La Valse," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 26.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades of 1955," produced by John H. Harris, offers a frozen abbreviation of "Wish You Were Here," a Mother Goose charade, and eight other creations, ranging from "Ave Maria" to a narrated parody of "Dragnet." (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Friends, Romans, and countrymen gather in profusion in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour to listen to soft music every day but Sunday, and for the same purpose in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—You probably wouldn't live here if they gave you the place, but you might like to pay a brief visit while Joe E. Lewis is discussing the high cost of following the races and the Billy Williams Quartet is singing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Chauncey Gray, whose band has played "Happy Birthday" for a million champagne suppers here, will play it for the very last time on Saturday, Sept. 18. Thereafter, Charles Holden's orchestra will handle the job.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, noted translator of ballads into pidgin French, and Jack Whiting, boy- and man-about-town these many years, will be joining their diverse talents in the Cotillion Room on Tuesday, Sept. 21. As usual, Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bandsmen will be sounding off, too. Only one show opening night and Sundays; closed Mondays.... ¶ A small orchestra, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Julie Wilson, a deservedly proud peacock, is singing and strutting around the Persian Room to the music of Ted Straeter's band, whose dance measures are vintage *vin rosé*. Mark Monte's instrumentalists are also on hand. Closed Sundays. Thursday, Sept. 23, is a benefit night.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ At cocktails, Leo LeFleur's music once again embellishes the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has dancing of the haste-makes-waste type, to the music of two bands. As of Thursday, Sept. 23, the major provider will be Guy Lombardo, the original lar and penate of the establishment. Closed on the Sabbath.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette (the glory that was Rome, the grandeur that was Greece, and far more than all the comforts of home), Constance Moore, a credit to Hollywood, gives her ballads a nice easy workout. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari dish up the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge's echoes have been vastly improved by the carefully integrated work of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's men. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. The crying, though, is done into nondomestic champagne, not beer. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band dish up the music.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A well-selected cross-section of outdoors (no poison ivy, for one thing) is just beyond the rim of the open-air terrace, where there is dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays. The music is merely adequate, but the scenery could hardly be improved upon.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The incumbent George White musical comedy, which is comedy principally because of Fay DeWitt and Lou Nelson, is about to be retired on pension after a long and energetic career. On Wednesday, Sept. 22, a new extravaganza, involving Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow, will take a bow. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine.

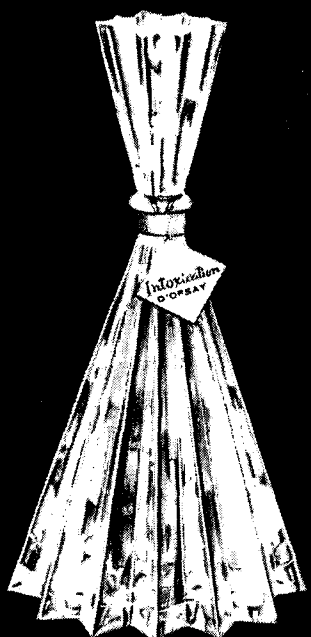
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The stars above the Roof are constant, being by Consolidated Edison. Henry King, whose sweet music is nice to come home to after his long absence, is on the podium, along with Betty Clooney, an engaging youngster whose songwriters should have known better, and the three Andreas, a circus-tent dance team with aplomb, *élan*, and finesse. Closed Sundays.

Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of music, one may do a comprehensive job of window-shopping midtown Manhattan. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, and done to the life. Except Sundays, there's Continental piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, master of the nobody-really-matters-but-you brand of tableside violin, prowls the room. Bud Gregg makes quiet, comfortable piano music at supper on Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The piano recitals of Cy Walter, which run from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday, manage to be crisp and cool and at the same time full of joy.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during dinner and supper. Sunday is his day of rest.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The lays of that ancient minstrel Eddie Davis and his helpmeets take care of the dancers after nine. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A sort of permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Herman Arminski softly strokes a piano at cocktails,



"Someone lovely* just passed by!"

*Someone wearing

Intoxication
D'ORSAY

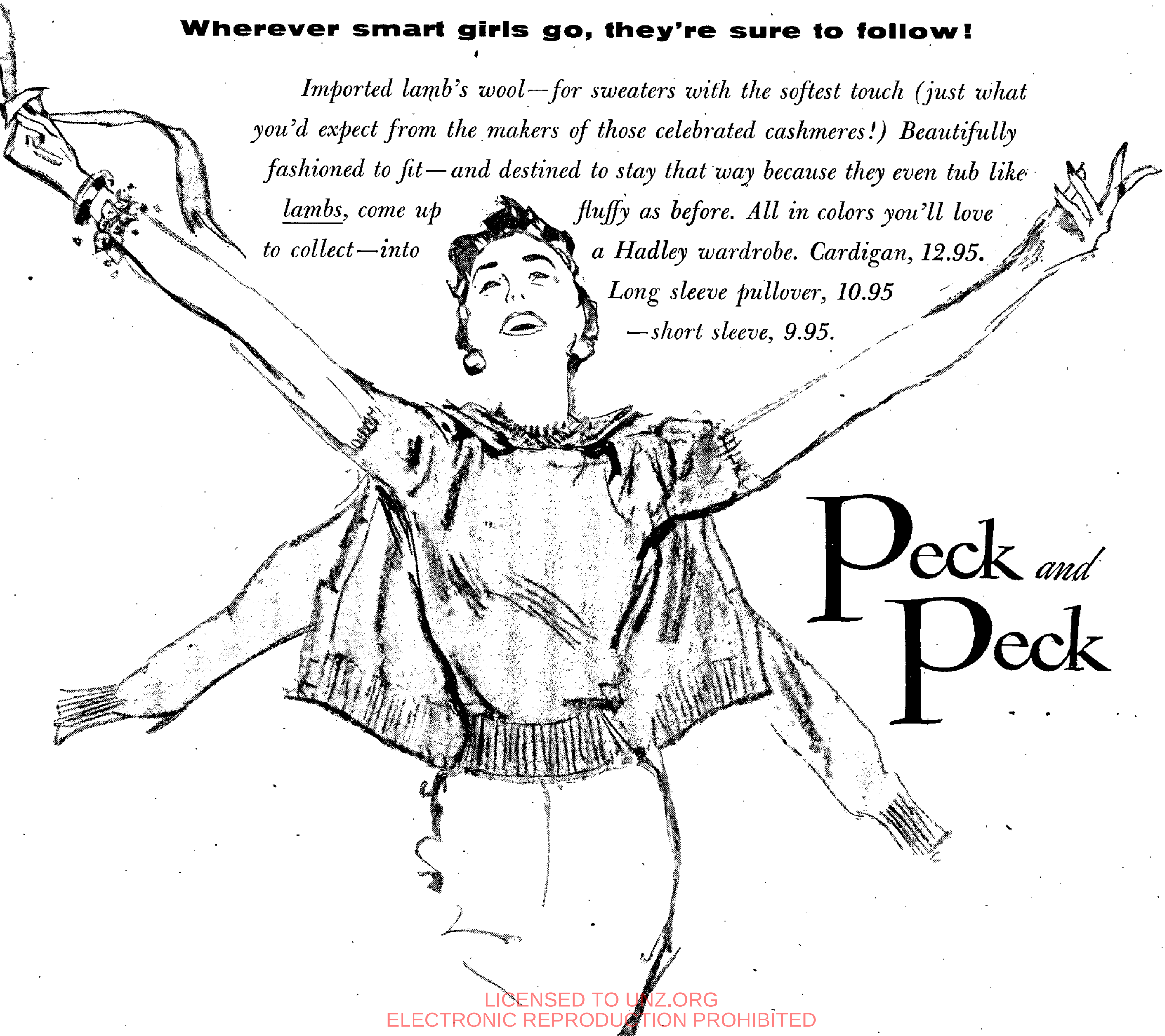
DIVINE, LE DANDY, FANTASTIQUE
FAMOUS FRENCH FRAGRANCES THAT WHISPER
"SOMEONE LOVELY JUST PASSED BY!"

NEW

Peck & Peck's *Hadley Lambs*

Wherever smart girls go, they're sure to follow!

Imported lamb's wool—for sweaters with the softest touch (just what you'd expect from the makers of those celebrated cashmeres!) Beautifully fashioned to fit—and destined to stay that way because they even tub like lambs, come up fluffy as before. All in colors you'll love to collect—into a Hadley wardrobe. Cardigan, 12.95. Long sleeve pullover, 10.95 —short sleeve, 9.95.



Peck *and* Peck

Raymond Loewy

CREATED IT...WORLD-FAMOUS
ROSENTHAL FACTORIES MAKE IT

CONTINENTAL

"THE SOMETHING NEW...SOMETHING WONDERFUL IN FINE CHINA"

Where have you ever seen china sit so gracefully
at a formal dinner table...perk up a buffet so
spontaneously with fresh and enchanting "mix-matches"?
Where have you ever seen European china of
such beauty, such translucency, such quality,
at such unbelievably low prices?
Only in CONTINENTAL!
Illustrated is SCRIPT and CHARCOAL
"mix-match" 11.45; SCRIPT 10.95;
other 5-piece place settings
6.95 to 13.95.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE.
FOR FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS
OF ALL PATTERNS, SEND 10¢ TO
THE ROSENTHAL-BLOCK CHINA CORP.
DEPT. 4NY-3, 21 E. 26TH ST. N. Y.

GAYETY 8.95 MULTI-COLORED FLORAL

COINS 13.95 GOLD AND GREY

CONFERENCE 10.95 BLUE GREY TONES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper in the bar, which is decorated in a pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey manner. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The joke is apt to be on anyone when the troupe here gets rolling. The songs of Martha Davis and Calvin Ponder have plenty of rhyme but very little reason, the topical tirades of Jimmie Komack demolish whole rows of glass houses, and the lampooning of Charlotte Rae leaves some celebrated American songbirds without any feathers. Even the incredibly facile Parisian puppets of George La Faye, which tee off as poets and occasionally downright tragedians, end up in a burst of merriment gone mad. The fervent background music is the work of Bart Howard, Otis Clements, and the Jimmy Lyons trio. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturday nights, the Davis-Ponder ménage do a rebroadcast from two to four. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): June Ericson, yesterday a child with a still, small voice, has suddenly come of age as a gentle delineator of high-style songs of sadness, from Gershwin all the way to Menotti. There are also Lee Goodman, a skilled hand at much-ado-about-nothing conversation; the first insanities of a fledgling but likely humorist named Alan Carrier; and the earnest pipings of a youth movement called Terry and the Macs. The cajoling music of Julius Monk, master and mentor of this household, and the unique Norman Paris trio bring out the best in all parties. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The minuscule Robert Clary, the champion of the bantamweights, flashes some dazzling footwork as he boxes a few popular ballads silly. Ada Moore, a fine, rangy jazz singer, is only a beginner, but a promising one. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The humor, largely contained within a familiar frame of reference, is by Patricia Bright; the baritone is by John Juliano. She's off Sundays; he's off Mondays. There are also vigorous double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Bygone movies are added Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers; the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, is trotting forth agreeable piano every night but Monday. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Perhaps the funniest girl (junior misses' section, anyway) in town is Ceil Cabot, who rewrites the nation's songs to suit herself. The other merriment ranges from pseudo-romantic (the songs of Jimmie Daniels, Thelma Carpenter, and Norene Tate) to full-blown rumpus (the music of Tiger Haines and the Three Flames, plus the mimicry of Tony and Eddie, whose performance seemed to have picked up a bit too much salt on its recent ocean voyage). Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Practically all the problems womanhood is heir to are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Old friends—Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroed-

WORSTED-TEX MAKES NEWS WITH ORLON®

"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trade-mark for its acrylic fiber

Good news about good grooming: This soft tweed stays neat

Even a man who likes his tweed really casual will admit that tweed has been less than perfect for keeping a neat appearance. But now there's a new kind of tweed that combines soft comfort with the neat look demanded of today's successful executive. This happy combination is possible because these suits are made with "Orlon" and wool.

Lots of our well-dressed friends—men who've been wearing suits made with "Orlon" for more than a year—tell us that their clothes keep a press better, that they can look well groomed longer . . . and that they're more comfortable in these soft, good-looking suits. "Orlon", they tell us, really makes luxury suitings practical.

WORSTED-TEX tailors this tweed in an unusual soft-textured fabric of "Orlon" acrylic fiber and wool. See it now at fine stores in your shopping area.

Orlon®
ACRYLIC FIBER

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or garments

OUTSTANDING

Performance...

OUTSTANDING

Value

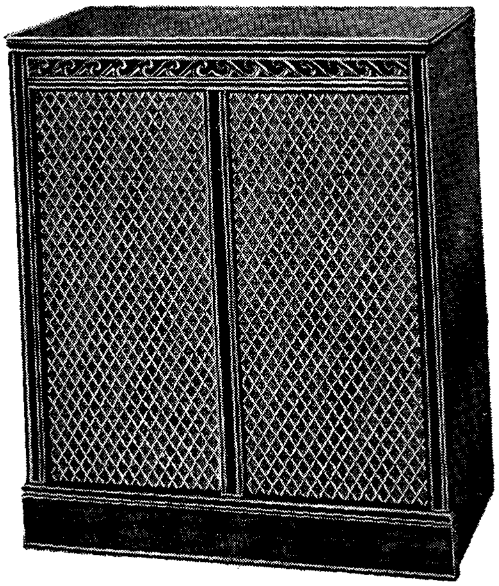
THE INCOMPARABLE

Capehart

HIGH FIDELITY PHONOGRAPH

CAPEHART—the greatest name in sound reproduction—now presents the most complete line of quality High Fidelity instruments on the market. These instruments reproduce your favorite recordings with a fidelity that makes you feel you are in the presence of "living music." There is a Capehart High Fidelity instrument to suit every music lover—from Table Phonograph to superb Phonograph—AM-FM Radio. Hear these magnificent instruments today. Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer. Prices range from **$129.95** to **$549.95***.

Capehart DIVISION OF IT&T



The "Bolero." Designed to bring you the full tonal beauty of your recordings. Two 12-inch low frequency reproducers and two "tweeters." Record Balance Control. Mahogany finish cabinet with hinged lid for easy access to instrument and record compartment. **$199.95***

The "Rodeo." A rare find—a Table Phonograph with three Capehart Symphonic Tone speakers for true High Fidelity reproduction. Tone control for adjustment for listener's preference. Mahogany finish cabinet designed to form special tonal chamber. (With custom-styled wrought iron stand at slightly higher cost.) **$129.95***

**Suggested retail price. Prices slightly higher in the South and West.*

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana

A Division of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation

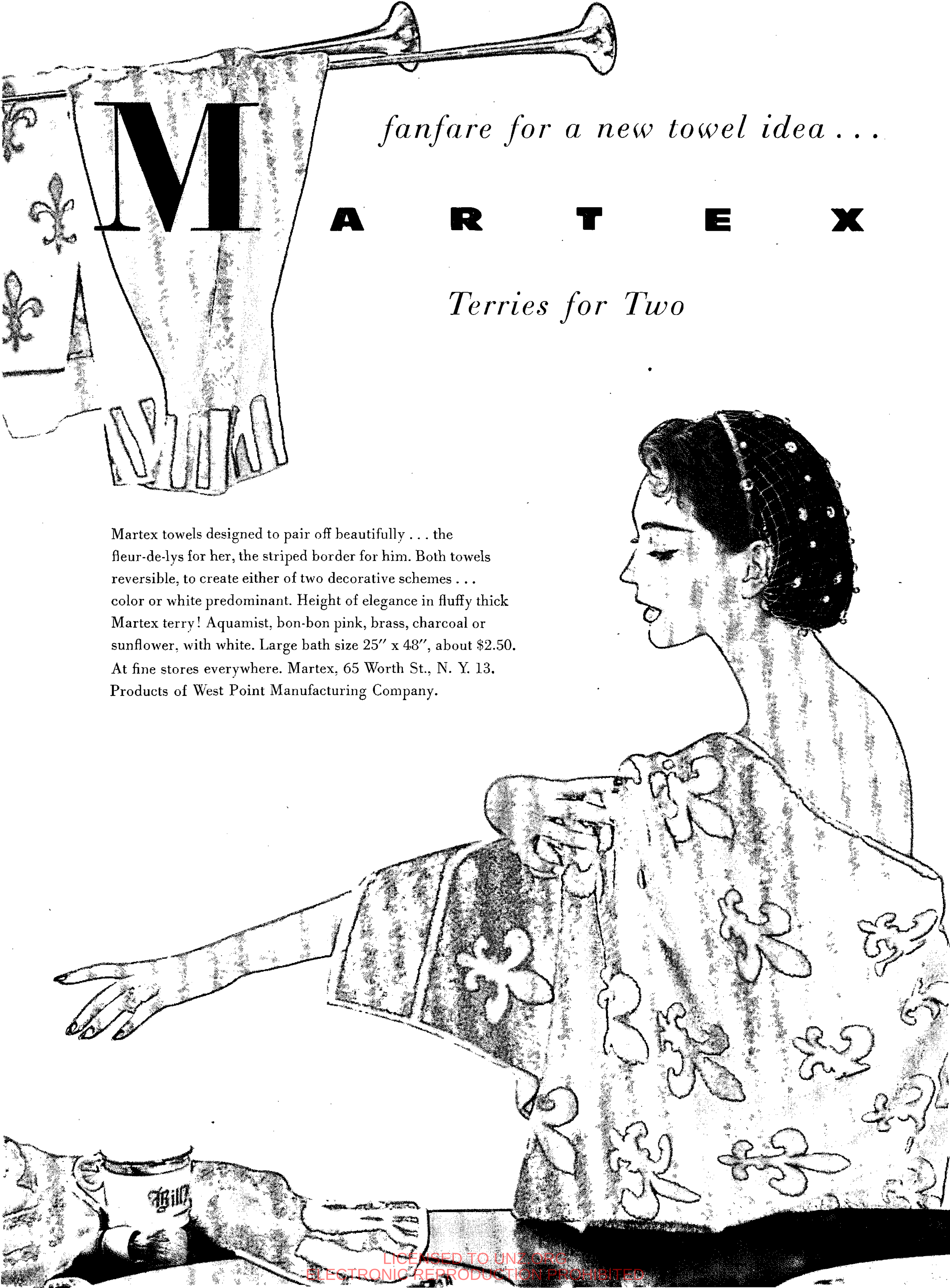
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

er, Cliff Leeman, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, Dick Carey, and Mr. Condon—just sit around this old cracker barrel and goof off ad lib. It's all done with a pronounced Dixie accent. Ralph Sutton is at the piano during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The Don Shirley duo—piano and bass—give a chamber-music reading of the jazz classics from seven to one. After nine, they alternate with the trios of Alex Kallao (modern in moderation) and Dorothy Donegan (hot in moderation). The Donegan group stays home Sundays, the Shirley group Mondays, the Kallao group Tuesdays. Ronnie Selby's piano is their alter ego. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Just about the best of the West Side foxholes. Jack Teagarden's honey-toned trombone and voice are surrounded by his All-Stars (Ray Bauduc and Norma Teagarden among them); Lionel Hampton's band and his noticeably noisy task force hammer home a few points. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The regulars are again at their old game of musical chairs. On Tuesday, Sept. 21, Pee Wee Erwin's band returns to replace Phil Napoleon's boys. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Those who are willing to accept no substitutes for the real original jazz may as well settle for the band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): On lodge nights, you can't tell the players from the customers, even with a score card. At the moment, the paid performers, all in the current idiom, are Chico O'Farrill's band, Chris Connors, and the Sal Salvador quartet. Mondays, when these operators are at rest, are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Once more, it's ragtime instead of blossomtime down in the Grill. Some newcomers—Turk Murphy and his San Francisco Jazz Band (Wally Rose, Bob Helm, Bob Short, Frank Haggerty, and Everett Farey)—get to work early (six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, five-thirty Sundays). This Sunday, Sept. 19, a band headed by Wild Bill Davison will be the afternoon guest. Dancing evenings after nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, Marian McPartland, one of the least showy but most imaginative of the girl pianists, applies a light touch to some progressive gymnastics. She's backed by a two-man rhythm section. No action on Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A gathering place for the topnotch hot-shot musicians. On Friday, Sept. 17, they should include Bobby Hackett, Buck Clayton, Oran Page, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Lou McGarity, Sammy Price, George Wettling, and Zutty Singleton. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, a welkin-ringing contest between (so says the grapevine) Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Jimmy Archey, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, Freddie Moore, and Gene Sedric.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Nolan's Closter Manor (Closter 5-3012). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037);



fanfare for a new towel idea . . .

MARTEX

Terries for Two

Martex towels designed to pair off beautifully . . . the fleur-de-lys for her, the striped border for him. Both towels reversible, to create either of two decorative schemes . . . color or white predominant. Height of elegance in fluffy thick Martex terry! Aquamist, bon-bon pink, brass, charcoal or sunflower, with white. Large bath size 25″ x 48″, about $2.50. At fine stores everywhere. Martex, 65 Worth St., N. Y. 13. Products of West Point Manufacturing Company.

beautiful beginning . . . keep the love and tend it well and gather the lovely lasting things around it. So goes the dream . . and so can be the lifetime. Let your china be Castleton . . for it is so strong, so good, so beautiful . . and over and over, all the days of your life, it will delight you . . for it has pleased all who have ever owned it. Use it for daily beauty . . the little breakfast . . the great gala. It is meant for use. She has chosen "Corsage," the newest of a long line of Castleton China "*greats.*" See how tenderly she holds it . . this beautiful beginning.

Send for Castleton China Brochure and booklet
"Wedding Etiquette." Both for 25¢.
Castleton China, Inc., New Castle 6, Pa.

CASTLETON *China*

a joy to live with

music nightly and dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: André; formerly Mori's (HUnter 2-7717). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Volunteer 6-2588). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511). . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 4-1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-3886). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL SPRINCHORN—A retrospective show of water-color, pen-and-ink, and pencil drawings; through Oct. 9. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 12:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: New paintings and a couple of sculptures by Karl Zerbe, Jack Levine, William King, and the nineteen other artists who are associated with this gallery; through Oct. 2. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Albert Ryder, George Inness, and Charles Sibley are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters represented in the current display; through Oct. 2. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 61 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and mosaics by present-day artists, including Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, José de Rivera, Gabor Peterdi, and Max Spivak; through Saturday, Sept. 25. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Thirty Chicago artists, showing a wide range of styles and mediums; through Oct. 2. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-second Annual Founders' Exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Anthony Thieme, Robert Brackman, Paul Manship, Gordon Grant, and many others; through Nov. 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché, John Heliker, and Robert Laurent are three of the six painters and sculptors who have contributed to this show; through Oct. 15. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by Abraham Rattner, Karl Knaths, and Marsden Hartley; through Sept. 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS: GROUP SHOW—Paintings and sculptures by Alexander Calder, Jean Arp, Paul Klee, Graham Sutherland, and thirty-five other artists whose work has been regularly shown at this gallery; through Oct. 6. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

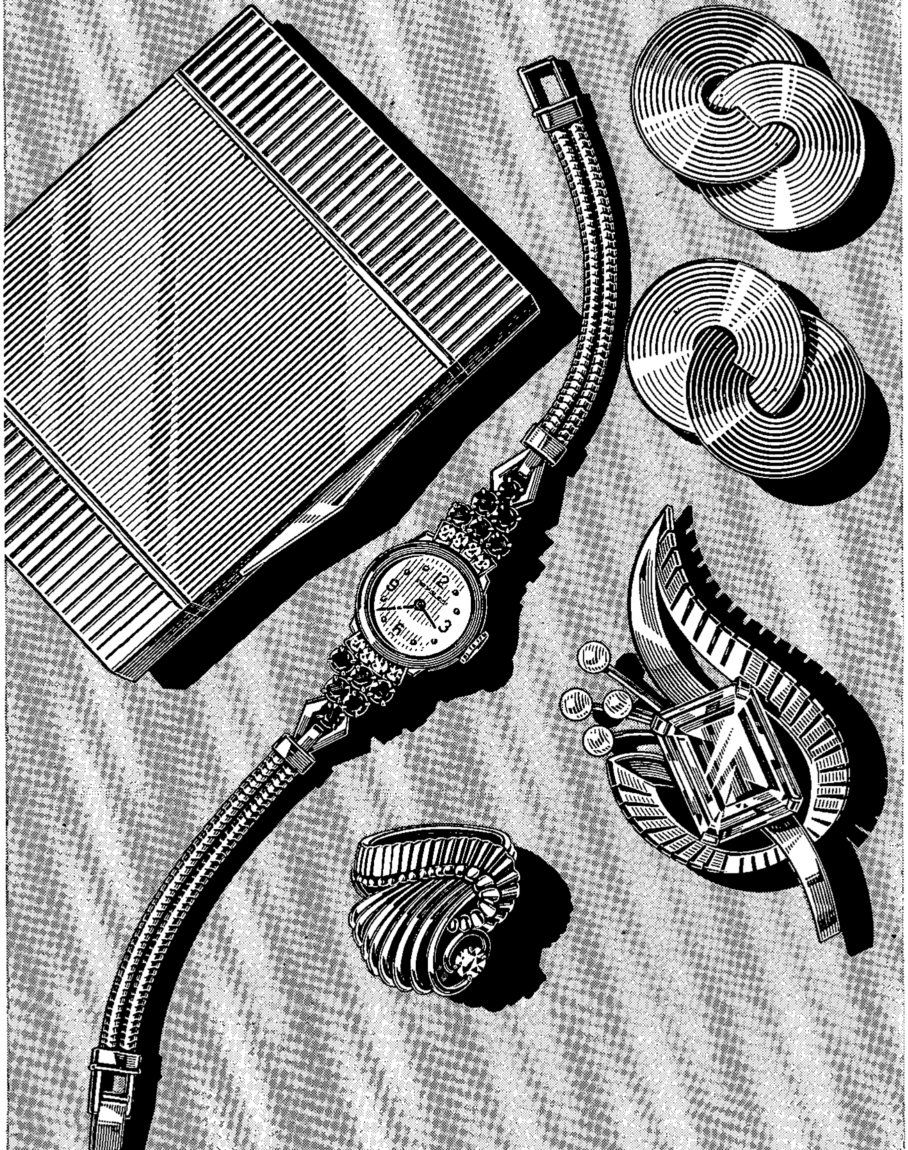
FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: An exhibition of paintings by Chagall, Derain, Utrillo, Vlaminck, and others; through Oct. 2. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The first show in an old gallery's new home displays oils by such modern French painters as Picasso, Braque, and Rouault; through Oct. 2.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, starting at noon and continuing until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 3.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the

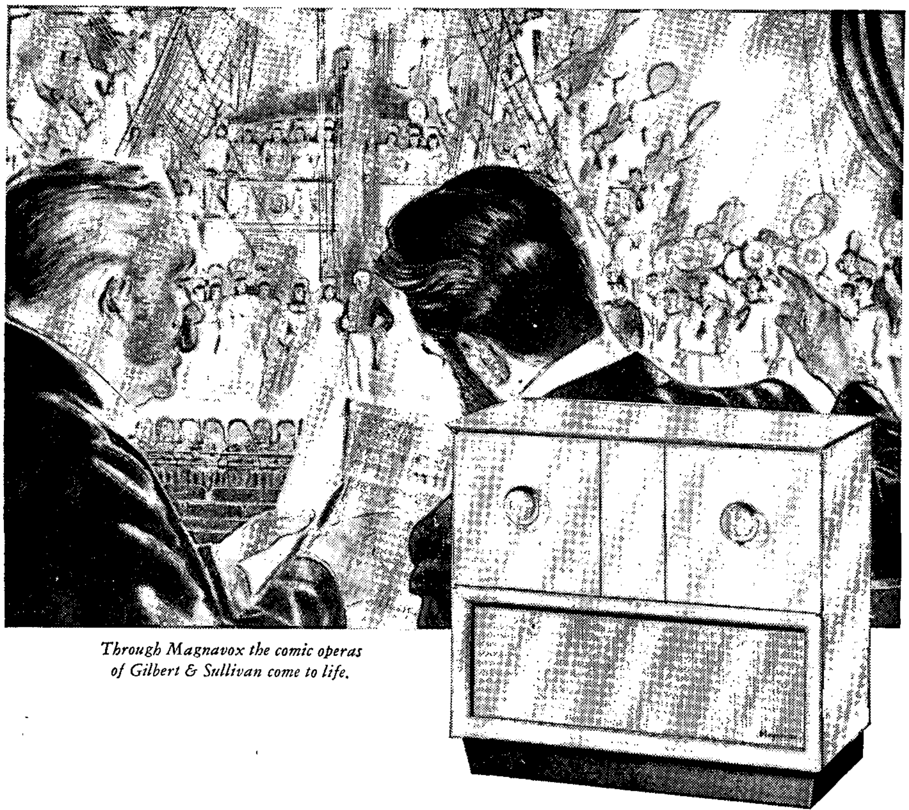
Elegance and superior craftsmanship distinguish gifts bearing the Tiffany name.



Vanity Case of 14 Kt. Gold . . . . $290.
Watch Bracelet of 14 Kt. Gold,
with Sapphires and Diamonds, 17 jewel Concord . . . . 510.
Double Circle Earrings of 14 Kt. Gold 47.50
Brooch of 14 Kt. Gold with Aquamarine and Oriental Pearls 825.
14 Kt. Gold Ring set with a Diamond . . . . 183.
Prices include reduced Federal Tax

Mail and Telephone Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22 · PLAZA 5-8000



Through Magnavox the comic operas of Gilbert & Sullivan come to life.

"Symphonic Modern" Radio-Phonograph

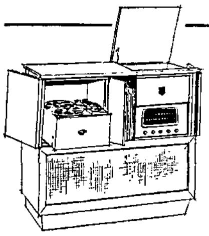
Hear the world's greatest music as you've never heard it before

Magnavox brings music into your home with all the fidelity of a master performance in the concert hall. For a Magnavox is an instrument in the truest sense of the word. Without mechanical distortion, without the intrusion of unbalanced emphasis—faults of many so-called high-fidelity reproducers—Magnavox fills your living-room with the whole of the living performance. Whether the music is Gilbert & Sullivan or Grieg, you hear overtones and timbre never heard before in record reproduction.

The new Magnavox "Symphonic Modern," a master high-fidelity instrument combining AM-FM radio with phonograph and tape recorder, has an exceptional audio system with two 12-inch low-frequency speakers coupled in a cross-over network with a high-frequency horn speaker, to give true full-range reproduction.

Twenty watts of undistorted audio power are produced by the high-fidelity amplifier—full power reserve to meet the demands of the most expansive symphonic performance. And you can play any size record automatically. Famous Pianissimo Pick-Up, with dual diamond-sapphire styli, translates even the lowest frequencies without distortion.

High-Fidelity Phonograph prices start as low as $99.50. See your Magnavox dealer—his name is listed in your classified phone book under "TV" or "Radio-Phonograph." The Magnavox Company, Ft. Wayne, Ind.



"Symphonic Modern" rivals the living performance. AM-FM radio-phonograph with tape recorder-reproducer. Mahogany, cherry, or white oak........$745.

You Are Years Ahead with Magnavox

Better Sound ... Better Buy

the magnificent **Magnavox** high-fidelity radio-phonograph.

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX AND ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE—SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN FAR WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Traditional Japanese calligraphy used as a point of departure for forty examples of abstract Japanese pen-and-ink drawings on exhibit for the first time in this country; through Sunday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Prints in color and black-and-white by Paul Klee, ranging from his early allegoric themes of 1903 to some of his last etchings, done in 1931 and 1932; through Sunday, Sept. 19. . . . ¶ A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and Posada; through Nov. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Works by thirty-six artists, formerly students at the Museum's art school; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show called "Younger American Painters," nationwide in scope, with fifty-odd paintings in a variety of styles; through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

Interval Concerts—Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8:40: Irving Becker, violin, and Irving Owen, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 3: The Kohon String Quartet and Marya Sielska, piano, presenting a program of first performances of American works. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8:40: The Randolph Singers in a program of sixteenth- and twentieth-century chansons and madrigals. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:40: David Davis, violin, and David Garvey, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—A group of thirty-five German children, under the direction of Edith Moeller, making their first appearance in this country. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 25-26, at 3.)

Jazz Concerts—Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8:30 and at midnight: "Jazz at the Philharmonic," with Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Flip Phillips, Ben Webster, Bill Harris, Buddy DeFranco, Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich, and Oscar Peterson among the contributors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:15 and 11:45: Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan, Count Basie's band, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, the Bill Davis trio, and the Modern Jazz quartet (Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Kenny Clarke, and John Lewis) will hoot and howl. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds**: Giants vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Sept. 16, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 17, at 8:15; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 1:30; and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 2. . . . **ebbets field**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, Sept. 16, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Monday, Sept. 20, at 8, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 21-22, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 1:30. . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Washington, Monday, Sept. 20, at 8:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 21-22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 24, at 2, and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.

College Football—Saturday, Sept. 25 (all at 2): Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.

Fencing—All-Eastern Outdoor Open Competition, men's individual sabre. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 10:30 A.M.)

Golf—Westchester Seniors Golf Association Championship. (Hudson River Country Club, Yonkers. Through Thursday, Sept. 16.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Amateur Championship. (Allegheny Country Club, Sewickley, Pa. Through Saturday, Sept. 18.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Open Champion-

PHOTO BY STEPHEN COLHOUN COSTUME BY TRIGERE

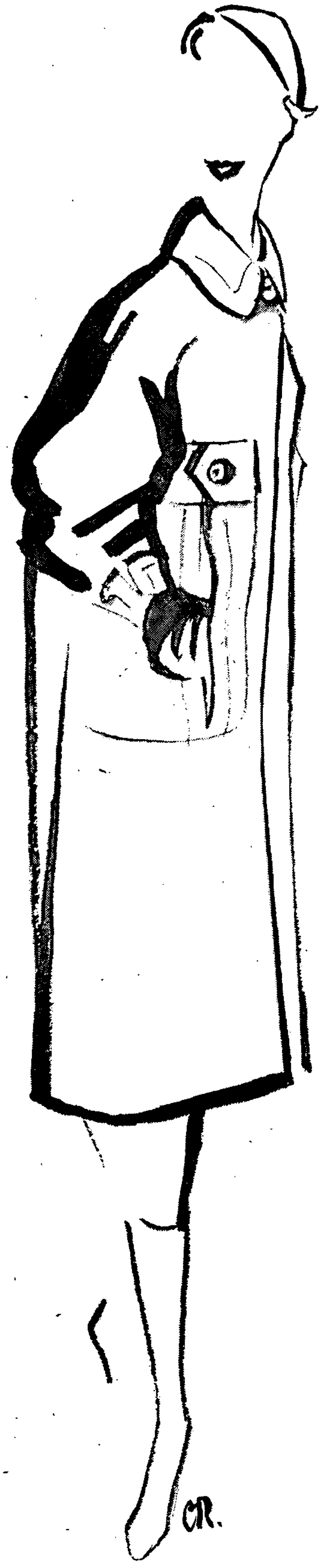
This is an ad about lapels, mostly

The lady says "Yes"
Lebow
CLOTHES

Lebow presents the look of the Aristocrat, with slender lapels designed to achieve a most natural look. In a moment of statistical curiosity we counted the hidden stitches which shape the canvas interlining of the front and lapels of a Lebow suit. 2,052. All put in by hand. All invisible. And all-important. If you're a believer in the back-to-natural movement, you'll approve of Lebow's Doeskin Flannel in plain shades and stripes. For name of store in your locality, write Lebow Bros., Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10.

Young-Timers root for the wool-interlined seven-eighths Stroock's wool coat... further its interest by taking liberties with the Churchill pocket. Sleeves tapered to wrist cuffs... single-button closing.

$85



Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Oxford grey, champagne, red ...sizes 8 to 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ship. (The Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 21-23.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 16-18.) . . . ¶ Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hounds. (Fairhill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 18.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19.)

Polo—At the MEADOWBROOK CLUB, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 4:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, Sept. 21. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18, and the Cowdin, Tuesday, Sept. 21. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15, from Tuesday, Sept. 21, through Wednesday, Oct. 20. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 22, and the Jerome Handicap, Friday, Sept. 24. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Oct. 6. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 25. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Road Racing—Touch and go on the paved circuit for the Seneca Cup, the Glen Trophy, the Queen Catharine Cup, the Watkins Glen Grand Prix, and other rewards. (Watkins Glen, N.Y. Test runs on Friday, Sept. 17; first official race Saturday, Sept. 18, at 10 A.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

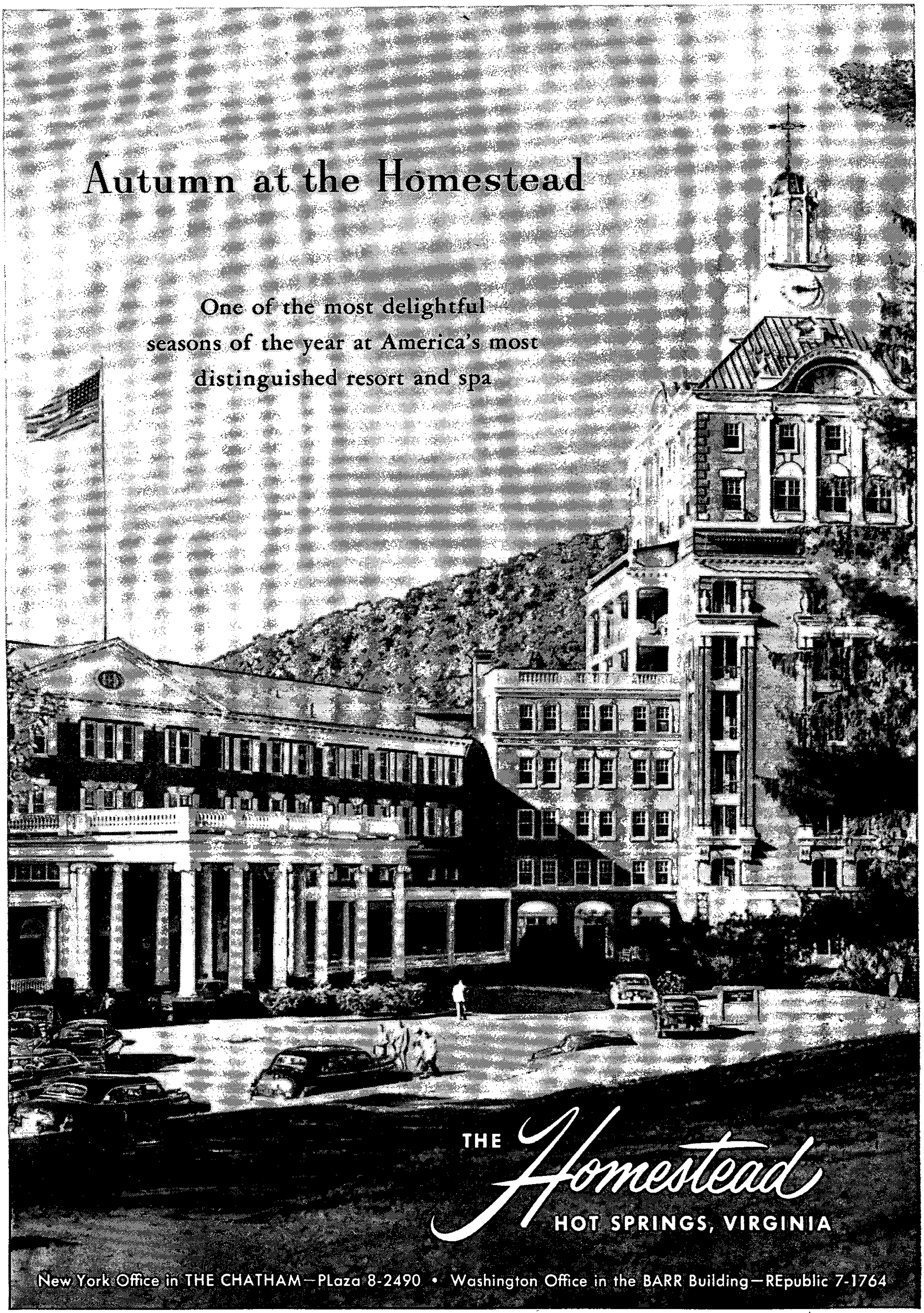
United Nations—The ninth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to begin on Tuesday, Sept. 21. In the meantime, there will be periodic sessions of the Security Council and meetings of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Saturdays, except Sept. 18. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Flower Show—A display of dahlias presented by the American Dahlia Society and the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Tuesday, Sept. 21, from 4 to 10, and Wednesday, Sept. 22, from 10 to 10.)

Morgan Library—An exhibition drawn from the Library's collections of stone tablets, Egyptian papyri, illuminated and autograph manuscripts, printed books, and other examples of the written word; through Oct. 30. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

National Homefurnishings Show—Everything that is (and some things that probably aren't) necessary for the giving up of single blessedness. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Weekdays, noon to 10:30; Sunday, 2 to 10:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 19.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—Sunsets, rainbows, thunderstorms, and other phenomena caused by the earth's atmosphere are reproduced in the current show, "Sky Fantasia." After Sunday, Sept. 19, the Planetarium will be closed until Sunday, Sept. 26, when there will be a new show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System." (Thursday and Friday at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturday and Sunday at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performance Saturday morning at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start each night at 8.)



Autumn at the Homestead

One of the most delightful
seasons of the year at America's most
distinguished resort and spa

THE *Homestead*
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

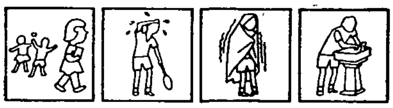
New York Office in THE CHATHAM—PLaza 8-2490 • Washington Office in the BARR Building—REpublic 7-1764

"OUR FIGHT MUST GO ON"

Polio is still a problem in 1954. This child is one of the 66,000 polio patients from past epidemics still needing help from the National Foundation. And there will be new victims in the months ahead... Here are POLIO FACTS for 1954:

PRECAUTIONS—

When polio is around—



GAMMA GLOBULIN—This gives temporary protection. The National Foundation will spend up to $19,000,000 for GG for the national stockpile in '54. Health officials will distribute it.

VACCINE—A safe and promising vaccine is being tested now. But results will not be known until 1955.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Caine Mutiny—Queeg and the mutinous lads stalwartly enacted by a cast led by Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

High and Dry—A group of carefree Scottish salts making a hash of the plans of an American shipping magnate whose cargo of household effects is accidentally entrusted to them. Alex Mackenzie, Paul Douglas, James Copeland, Abe Barker, and Tommy Kearins figure pleasantly. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Knock on Wood—Danny Kaye, who is the best clown we have around today, in a movie that in its early stages possibly beats the old horse of psychiatry a bit too much but winds up an absolute triumph for the modern master. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 22, tentative.)

The Little Kidnappers—A delightful team of small fry, aged five and eight, make this story of Nova Scotia in 1904 a memorable item. Vincent Winter is the younger of the pair and Jon Whitely the older. They are aptly supported by Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A French film in which the very funny comedian Jacques Tati runs through some reliable old silent-film techniques, often to advantage. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

New Faces—A series of pleasant skits and songs in a CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 19-21.)

On the Waterfront—A fine dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted. Neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Pickwick Papers—A long English chronicle of the adventures of Dickens' clubmen, which has a nice air of period authenticity and some solid acting by James Hayter and Nigel Patrick. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Sept. 21.)

The Vanishing Prairie—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his cameras loose on the great American prairie. The animals do pretty well, considering the odds. And the prairie dogs, incidentally, are cute as all getout. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

Kiss of Death (1947)—Gangster doings in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 17.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 21.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews deep in homicide. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 21.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 19.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 22, tentative.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 16.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British picture, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 21.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 22, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 19: The first half of a two-part film of the 1936 Olympic Games, in Berlin.... ¶ Starting Sept. 20: The second half of the Olympics film. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon of the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
THE CAINE MUTINY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through the afternoon of Sept. 21 (theatre closes at 4:30): "Living It Up," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.
From the evening of Sept. 21: "Sabrina," Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Three Hours to Kill," Dana Andrews, Donna Reed, Dianne Foster.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Brigadoon" (in CinemaScope), Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Sept. 16: "Private Hell 36," Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran.
From Sept. 17: "Rogue Cop," Robert Taylor, Janet Leigh.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Betrayed," Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Victor Mature.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander, Ann Robinson.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel, Renée Devillers.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 21: THE LADY VANISHES, revival; and THE 39 STEPS, revival.
From Sept. 22: "Flamenco" (in Spanish).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Sept. 21: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
From Sept. 22: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 21: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Sept. 22: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Sept. 20: "The Final Test," Robert Morley, Jack Warner; and "Times Gone By" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida.
From Sept. 21: THE PICKWICK PAPERS; and "Edge of Divorce," Valerie Hobson, Philip Friend.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Sept. 19: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.
Sept. 20-21: "Anne of the South Seas," Wendell Corey, Margaret Lockwood; and "Hell Raiders of the Deep," Eleonora Rossi Drago, Pierre Cressoy.
From Sept. 22: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HIGH AND DRY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 21: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
From Sept. 22: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Ugetsu" (in Japanese).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 22 (tentative): "The Man Between," revival, James Mason, Claire Bloom.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Sept. 16: "Union Station," revival, William Holden, Lyle Bettger; and "Copper Canyon," revival, Ray Milland, Hedy Lamarr.
Sept. 17-18: "Demetrius and the Gladiators" (in CinemaScope), Victor Mature, Susan Hayward; and "The Rocket Man," Charles Coburn, Spring Byington.
Sept. 19-20: "Human Desire," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame; and "Pushover," Fred MacMurray, Phil Carey.
From Sept. 21: "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Golden Mask," Van Heflin, Wanda Hendrix.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 21: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Sept. 22: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 22 (tentative): KNOCK ON WOOD.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Sept. 19: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.
Sept. 20-21: "Anne of the South Seas," Wendell Corey, Margaret Lockwood; and "Hell Raiders of the Deep," Eleonora Rossi Drago, Pierre Cressoy.
From Sept. 22: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 22 (tentative): A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY, revival; and TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND, revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Sept. 18: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.
Sept. 19-20: "My Six Convicts," revival, Millard Mitchell; and "Dancing in the Dark," revival, William Powell, Betsy Drake.
From Sept. 21: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Gun Fury," Rock Hudson, Donna Reed.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Sept. 16: THE SEVENTH VEIL, revival.
Sept. 17: KISS OF DEATH, revival.
Sept. 18: "Sudden Fear," revival, Joan Crawford, Jack Palance.
Sept. 19: THE MALTESE FALCON, revival.
Sept. 20: "The Stranger," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young.
Sept. 21: LAURA, revival.
From Sept. 22: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 21: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
From Sept. 22: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 19: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.
Sept. 20-21: "Anne of the South Seas," Wendell Corey, Margaret Lockwood; and "Hell Raiders of the Deep," Eleonora Rossi Drago, Pierre Cressoy.
From Sept. 22: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

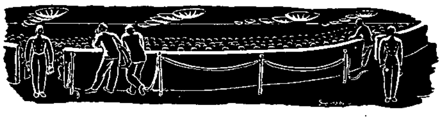
WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Sept. 18: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.
Sept. 19-21: "Susan Slept Here," Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds; and "Dangerous Mission," Victor Mature, Piper Laurie.
From Sept. 22: "Valley of the Kings," Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker; and "Her Twelve Men," Greer Garson, Robert Ryan.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 21: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
From Sept. 22: "Malta Story," Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins; and "The Gay Adventure," Burgess Meredith, Jean Pierre Aumont.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hello, Elephant!" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Sabu.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 19: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.
Sept. 20-21: "Anne of the South Seas," Wendell Corey, Margaret Lockwood; and "Hell Raiders of the Deep," Eleonora Rossi Drago, Pierre Cressoy.
From Sept. 22: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 18: "Three Coins in the Fountain" (in CinemaScope), Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.
Sept. 19-21: NEW FACES.
From Sept. 22: "Scotch on the Rocks," Ronald Squire, Kathleen Ryan; and "Le Plaisir" (in French), Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Sept. 21: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
From Sept. 22: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Sept. 16-18: "Apache," Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters; and "Gog," Richard Egan, Constance Dowling.
Sept. 19-20: "The Battle at Apache Pass," revival, John Lund, Jeff Chandler; and "Lucky Nick Cain," revival, George Raft, Coleen Gray.
Sept. 21-22: "O. Henry's Full House," revival, Charles Laughton, Jeanne Crain; and another feature, to be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
A program of eleven U.P.A. cartoons, plus "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Cangaceiro" (in Portuguese), Alberto Ruschell.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Sept. 19: "Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.
From Sept. 20: "Bread, Love, and Dreams" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 19: "About Mrs. Leslie," Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan; and "Crossed Swords," Errol Flynn, Gina Lollobrigida.
Sept. 20-21: "Anne of the South Seas," Wendell Corey, Margaret Lockwood; and "Hell Raiders of the Deep," Eleonora Rossi Drago, Pierre Cressoy.
From Sept. 22: "Magnificent Obsession," Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman; and "Dawn at Socorro," Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 16: A program of ten short films dealing with music—"Song of Ceylon," "Prince Igor," and others.
Sept. 17: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by old masters; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.
Sept. 18: "Rimsky Korsakov" (in Russian), revival, Nikolai Cherkassov; and "Sadko" (in Russian), revival, Sergei Stolyarov.
Sept. 19: "La Forza del Destino" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Nelli Corradi; and "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida.
Sept. 20: "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival, Nelli Corradi, Tito Gobbi; and "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini.
Sept. 21: "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe; and "Minne, the Curious Bride" (in French), revival, Danièle Delorme.
Sept. 22: "Symphonie Fantastique" (in French), revival, Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.

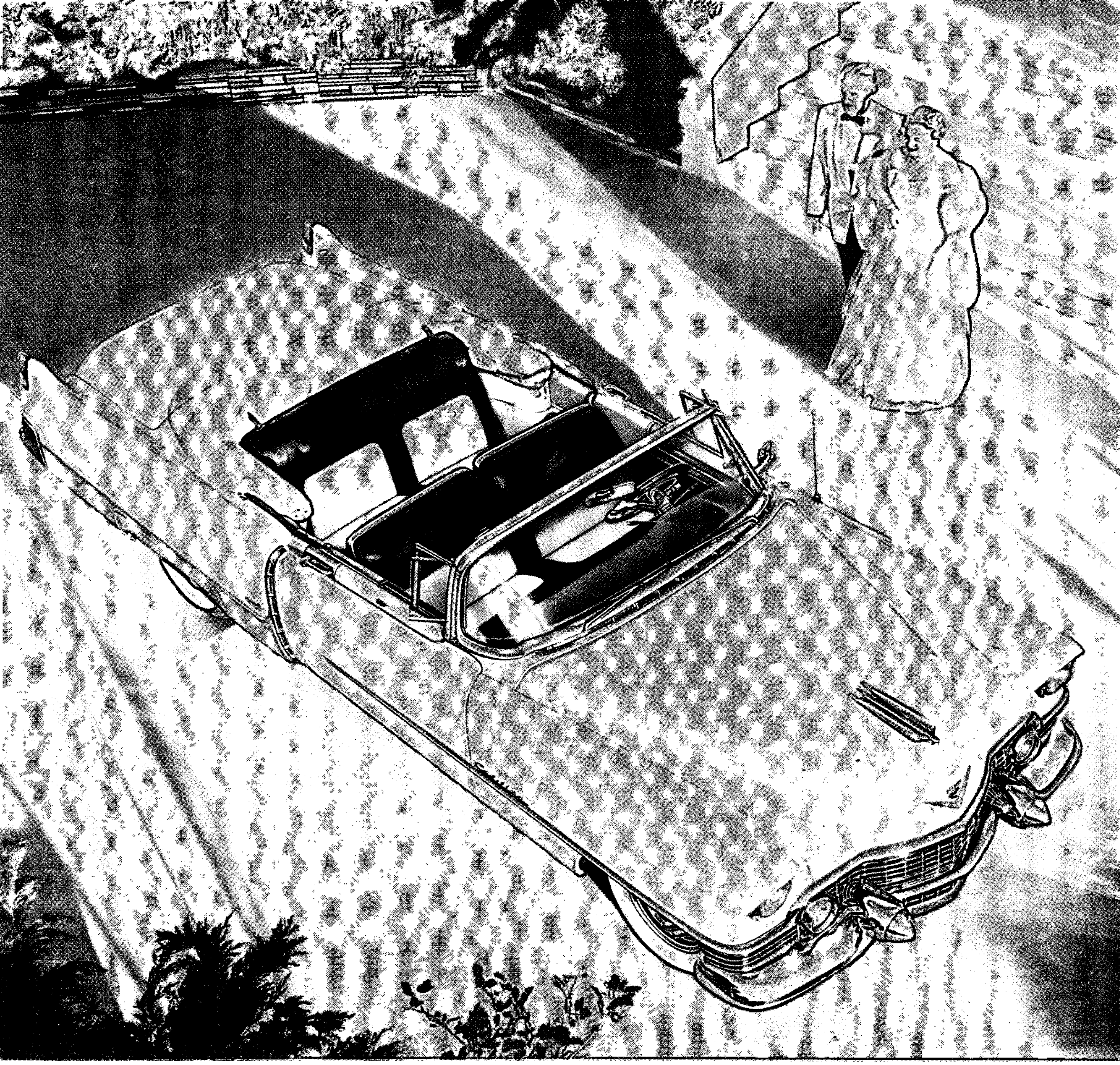
Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Sept. 21: "Broken Lance" (in CinemaScope), Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters; and "Miss Robin Crusoe," Amanda Blake, George Nader.
From Sept. 22: "Shield for Murder," Edmond O'Brien, John Agar; and "Down Three Dark Streets," Broderick Crawford.

PRICES INCLUDE 10% FEDERAL TAX

A "FAMILY" OF PITCHERS IN SILVER PLATE, 5-PT. TO 2-OZ. SIZES,
PRICED AT $27.50; 22.50; 16.95; 13.75; 10.95; 8.00; 6.25. AT BETTER SILVER DEALERS.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



WHERE *Pride* IS A DIVIDEND !

It has been said, in song and in verse, that the best things in life are free.

And we must say that we side with this conjecture in at least one small regard. For we know that the finest reward of Cadillac ownership costs you nothing.

We have reference, quite naturally, to that wonderful feeling of pride that comes inevitably to new owners of new Cadillacs. It is, in the truest sense of the word, a dividend for your wisdom in choosing the "car of cars."

Of course, when a motorist takes title to his Cadillac, he *expects* to find great pride in his new possession. But we doubt if ever he is fully prepared for the heart-lifting moments which await him.

There is, for instance, the unforgettable memory of his first journey home . . . and of that joyous welcome of family and friends.

There is his unending pride and joy in the car's great beauty and performance and mechanical perfection.

And there is his keen awareness of membership in the world's most distinguished fraternity of new car owners.

Won't you come in soon and let us give you a demonstration "preview" of these remarkable "Cadillac dividends"?

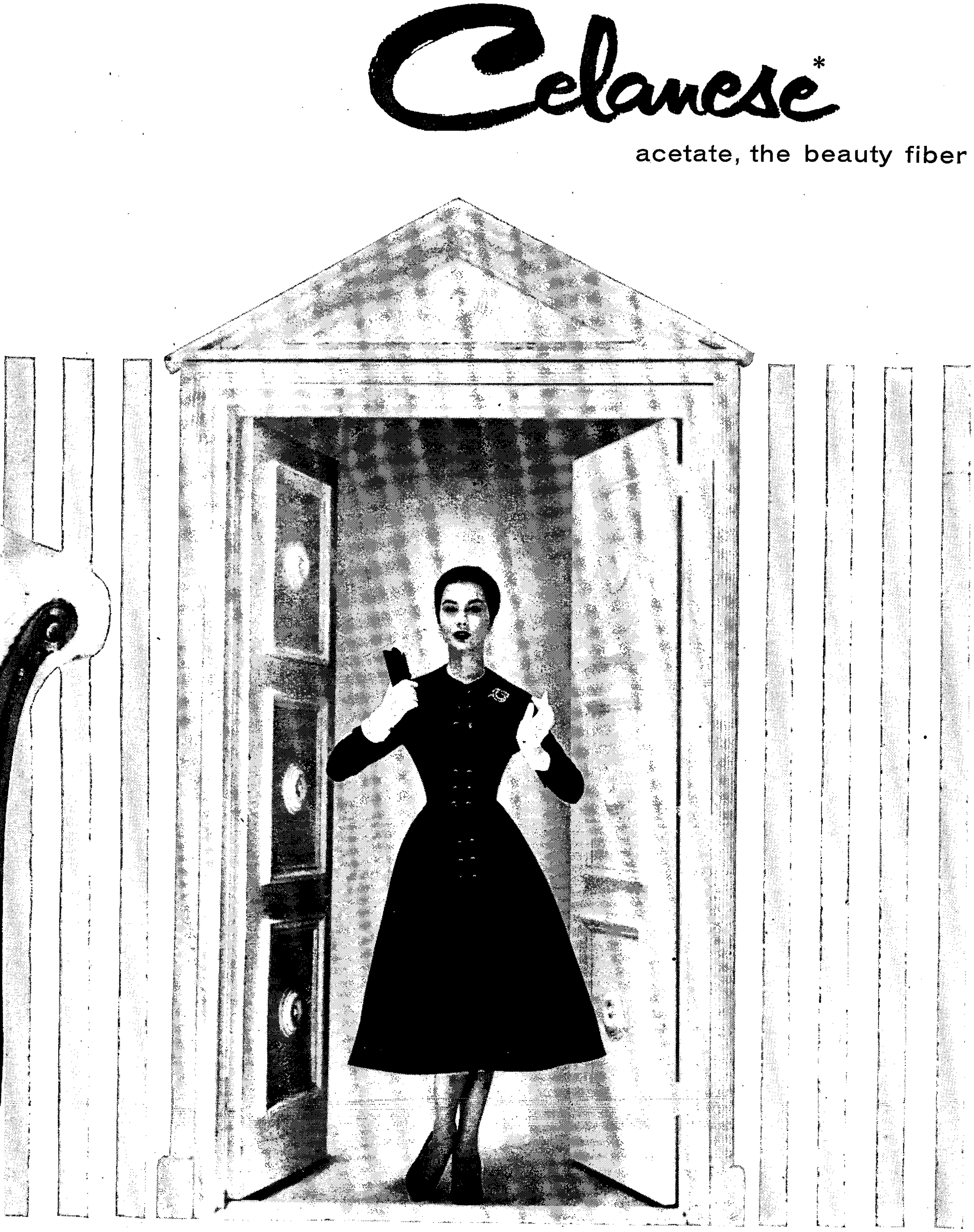
YOUR CADILLAC DEALER

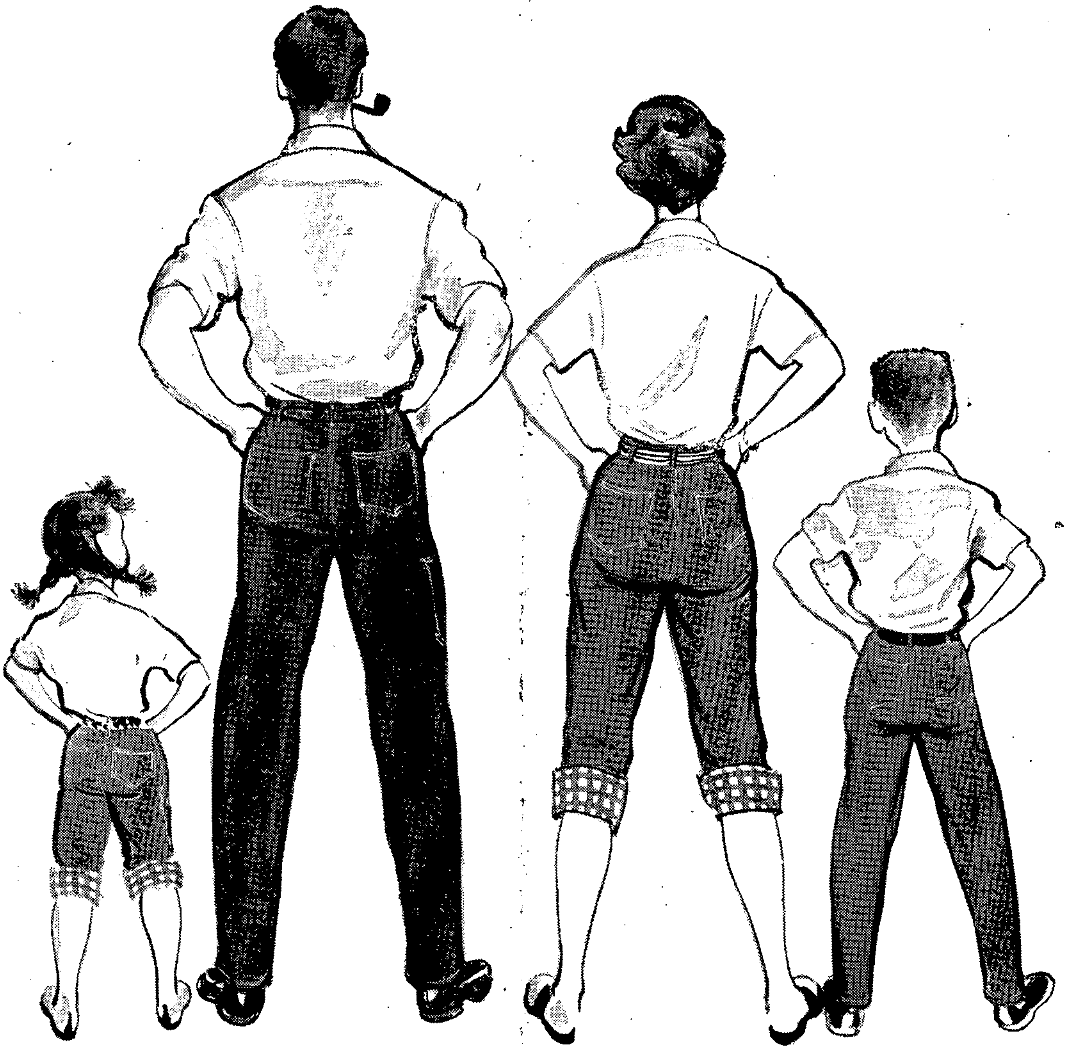
Cadillac

A new kind of fabric takes shape

Can you imagine the old-fashioned crepes you knew looking like *this?* The reason, of course, is an entirely new kind of crepe—much dryer to touch, much richer to feel, much more sumptuous to drape. Bloomsburg weaves it—combining all the rich goodness of Celanese acetate with rayon. JLF Originals designs it with a special kind of inner shaping that does so much *outside.* The short dinner dress with stiffened lining in red or black, about $35. The sheath dress with taffeta lining—red, brown, or black, about $45. The coat-dress with stiffened lining—red, dark brown, or black. About $50. All in sizes 5 to 15 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, White Plains, Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Montaldo Stores, Richmond and all stores; Bon Marche, Seattle; Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


Celanese*
acetate, the beauty fiber



Just who does wear the pants in the family, these days?

It takes a heightened vigilance
To tell, today, who wears the pants.

For folks and kids with equal ease
Disport themselves in dungarees.

Unless you check the height (or spread)
You're very apt to be misled.

Don't let your eyesight worry you,
But *do* check on your point of view.

For family life, like family dress,
Has found a new togetherness.

Where once the members laissez-faired
Today their interests are *shared.*

And this togetherness applies
To what the family wants or buys.

Before they realize a dream,
They huddle—like a football team.

No longer is it "he" or "she,"
But "you and I," or "they," or "we."

This also goes for what they read—
It *must* resolve a family need.

And in the entire U.S.A.
One magazine does this today—

Not simply things about the house,
But what affects the kids or spouse.

So—if you wish to sell your wares
And reach the family that *cares,*

The moving finger plainly scrawls,
"The place to do it is

McCall's

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—
> that is all ye know on earth...
>
> KEATS

LAVENESQUE
by
Yardley

Venture and be the
more beautiful for it—with Lavenesque.
Drawn from the heart of lavender, but wildly,
volubly different . . . it's richer than cologne,
as lasting as perfume. Only Yardley, in all the
world, could achieve this scintillating fragrance.
$3 and $5.50, plus tax.

LAVENESQUE

by Yardley

AS GENERAL ELECTRIC SEES IT...

New products created 45,000 G-E jobs in the last nine years

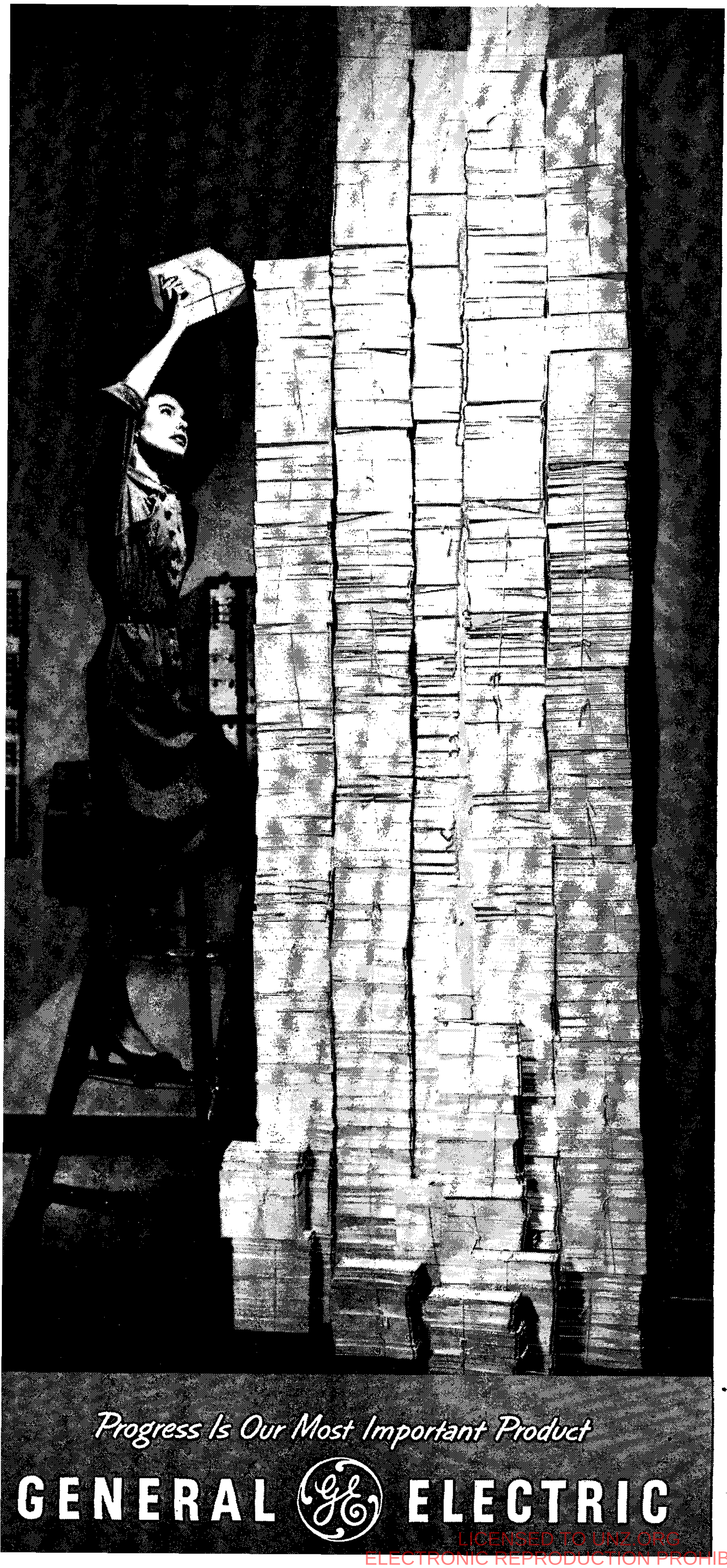
And hundreds of new ideas are nov being developed to keep employmer high and help America live better

One out of every five people working at Genera Electric owes his job to products G. E. didn make before 1945.

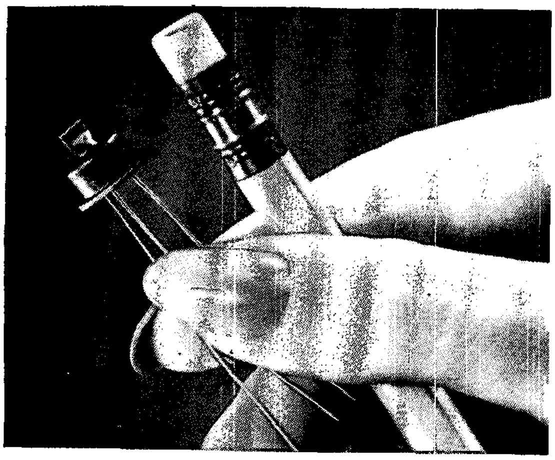
Will coming years bring as much progress

Actually, we believe there will be more. Man exciting possibilities are predictable as we lear how to make full use of atomic energy. Anothe important new development will be electroni machinery which will make work easier, prc duction swifter — and create more jobs. Nev uses for gas turbines promise improved ai rail and ship transportation, and better powe plants for industry. Research will make hom appliances even more helpful.

All these fields — and many others — are s promising that we expect to produce more i the next ten years than in all the previous 7 years of our existence. As we see it, in a fre economy, America's industrial progress is nc only continuing, it's rapidly accelerating.



← **Tower of time cards** shows jobs created by new G- products. In a single pile, they'd reach 5 stories higl



Tiny job maker. The G-E transistor, not much bigger thai a pencil eraser, does the work of a full-sized vacuun tube. It makes possible a wide variety of new electroni devices which will make your life more pleasant in th future and give employment to thousands of people

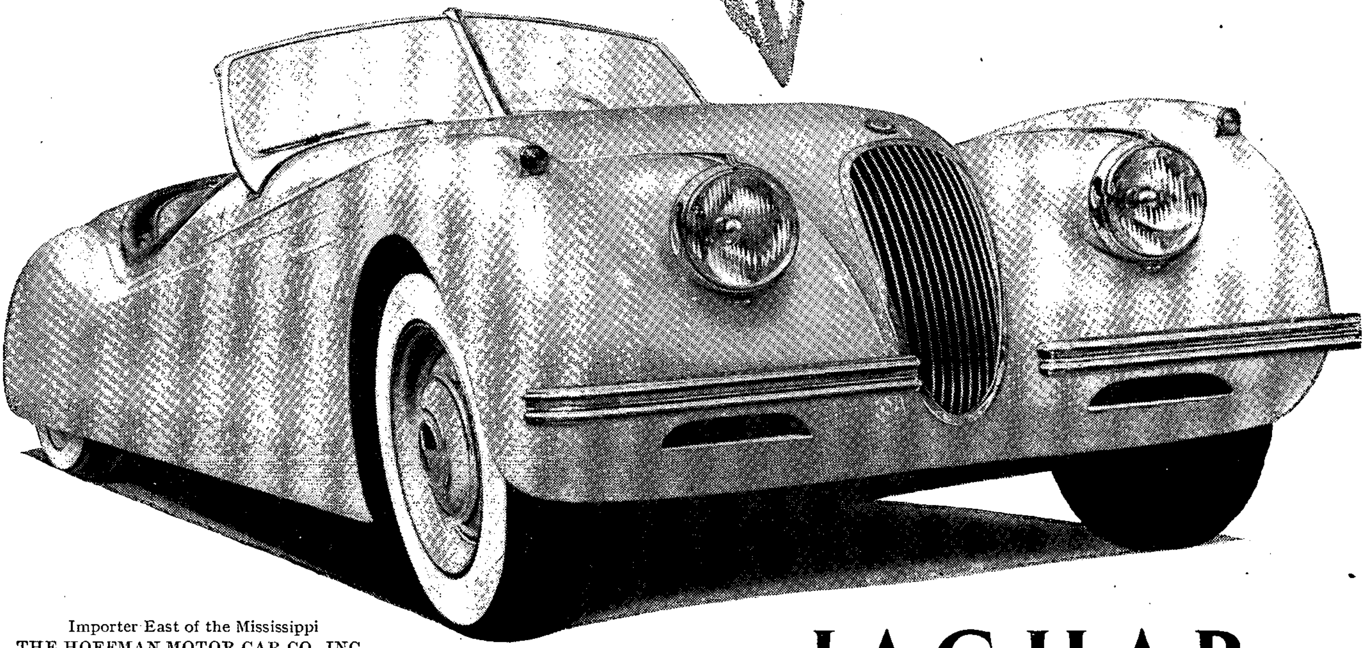
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The world-famous XK120 engine . . .
aerodynamic steel body and super-strengthened
frame . . . perfect suspension . . .
precision steering . . . sure braking . . .
superb "roadability" under any
conditions : that's JAGUAR!

CONTROLLED POWER

XK120 Super Sports priced from $3345 at Port of Entry. Wire wheels and white wall tires additional.



Importer East of the Mississippi
THE HOFFMAN MOTOR CAR CO., INC.,
487 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Importer West of the Mississippi
CHARLES H. HORNBURG, Jr., INC.,
9176 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES.

JAGUAR

The finest car of its class in the world

BERT STERN

CORDOVAN PUTS THE LAZY LACER IN BUSINESS

Since comfort no longer stops at the office door, the Lazy Lacer® is no stranger to executive suites. Now, Nettleton adds authority to the trend by making this *urbanized* casual shoe in cordovan, a time-honored leather especially suited to the new dark shades of clothing now in fashion with men.

The Lazy Lacer is so named because of its single eyelet tassel tie. Nothing could be easier to tie, or more comfortable to wear the whole day long, in town or out.

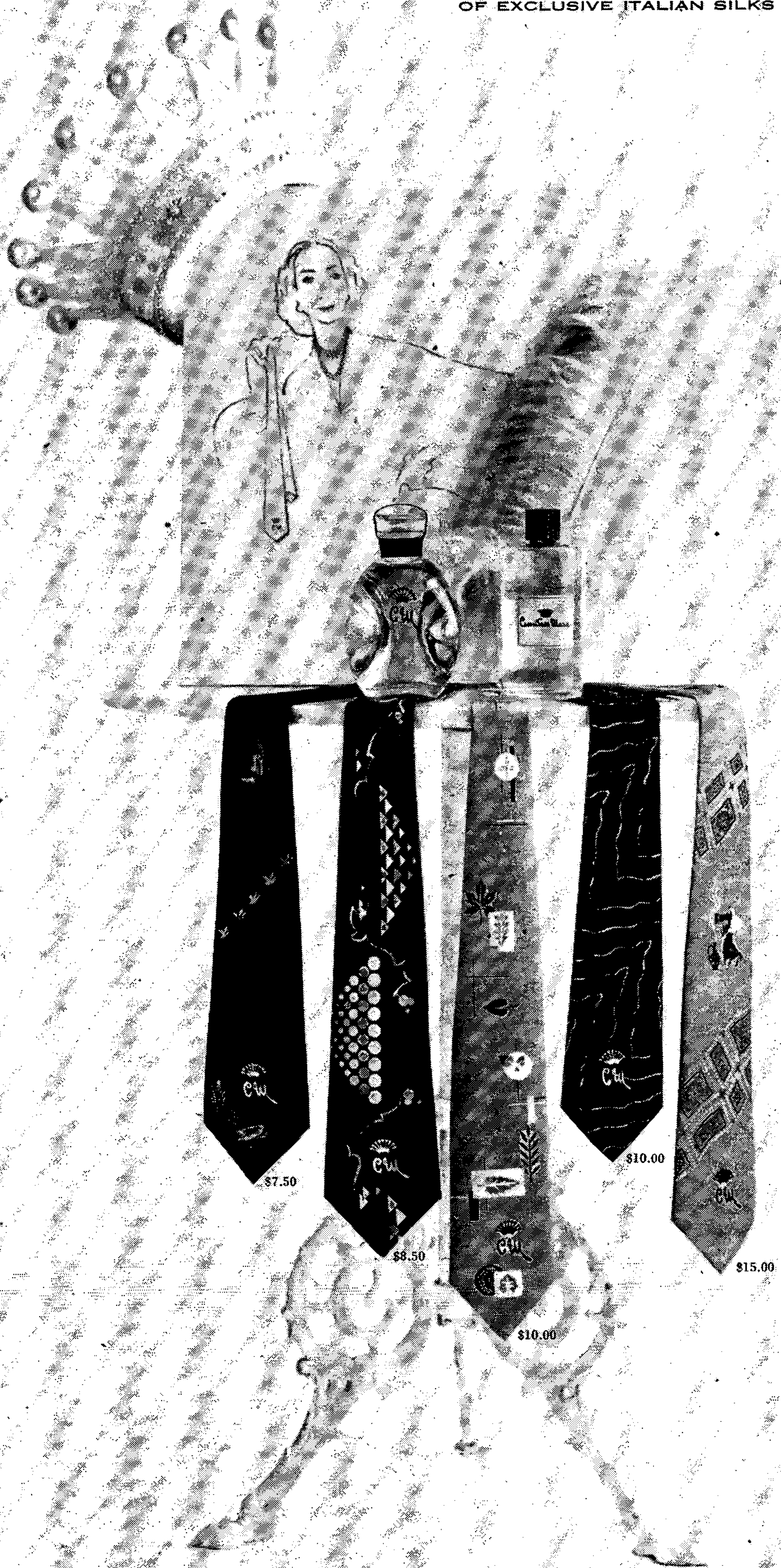
Like all Nettletons, the Lazy Lacer is made with unhurried craftsmanship. *In fact, it takes four times longer to make than ordinary shoes.* Yet, surprisingly enough, it costs but little more. Wear the Lazy Lacer in cordovan, in black llama calf or antique tan aniline calf. Once you own a pair, you'll agree: it's extravagant to pay less. Other Nettletons are priced from $22.95 to $42.95. At the stores listed below or write to the A. E. Nettleton Co., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Nettleton

THE NETTLETON SHOPS IN NEW YORK:
ROCKEFELLER CENTER: 5 WEST 50TH ST.
ROOSEVELT HOTEL: 365 MADISON AVE.
EMPIRE STATE BLDG.: 17 W. 33RD ST.
1410 BROADWAY AT 39TH ST.
NEWARK: 742 BROAD ST.
NEW HAVEN: 1046 CHAPEL ST.
HARTFORD: 107 ASYLUM ST.

Countess Mara

PRESENTS HER FIRST FALL SHOWINGS
OF EXCLUSIVE ITALIAN SILKS



Available at stores of pre-eminence including:

John Jarrell, Inc. . . . Atlanta, Georgia
Rich's, Inc. . . . Atlanta, Georgia
Hutchins Brothers . . . Austin & San Antonio, Texas
Hutzler Brothers Co. . . . Baltimore, Maryland
Wm. Filene's Sons Co. . . . Boston, Massachusetts
Marshall Field & Company . . . Chicago, Illinois
Jenny, Inc. . . . Cincinnati, Ohio
The Halle Brothers Co. . . . Cleveland, Ohio
Perkins Brothers Co. . . . Corpus Christi, Texas
Neusteters . . . Denver, Colorado
The J. L Hudson Company . . . Detroit, Michigan
Kilgore and Hurd Inc. . . . Detroit, Michigan
John L. Ashe, Inc. . . . Fort Worth, Texas
Clyde's Man's Shop . . . Hot Springs, Arkansas
Sakowitz Bros. . . . Houston, Texas
Jack Henry . . . Kansas City, Missouri
Rothschild's . . . Kansas City & Oklahoma City
Woolf Brothers . . . Kansas City, Missouri
Bullock's Downtown . . . Los Angeles, California
Phil A. Halle . . . Memphis, Tennessee
Henry Halle & Bro.—OAK HALL *. . . Memphis, Tenn.*
Maurice L. Rothschild
YOUNG-QUINLAN CO. *. . . Minneapolis, Minnesota*
Godchaux's . . . New Orleans, Louisiana
Countess Mara, Inc. . . . New York, New York
F. R. Tripler & Co. . . . New York, New York
Charles J. Assmann Co. . . . Omaha, Nebraska
MacDonald & Campbell . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
Berman Brothers . . . Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Joseph Horne Co. . . . Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Bon Marche . . . Sacramento, California
Greenfield's . . . Saint Louis, Missouri
Stix, Baer & Fuller . . . Saint Louis, Missouri
Bullock & Jones . . . San Francisco, California
Frederick & Nelson . . . Seattle, Washington
Davenport Sport Shop . . . Spokane, Washington
The B. R. Baker Co. . . . Toledo, Ohio
I. Magnin & Co. . . . on the West Coast
Henry's, Inc. . . . Wichita, Kansas

COUNTESS MARA MASCULINITIES

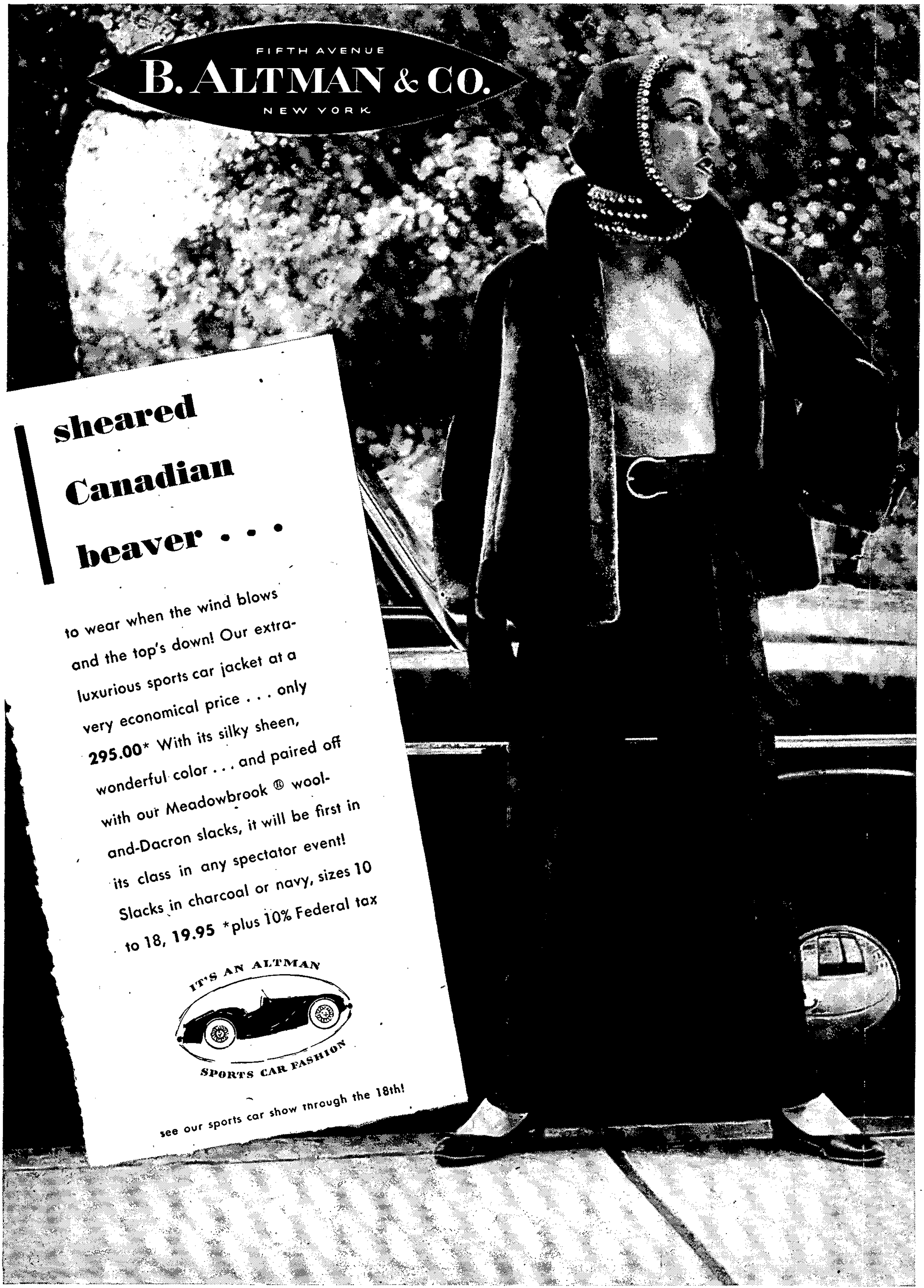
AFTER SHAVE LOTION:

Presentation Flagon	10.00
Regular Bottle	3.50

COLOGNE:

Presentation Flagon	12.50
Regular Bottle	5.00

Add Federal and Local Tax when ordering.



FIFTH AVENUE
B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK

sheared Canadian beaver . . .

to wear when the wind blows and the top's down! Our extra-luxurious sports car jacket at a very economical price . . . only **295.00*** With its silky sheen, wonderful color . . . and paired off with our Meadowbrook ® wool-and-Dacron slacks, it will be first in its class in any spectator event! Slacks in charcoal or navy, sizes 10 to 18, **19.95** *plus 10% Federal tax

see our sports car show through the 18th!

Altman sports car fashions, third floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

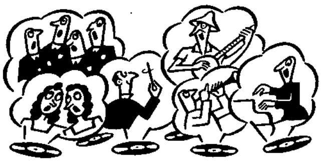
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A RATHER long-winded lady we hear from occasionally, whose spirit is generous and who is a forthright spendthrift as far as italics go, writes as follows: "I was in a new *small* supermarket the other evening, waiting to have my things put in a bag, when I saw a poor tall man with red eyes, who had obviously been drinking heavily since the *cradle*, trying to decide between a can of beans, a canned whole dinner, a canned soup, and a canned chicken à la king. He had thirty-seven cents or twenty-nine cents or some sum like that, and he was standing there with the four cans, glaring down at them and all around at the stalls of vegetables and fruit and bread and so on. He *couldn't* make up his mind what to buy to feed himself with, and it was *plain* that what he really wanted wasn't food at all. I was thinking I wouldn't blame him a bit if he just put the cans back on their shelves, or dropped them on the floor, and *dashed* into the bar-and-grill next door, where he could simply *ask* for a beer and *drink* it. Later on, it occurred to me that, putting it roughly, there is usually only one thing we *yearn* to do that's *bad* for us, while if we try to make the effort to do a *virtuous* or *good* thing, the choice is so great and wide that we're really worn out before we can settle on *what* to do. I mean to say that the impulse toward good involves *choice*, and is complicated, and the impulse toward bad is *hideously* simple and easy, and I feel sorry for that poor tall red-eyed man."

Complete

ALL right, what about Station WNEW's collection of popular records, which is reputed to be the world's largest? Well, no doubt it is, with some two hundred thousand of the lilting things stacked vertically in six air-cooled rooms at the station and danced attendance on by three librarians and a chief custodian. The records are kept jacketed when not being used by WNEW's string of disc jockeys, and are held apart in groups of twenty by thin wooden separators; otherwise, they might heat up, and if they heated up, they would warp. For the past three years, almost all the new records drifting in to WNEW have been made of Vinylite instead of shellac; they drift in at the rate of five thousand a year, so of the two hundred thousand about fifteen thousand are unbreakable. The collection got its start in 1934, when WNEW, now the country's largest independent station, got *its* start. The main part of the collection—a hundred and ten thousand records—is in the central library, a large room with a fifteen-foot ceiling. There are floor-to-ceiling shelves on three sides, and two double-faced tiers in the center, all bursting with records—jazz, rhythm, blues, folk, novelty, foreign, popular, classical, semiclassical, and gimmick. The rest of the collection, in the five other rooms, is owned jointly by the station and its shock-troop disc jockeys—Jerry Marshall, Al (Jazzbo) Collins, Art Ford, and the team of Dee Finch and Gene Klavin. One room contains thirty thousand records that duplicate part of the collection in the central library, and the remaining four rooms are assigned to the disc jockeys. Collins' records, for instance—five thousand, predominantly jazz—are in a small closet near his studio. Ford's fifteen thousand, which are popular, foreign, and semiclassical, mixed, are along one wall of his studio. Marshall, who replaced Martin Block on the "Make Believe Ballroom" program almost a year ago, when Block went to A.B.C., has thirty thousand records—more than anybody else. When Block left, his records went with him, but since WNEW had duplicates, there was no fuss. Marshall's records are in a long, narrow room next to the central library. The central library's records consist of a hundred thousand 78 r.p.m.s and ten thousand L.Ps; a hundred and five thousand are popular and five thousand are classical. In a pinch, Marshall could borrow a record from, say, Ford, but the occasion almost never comes up. We learned this, as well as everything else set down here, from Al Trilling, the library's chief custodian, whom we had a talk with during a visit to the station, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street. "If any D.J. wanted to play a disc he didn't have," he assured us, "he could get it from the central library. It's got everything you could wish for; Bing is there with over five hundred records, Tommy Dorsey with three hundred and fifty. We have past luminaries like Nathaniel Shilkret, Ben Bernie, the Boswell Sisters, and Fanny Brice. We have groups that you might wonder what happened to—the Coon-Sanders Orchestra, the Revelers, the Kansas City Police Quartet, and the Rhythm Wreckers. The Rhythm Wreckers really hit it up with 'The Wabash Blues.' We have records under hundreds of different labels: defunct, like Edison and Vocalion; the big four, naturally (Victor, Columbia, Decca, and Capitol); and the ones that have mushroomed up since the war, like Dot, Cadillac, Mars, Vito, and Horrible. I've been here since 1941, and I've never thrown a record out yet."



A soft-spoken, slight man with a pinch of gray at the temples, Mr. Trilling conducted us abruptly to his card files, which take up a huge cabinet in a corner of the library. "I can locate any record you can name in fifteen seconds," he said, flipping through the cards expertly. "Everything here is alphabetical—by artist or orchestra. The

Andrews Sisters are 17A and Bing is 9C. The cards also list the song titles, the composer and lyricist, the record company's issue number, and the exact running time, from the first sound to the last drumbeat."

A large, bespectacled man with a tuft of beard on his chin swept by, and Mr. Trilling pointed him out as Al Collins. "How are you building, Al?" he called to Collins.

"I'm feeling the most today," Collins said, turning. "I build according to my mood, so I'll mainly be needing beat music."

Mr. Trilling nodded knowingly, and looked pleased.

Felicity

TWO touring American girls were finishing dinner in an Edinburgh restaurant a couple of weeks ago when a stranger at the next table, obviously an American himself, leaned toward them and asked politely, "How's the coffee?"

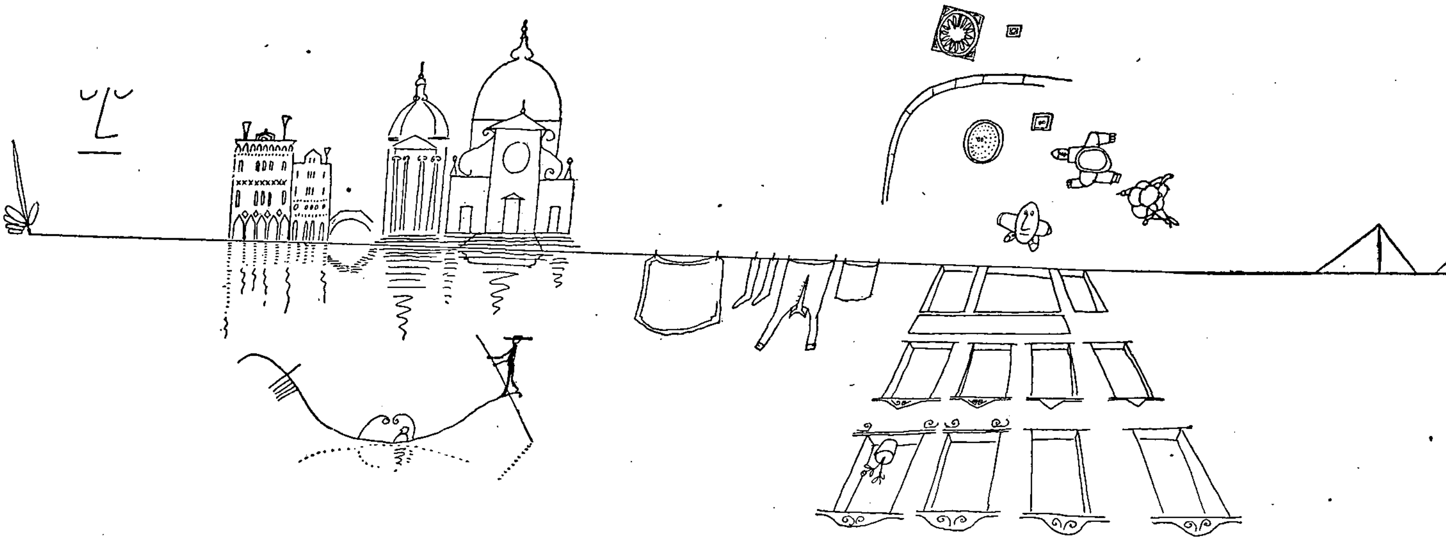
"Good, but not as good as Martinson's," said one of the girls, for no particular reason that she has been able to recall.

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the gentleman, beaming. He was Mr. Martinson, the president of Martinson's, and a happier American abroad you never saw.

Diamond Tinter

IN the course of a recent report on Richard H. Pough, the conservationist and ornithologist, we mentioned his brother Frederick as a mineralogist. No sooner had we done so than it occurred to us that while we've buttonholed ornithologists galore, we rarely seize the lapel of a mineralogist, so we got in touch with Frederick, and found that he is not only a mineralogist but a volcanologist, gemmologist, crystallographer, petrographer, and man who colors off-color diamonds. Since 1943, when a new volcano, named Paricutín, erupted in a Mexican cornfield near the Indian village of Paricutín two hundred miles southwest of Mexico City, Dr. Pough has visited the site seven times, taking motion pictures of the volcano's growth and decline for the Museum of Natural History, whose curator of mineralogy he was from 1942 to 1952. "Seeing Paricutín for the first time was a thrilling experience," he said. "I approached it by mule at night, led by this immense torch. It makes an atom bomb look like child's play. It erupted for ten years, covering a hundred square miles with ash and lava, and destroying two towns. Didn't hurt anybody, though. It's now completely dead. It was a vest-pocket volcano—an ideal one to watch. You could climb right up to it and look in its throat. With most volcanoes, you have to stand at least a mile away and take pictures with a telephoto lens." Dr. Pough has shown his Paricutín movies at meetings of scholars and scientists in London, Paris, and Brussels. "I've given lectures on it in my inimitable French," he said. "Fluent but lousy. I learned French at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, and later went to Harvard, Washington University, in St. Louis, and Heidelberg." He took a geological Ph.D. at Harvard with a thesis on "Forms and Accessories of Phenacite," taught there for a while, and joined the Museum in 1935, after a flyer in the insurance business. Phenacite is a silicate of beryllium. Insurance can be a dull business. He quit the Museum a couple of years ago to become a consulting mineralogist, and this is where the colored diamonds come in. "I'm a gem consultant to the National Lead Company and to some wholesale jewellers," he said. "The jewellers are trying to find a profitable use for off-color diamonds—ones that are yellowish rather than white—and I've been coloring some of them golden brown and a nice green by means of cyclotron bombardment." He dug into his pocket and showed us a few. They looked colorful. "I have a man with a secret cyclotron to do this," he went on. "I won't say where it is. I don't want to tip off competitors. I'm also working on synthetic diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. The world supply of gems is diminishing, because their natural sources are being steadily exhausted and at the same time the cost of labor throughout the world is going up. We're opening a new field of expensive synthetics. Synthetic rubies are even more beautiful than real rubies, but real rubies cost more. The stuff man makes is just *too* good."

Dr. Pough is also gem consultant to the *Jewelers' Circular-Keystone*, a trade publication, and author of the gem section of the *Jewelers' Dictionary*, as well as of "All About Volcanoes and Earthquakes," a Random House juvenile, and "A Field Guide to Rocks and Minerals," which has sold twenty thousand copies since its publication last year. He serves as an expert witness in cases involving minerals. Generally, he testifies against the government in customs cases, and gets a hundred dollars a day. "Suppose someone brings in some black stones for bracelets," he said. "Customs wants the maximum rate—fifty per



cent—and says they're plain glass. I can tell by looking at them with the naked eye that they're imitation onyx. Result: the ten-per-cent duty that applies to imitation onyx."

The expert witness and diamond colorer lives in Riverdale, which is full of amethysts, but he doesn't bother to dig them up. "Jewellers send me all the amethysts I need to work with," he said. "I have an amateur lapidary friend in South Carolina who cuts them for me. Tinted amethysts are the thing. The color is pleasing, and the availability will be good." He handed us a pocketful, and they made a pleasing spectacle.

The Exception

THE rules of a secret society of nine- and ten-year-old girls in a certain community on Long Island that shall here be nameless are as follows:

1. Do not tell a white lie unless necessary.
2. Do not hurt anyone in any way.
3. Do not hit anyone except Ronny.
4. Do not tell a black lie.
5. Do not use words worse than "brat."
6. Do not curse at all.
7. Do not make faces except at Ronny.
8. Do not be selfish.
9. Do not make a hog or a pig of yourself.
10. Do not tattle except on Ronny.
11. Do not steal except from Ronny.
12. Do not destroy other people's property, except Ronny's.
13. Do not be a sneak.
14. Do not be grumpy except to Ronny.
15. Do not answer back except to Ronny.

Report

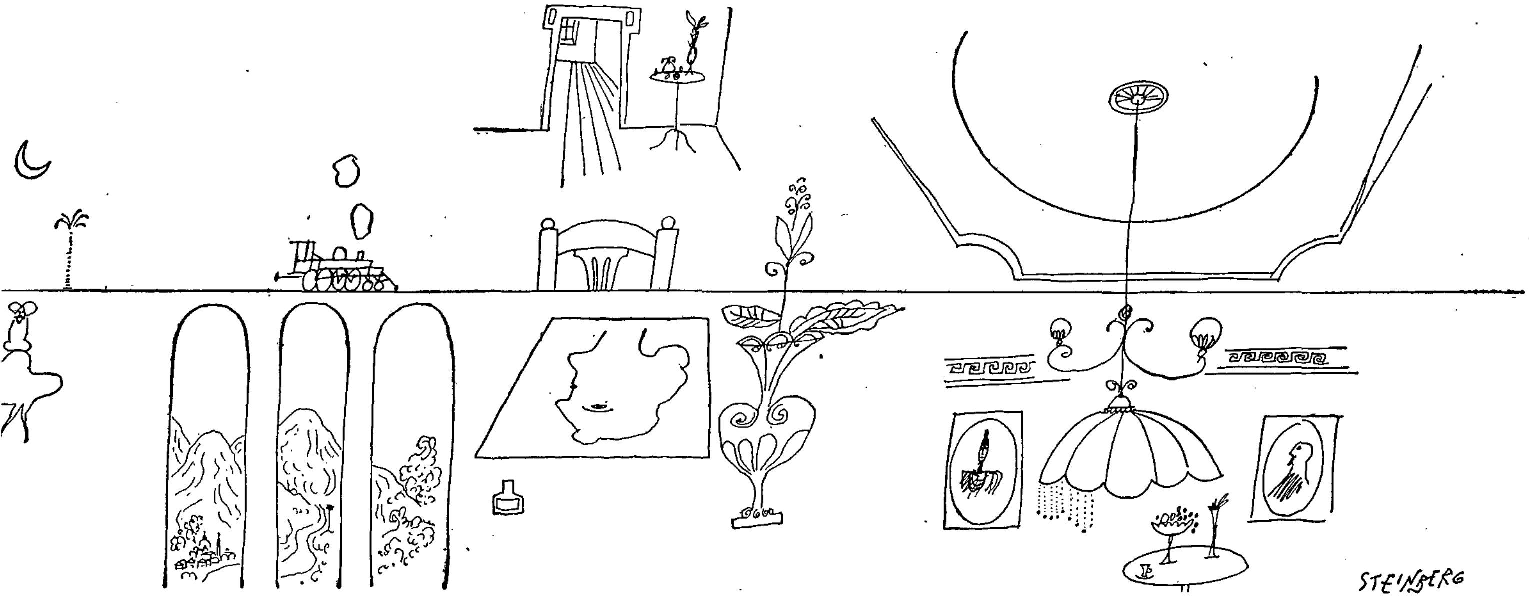
"WHEN I entered the Warwick Room of the Hotel Warwick on Wednesday afternoon of last week," says a brief but painstaking report from our man Hall, "I was astounded by the curiously homogeneous expression on the faces of the entire multitude gathered there in celebration of what the press agent who had invited me to the affair called the 'unveiling' of a new product—the Aquafilter cigarette holder. All these people looked woebegone, hollow-cheeked—in a single word, emaciated. The press agent, a man named Phil Kalech, instantly conducted me to what he referred to as 'our tobacco bar.' There, an ill-nourished-looking young lady handed me a package of the cigarettes I had told her I was fondest of, and, along with these cigarettes, a box containing the new product and a batch of its filters. At the young lady's urging, I selected one of the filters, soaked it in a bowl of water that was standing there for that purpose, inserted it in the holder, and then, at last, began to experience my first smoke through the new product. In the midst of taking a few puffs, I happened to catch sight of myself in a wall mirror and saw that my well-rounded, not to say fat, face was hollow-cheeked, like that of every other member of the assembly who was smoking through the waterlogged filter of the new product. It was only at that moment that I divined the reason for the aforementioned homogeneous expression. It was the effort of drawing tobacco smoke through the waterlogged filter of the new product that was causing their cheeks, and mine, to be drawn inward in the fashion I have described. Further than this, I do not believe I possess anything of interest to report to you in connection with the party or the new product, which, as a reward for the slight increase in drawing effort, unquestionably gives a cool smoke—a smoke that, also unquestionably, is, as the manufacturer says, almost completely devoid of nicotine, as well as the other flavors I have always regarded as pleasurable adjuncts of the tobacco habit."

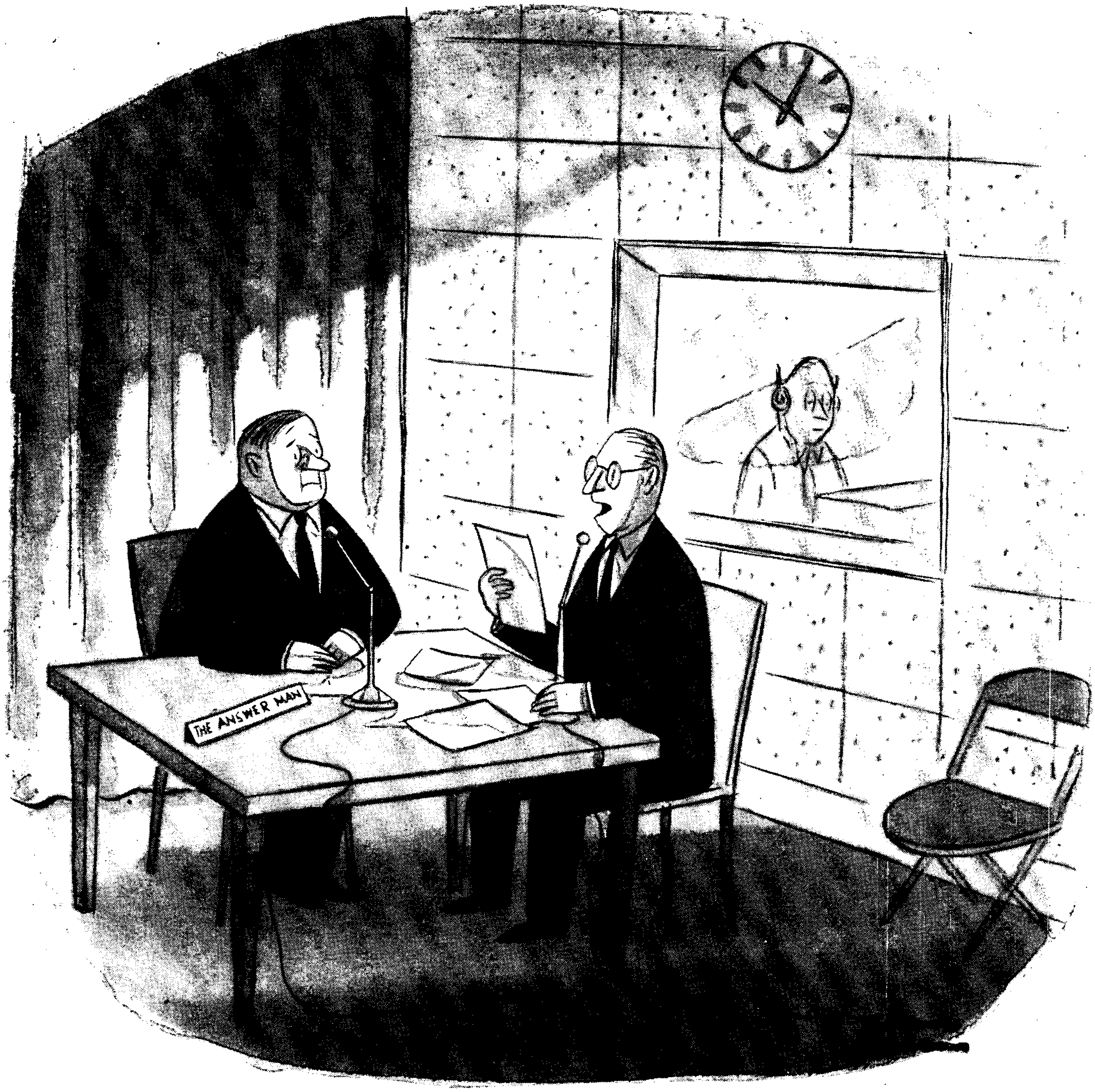
•

OVERHEARD on West Forty-seventh Street near Broadway, one informally dressed young man to another: "Well, if he's as good a singer as they say he is, and they say he's as good as I am, that makes him a pretty damn good singer, doesn't it?"

Be Gentle

PAKISTAN's permanent representative to the United Nations, Professor Ahmed Shah Bokhari, who is generally considered one of the ablest spokesmen for the Arab-Asian bloc, is also, we learned the other day, generally considered the leading humorous writer in Urdu, the language of Moslems in Pakistan and India. Being interested in both permanent representatives and humorous writers, separately or in combination, we tried to lay hands on the Professor's writings, only to find that almost none of them have been translated. Determined to pursue the matter, we telephoned the Professor himself, and received an invitation to lunch in the U.N. Building. Well, the Professor is one of the most lighthearted, most urbane, most learned permanent representatives, or humorous writers, that we have met in a long time. He led us to a dining-room table overlooking the East River, ordered steak and tomatoes, and said that until 1948, the year after Pakistan gained





"I have a question from a lady in Astoria. She wants to know the best method of removing bloodstains from a broadloom rug."

• •

its independence, he was a teacher, translator, and writer, rather than a diplomat. Since 1947, he has been president of Government College, at Lahore; during the thirties, as professor of literature there, he kept the institution's experimental theatre supplied with material by turning out Urdu versions of, among other things, a good deal of Shakespeare and Shaw, Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine." "The last forty years have been the most intense period of translation in the Moslem world since the apogee of ancient Baghdad under Harun-al-Rashid," the Professor told us. "Back in those days, Moslems were translating everything they could get their hands on in the fields of philosophy and science. Now it's literature. You ought to hear Shakespeare in Urdu! Bottom is great fun in the local Lahore dialect. The wonder of Shakespeare is that no matter how badly one translates, something comes through."

Professor Bokhari, who has piercing blue eyes and was wearing a tweed suit and a blue knit tie, has also translated British and American nonfiction, edited an Urdu humor magazine, and written literary criticism in English and Urdu. His reputation as a humorist rests on between three and four hundred short stories, appearing under the pen name Patras. "Some of the reasons for their popularity are the wrong ones," he told us with a smile. "Critics have said of them that although they are funny, they may safely be introduced into homes. Patras is considered a thoroughly wholesome fellow in Pakistan. The few stories that were translated into English made a hit with the British for the same reason; the British claimed to be astonished to find an Oriental humorist who doesn't concentrate on gazelle eyes and exotic situations." We asked what Patras does concentrate on. "There's a pattern in the stories," Professor Bokhari said. "Always a little man, with little inadequacies, drawn by human foibles into a situation in which he doesn't belong. Always trying to be a big politician or literary man. In one story, he tries to become a critical demagogue. At the end, he is a nicer man for having failed. I used the first person, so the joke would be on the narrator. Pakistanis love that. My motto is 'Be gentle.' "

Born in Peshawar in 1898, Professor Bokhari studied at Cambridge off and on for six years during the late twenties and early thirties, was director-general of broadcasting for India during the Second World War, began his diplomatic career as head of Pakistan's delegation to the International High Frequency Broadcasting Conference at Mexico City in 1948, and has been Pakistan's head U.N. man since 1950. He is an expert phonetician, and once spent six months mastering the nuances of Cockney. "Cockney has its own grammar and vowel systems, you know," he told us warmly. We looked expectant. "I wouldn't dare try it any more," he said. "I'm afraid I've backslid into the King's English—reversed the 'Pygmalion' situation." We inquired how diplomatic duties mix with humorous writing, and the Professor replied that his output has been considerably reduced. "One difficulty is finding time," he said, "and another is that in diplomacy the things you laugh at and the quantity of laughter are fixed by tradition. I love New York—I'm a big-city man—although I am still constantly chided about my slowness in walking. Drugstores fascinate me. When I was first here, I ordered a sandwich in one, and the counterman said, 'White or rye?' It took some time to establish his meaning. Oh, your language! 'Check' means 'bill'! What next? I used to send long letters about America to my students at Lahore, to be read to them in groups. In one of them, I mentioned that there is a drugstore on every corner. They wrote back in alarm, and in my next letter I had to explain that drugstores are not for dispensing narcotics. Someday, when I am wise enough, maybe Patras will write about America."

Eheu!

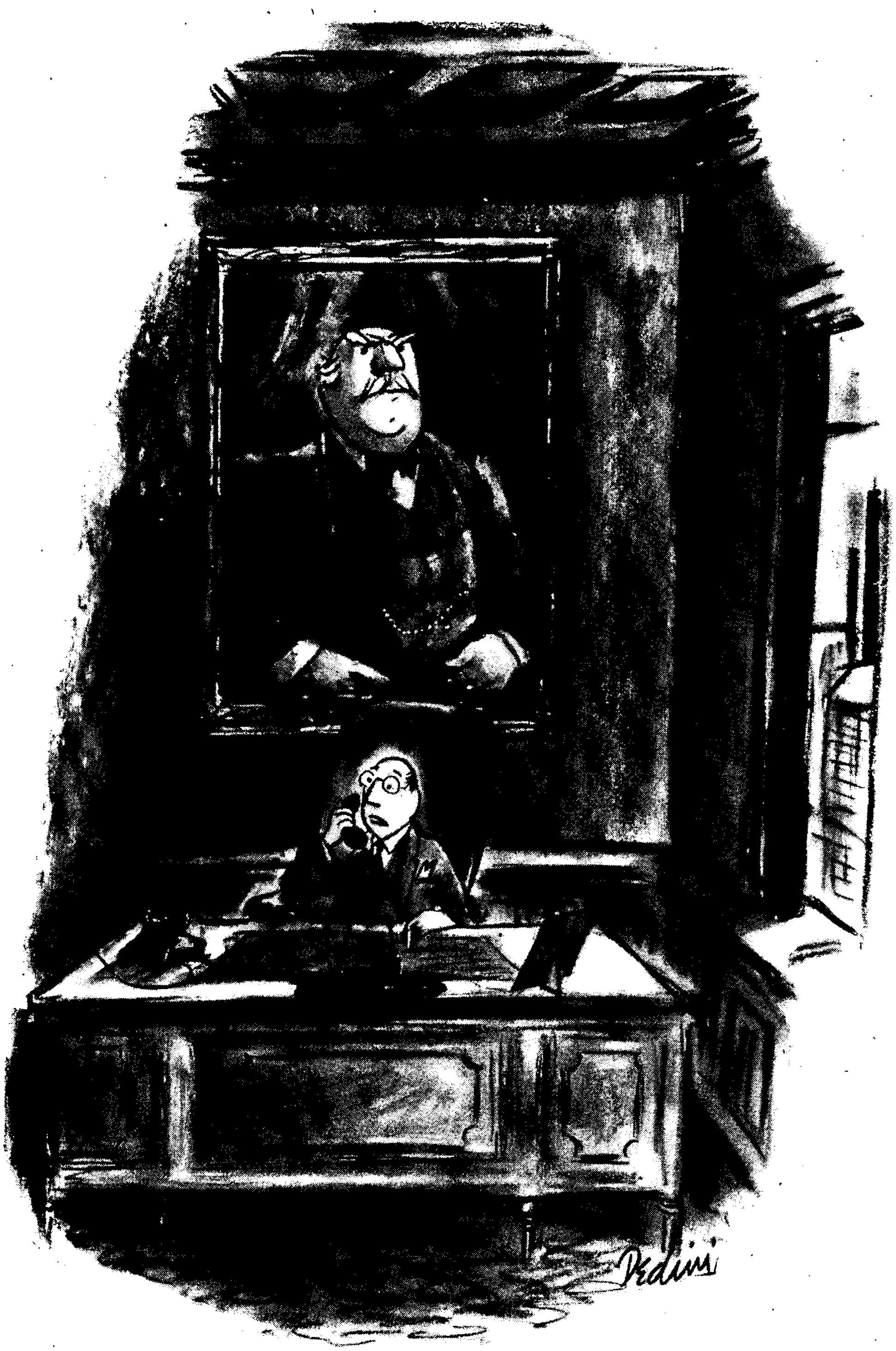
BOATS for the dead are interesting, all right, but you don't *have* to go to Egypt for archeology. Take the Cushman Bake Shop in the Long Island section of Penn Station. During a recent expansion of its premises, workmen knocking out one of its walls uncovered a pillar that bore an arrow and the blue-and-orange legend "World's Fair Trains."

Relaxed

THE bridge that is to carry the stupendous new Thruway across the Hudson is now under construction in the Tappan Zee, between South Nyack and Tarrytown, twenty-five miles upriver from here. Fifteen thousand five hundred and sixty feet long, the bridge, which is being erected by the American Bridge Division of United States Steel, at a cost of sixty million dollars, consists of a central span twenty-four hundred and fifteen feet long, twenty approach spans, varying in length from two hundred and thirty-five feet to two hundred and fifty feet, and a hundred and sixty-six much shorter spans, all designed to perch on high steel-and-concrete piers that run out from either shore like so many gigantic croquet wickets. For the sake of convenience, much of the bridge is being assembled in sections at Grassy Point, on the west bank of the Hudson, and floated twelve miles downstream to the piers. On a recent sunny morning, we were permitted to stand by and watch as one of the two-hundred-and-fifty-foot spans set out on its once-in-a-lifetime voyage from Grassy Point and wound up, several hours later, atop its appropriate wickets in the Tappan Zee.

When we first saw the span, it was resting on a very high and precarious-looking steel falsework, which had been built athwart two railroad-car floats. The floats were joined amidships by steel beams and were attended by three stout tugs. Going aboard, we introduced ourself to the man in charge of moving the span into place, an engineer named Frank Elliott, who, being tall and thin, is nicknamed Slim. Elliott had under him a crew of twenty-six skilled bridgemen, and, with an unlighted cigarette bobbing between his lips and in language that managed to be both abusive and affectionate, he bossed the casting off. As soon as the floats were well out into the river, he yelled over to a portly man on the deck of one of the tugs, "It's all yours, Cap'n. Get her to hell down there!" While the floats slid downstream with the huge span balanced on its delicate cradle a hundred and thirty-odd feet over our heads, Elliott told us, as casually as if we were sitting in his living room, that he came from Old Lyme, had got his early training in steel in the course of putting up buildings at Yale ("six years at Yale and never got a letter"), had worked on more bridges than we could shake a stick at, and wasn't especially worried about the job in hand. "All a matter of plotting," he said. "You don't leave anything to chance. I've figured out four different ways to raise or lower the whole rig so as to make that span sit down where it belongs. I can either pump water in or out of the float bulkheads or use hydraulic jacks or use mechanical jacks or, at worst, depend on the tide to do the job. I've been measuring the tides myself the last few days, because they don't always follow the tables. A day or so back, thanks to the high winds, the tide was off six feet. Wouldn't it be great to find that out at the very last minute?"

We slipped past High Tor and Hook Mountain, and were at the wickets by ten. We were still a good two hours away from high tide, Elliott said, which would allow plenty of time for making the floats fast between the piers and preparing to lower the span, inch by inch, onto steel triangles already bolted to the tops of the piers. Elliott pointed out four grooved steel plates, called shoe caps, at the four bottom cor-



"*As my father would have said . . .*"

• •

ners of the span, and four vertical steel pins affixed to the triangles on the piers. As the span was lowered, he said, the shoe caps would slip down over the pins, and no rivets or bolts would be required to attach the span to the rest of the bridge. "Nothing to hold it there," he said. "Nothing but nine hundred and forty-two tons of gravity."

At sixteen minutes past noon, with the tide at the flood and the shoe caps hovering some four feet above the pins, Elliott and his crew set to work in earnest. Four hydraulic jacks lifted the span an inch or so, letting the bridgemen remove a series of steel shims that had been piled between the span itself and the falsework supporting it; then the jacks were slowly and steadily lowered, and the span descended toward the piers. The span had settled about a foot when Elliott told the men to knock off for lunch. "You live longer if you do it relaxed," he said. Half an hour later, the men returned to their stations at the jacks and on the span. Inch by inch, the great trussed span dropped, and from time to time men with ordinary pocket rulers in their hands would call out to Elliott the exact distance between shoe caps and pins. When the men with the rulers started shouting distances in fractions of an inch, Elliott shouted back at them, "What do you think we're assembling—a watch?" Shortly after two, the weight of the span went off the jacks; the span had settled neatly, without a tremor, onto the pins. "Get clear," Elliott said. "Cut loose the lines." He stared at the crisscross of steel above his head, then glanced up the river toward Grassy Point. "O.K., you guys," he said. "Let's go back and get another."

Murdock

THE hardest summer we've heard about up to now was spent by a beagle named Murdock. In the spring, according to the clinical report we have just received, Murdock's human family, having bought one of those all-plate-glass houses in New Canaan, moved into it. Right from the start, Murdock didn't like the layout. He stalked stiff-legged around the living room, growling and barking and in other ways calling attention to the fact that the walls of the room weren't walls at all. His tail drooped and his appetite faltered. One afternoon in July, he pulled himself together, went down the street, and came back with a neighbor, a spaniel. They trotted side by side around the house, evidently carrying on a spirited conversation, and when they came to the back door, Murdock squeezed through it and on into the living room, still talking. The spaniel missed the door, but kept going along, so in another moment there was Murdock on the inside of the glass wall and there was the spaniel on the outside. The spaniel left in a huff, and Murdock went all to pieces and had to be taken to the nearest veterinarian, who said he was having a nervous breakdown. After three weeks of complete rest, Murdock came back home refreshed, happy at seeing everybody again, and eager to make a go of things. His way of doing that seems to be good for him, but how the family will manage during the coming fall and winter is a question. Murdock now spends only a small part of his time in the house. The rest of his time he spends lying on top of the low stone wall that surrounds the place, his head propped between his front paws, gazing contemplatively, and with a certain detachment, at the all-plate-glass house and the people in it.

MY SOLUTION OF THE GRANT'S TOMB CIPHER

FOR me, the most exciting literary event in many years was the appearance of the recent issue of *Life* in which Mr. Ib Melchior, a man who was trained in cryptography and cryptanalysis by the O.S.S. during World War II and since then, apparently, has been unable to leave the stuff alone, tells how, in seven years, he broke the code on Shakespeare's tomb. That tomb, as nearly everybody knows, bears a quatrain that Shakespeare himself is said to have written and that runs like this:

GOOD FREND FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESTE BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES
STONES,
AND CURST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES.

Some persons—and Mr. Melchior is one of them—think there was an earlier tombstone, and that on this the quatrain, which they believe to be a cipher of some sort, looked even odder than it does above. They say that the earlier version contained small letters as well as capitals, and that the capitals seem to be pretty arbitrarily distributed—the two "G"s in "DIGG," for instance, and the "A" in "ENCLOASED." Mr. Melchior, or the Messrs. Melchior (we must not overlook the possibility that the name is a cipher standing for a *group* of cryptanalysts), worried about this distribution for some time, and finally decided that it was contrived as part of an adaptation of something known as a "biliteral cipher." This cipher made use of two different type fonts, and the substitution of capitals and small letters for type fonts seemed to our man, or men, "a logical application of this system to stone carving."

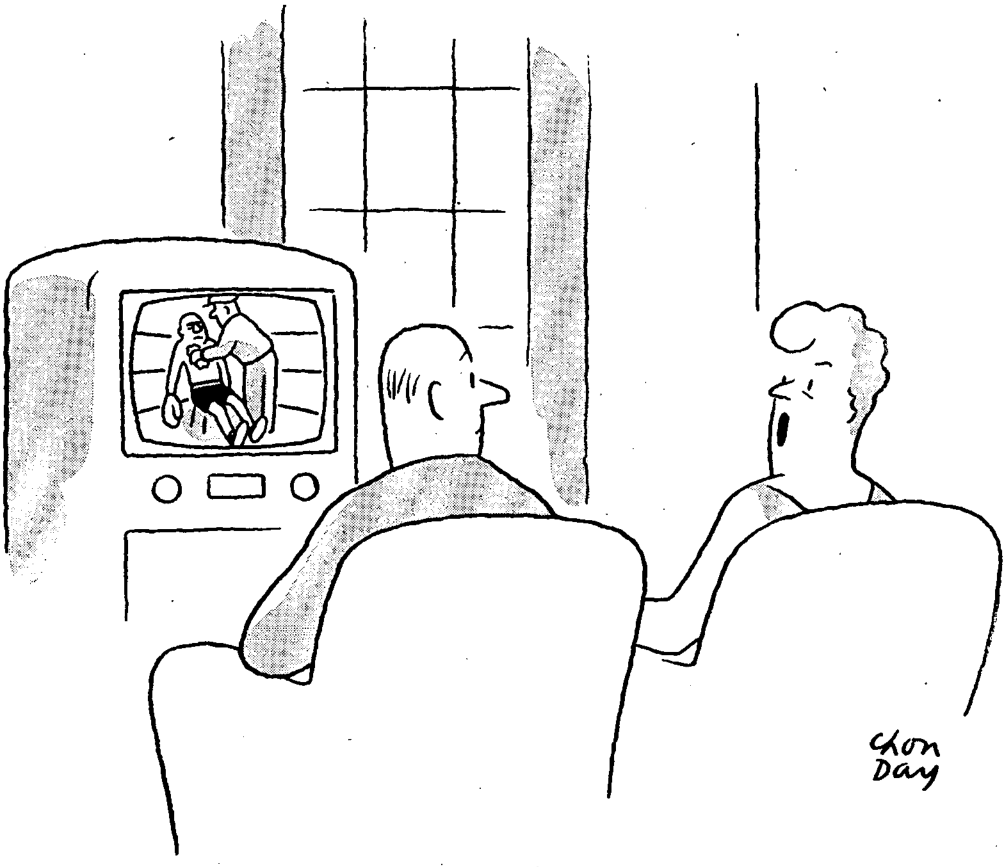
And now, I'm afraid, things begin to get kind of thick. Mr. Melchior, "by separating these two types of letters into groups and writing down the number of letters contained in each consecutive group," arrived, as far as I can make out, at the following numerical representation of the quatrain: 1317144813-63141331164226311519112714. Noting that his cryptogram contained the number "1" more times than any other number, he let it represent the letter "E," because that's by far the most common letter in English composition. This done, Mr. Melchior tried fitting various key words into his puzzle. Nothing seemed to work until he tried "Hamlet." Now, you or I might have said that "Hamlet" didn't work, either, and the hell with it, since the nearest Mr. Melchior could get to it was "AMLEET," but Mr. Melchior is made of sterner stuff. Observing that "there was no uniformity about Elizabethan spelling," he accepts "AMLEET" as the melancholy Dane and breezes on. The word "AMLEET," of course, gave him values for "A," "M," "L," and "T," as well as for "E," and he needed only to suppose that "7" equalled "S," "4" equalled "N," "8" equalled "R," and "9" equalled "D," and two more words jumped from the cipher—"ELESENNRE," the castle, and "EDEEASEN," or edition. So far, so good, but now, unhappily, the rest of the message deciphers to "LMLENELLEEMNA," which, Mr. Melchior readily admits, is gibberish. He gets around this by some sleight of hand that is difficult to follow, in which all "L"s become "D"s, all "N"s become "W"s, and "AMLEET" gets another "A," and quite a few other things happen, until the tombstone finally reads, "ELESENNRE LAEDE WEDGE EERE AAMLEET EDEEASEN," or, when we allow for the vagaries of Elizabethan spelling, "Elsinore laid [in] wedge first Hamlet edition."

The "wedge" is a torture cell in Elsinore, or Elesennre, Castle, and thither went a *Life* photographer, Mr. Melchior, two men with shovels, whom he called the First and Second Gravediggers, and sappers from the Danish Army. They dug for many hours, finding bones, iron, and a knot of eelgrass filled with sand. These articles, unfortunately, did nothing to show that a Hamlet manuscript had ever been buried at Elsinore.

I DID not work in O.S.S. during the war (I was fifteen years old when it ended), but I *was* engaged by the Office of Civilian Defense, in the capacity of a messenger. My beat included the streets near Grant's Tomb, and often, as I hurried by it in a brownout, I gazed in puzzlement at the inscription on its face. The words are "LET US HAVE PEACE," and are said to have been spoken by the General himself. It was not the words themselves that puzzled me, or the fact they were in capitals, but their peculiar arrangement. They could be ruled off like a checkerboard, thus:

		L	E	T		
U	S		H	A	V	E
.	P	E	A	C	E	

The war ended before I reached a solution, however, and in the ensuing years my mind turned to less scholarly thoughts—until I read of Mr. Mel-



"They ought to give him a glass of their tangy, healthful, invigorating beer."

chior's success with the Shakespeare tomb. Then, all aflutter, I attacked Grant's Tomb with new enthusiasm, and in a short time I broke the code. Mr. Melchior took seven years for his cryptanalysis, but I did mine in half an hour, and I say this not to boast but only to show how much more subtle and more difficult Shakespeare was than Grant, and how Mr. Melchior is even more to be praised than I.

The inscription on Grant's Tomb, I quickly decided, could not be a cipher in the usual sense of the word, since the most common letter in it was "E," and, if I substituted an "E" for an "E," I should be back where I started; viz., "LET US HAVE PEACE." Instead, I concluded it was a sort of acrostic, or abracadabra, meant to be read up and down, rather than from left to right. Reading it this way gave me "USPLEEHATACVEE," and I quickly saw the wisdom of my analysis, for the word "LEE" almost jumped at me from the cryptogram. I now reasoned that the first letter of "LEE"—the "L"—was the key to the rest of the cryptogram, and observed that "L" was in the *third* square of the *first* line on the tomb, and came after *six* other squares. Referring back to my cryptogram (minus the word "LEE," which had jumped out), I chose the *third*, *first*, and *sixth* letters, and saw to my delight they were "P," "U," and "T"—the word "PUT"! Thus my solution, so far, was "LEE PUT." The unsolved part of my cryptogram was "SHAACVEE," and I was, obviously, well on the way to success.

Having had so much luck with the letter "L," I was determined not to drop it. This time, I noted that "L" was the fifth square from the *right* on the third line from the *bottom*, and came *before* fourteen other squares. The fifth, third, and fourteenth letters of "SHAACVEE" are "C," "A," and "V" (going around twice for the "V"). Now I had "LEE PUT CAV" and a tiny unsolved piece of cryptogram, "SHAEE," or, as it appeared on the tomb:

	S		H	A		E
					E	

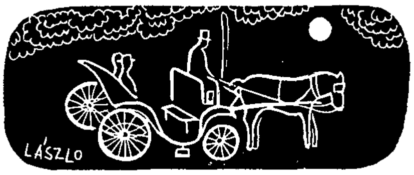
Obviously, the lone "E" in the third line belonged on "CAV," giving me "LEE PUT CAVE" and a final mystery—an "A" and an "H," with an "E" on the right and an "S" on the left. What could "AHES" possibly mean? I devoted thirteen minutes to this problem alone, and had almost despaired of solving it when I thought to number the letters of the alphabet, consecutively:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0

U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1	2	3	4	5	6

Changing "AHES" into numbers gave me "1859," a final solution "LEE PUT CAVE 1859," and, from this, the stunning intelligence that Lee had been buried in a cave, by General Grant, in the year 1859—a full two years before the Civil War!

Colonel Robert E. Lee spent most of 1859 at his home in Arlington, Virginia, but in October, when John Brown and his men raided the arsenal at Harpers Ferry, he was sent into the field, by order of President Buchanan, to put down the insurrection. On October 18th, John Brown and those of his men who were still alive surrendered to Lee. The next day, according to the standard history by Oswald Garrison Villard, "there took place the transfer of the prisoners by train to Charlestown. They were well guarded by Lieutenant Israel Green and some of his men . . . and other prominent men accompanied them." It is my belief, based on the evidence of the cipher, that Lieutenant Israel Green was, in reality, Ulysses Grant in disguise (compare the two names) and that one of the prisoners he took to Charlestown was Robert E. Lee. This knavery was easy to carry out, because, as Robert Penn Warren tells us, Lee wore "ordinary civilian clothes" at the battle with John Brown and, in the confusion, might not have been missed.



There is in Charlestown a very adequate cave known as Washington Masonic Caverns, and it is there, I believe, that Grant slew and buried Colonel Lee. His plan, of course, was to supplant Lee with a personal crony—this man to impersonate Lee, stir up a civil war, throw in the sponge at Appomattox, and so carry Grant to the Presidency—and his stratagem, as history shows us, had high success. The whole matter, as revealed by the Grant's Tomb cipher, may shed new light on an important phase of American history. If *Life* will provide me with one photographer, two men with pickaxes, whom I shall call the First and Second Manassas, and a squad of sappers from the Second Marines, we'll get to the bottom of this.

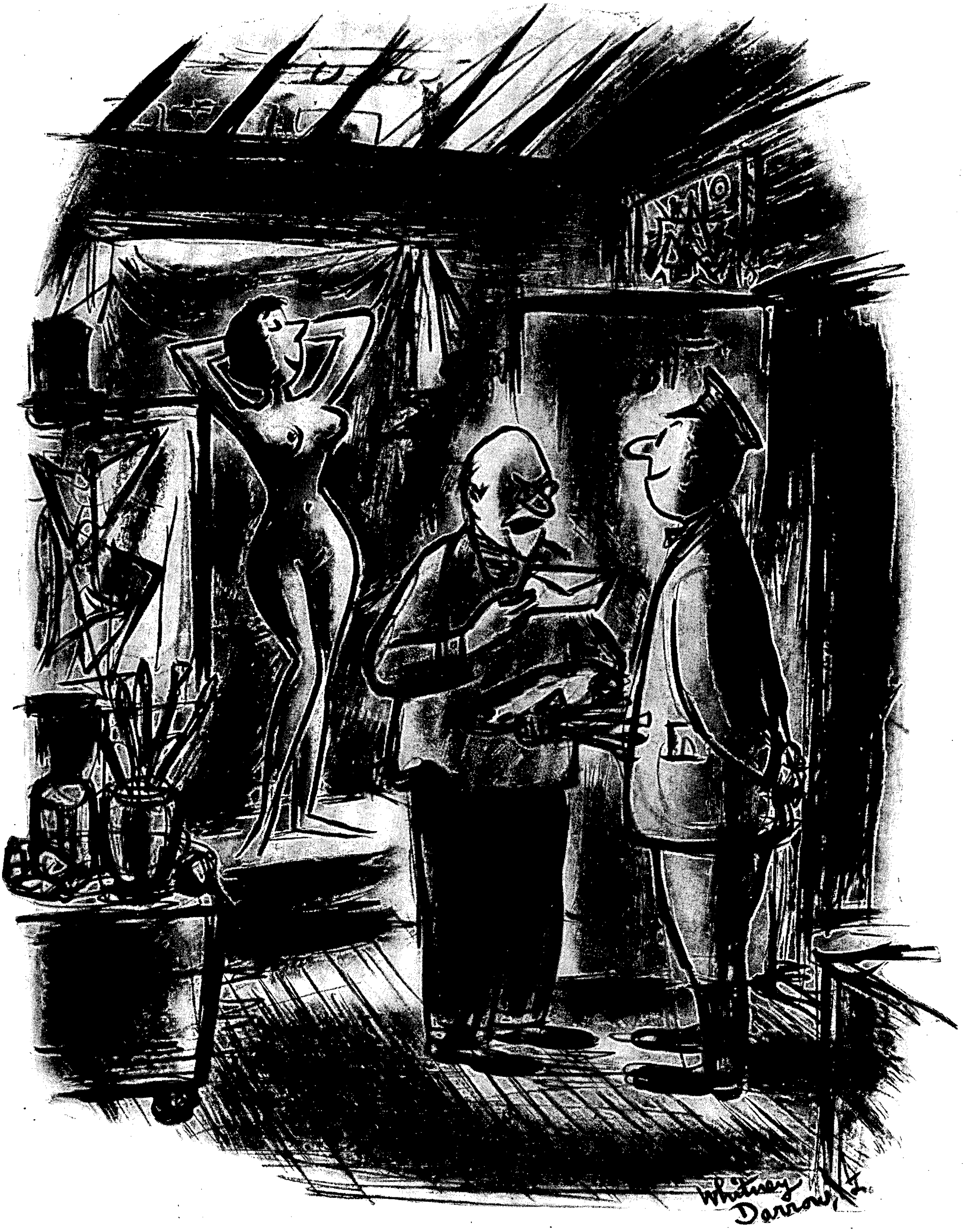
—John Sack

• •

THE SOLITUDE OF MR. POWERS

Once there was a lonely man named Mr. Powers.
He was lonely because his wife fixed flowers.
Mr. Powers was a gallant husband, but whenever he wished to demonstrate his gal*lantry*
His belovèd was always out with six vases and a bunch of something or other in the pantry.
He got no conversation while they ate
Because she was always nipping dead blossoms off the centerpiece and piling them on her plate.
He could get no conversation after meals because if he happened to begin one
She would look at the mantel and wonder if she shouldn't switch the small fat vase with the tall thin one.
Yes, even when she wasn't actually fixing flowers there was no forgetting about them
Because before fixing them she was busy cutting them and after fixing them she was busy fretting about them.
Mr. Powers began to shave only once a week because no one cared whether his chin was scratchy;
He felt as lonely as Cavalleria without Pagliacci.
Finally he said "Hey!
I might as well be alone with myself as alone with a lot of vases that have to have their water replenished every day,"
And he walked off into the dawn,
And his wife just kept on refilling vases and never noticed that he was gone.
Beware of floral arrangements;
They lead to marital estrangements.

—Ogden Nash


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Look, I told you just ten minutes ago—you've got the wrong address."

MISS AUGUST

Mrs. Harley sat at the open window of her bedroom at Hardpan Farm, in a flood of morning sunshine. Her door stood open, so that she could see when the Doctor passed. She had finished going over her dreams of the night before, which she had recorded in a painstakingly relaxed hand in her dream book—a flat loose-paged notebook like those used by students. She was now working at reading a novel in the morning; she came from a rigid Boston background and this was part of her analysis. It *was* work; she had to struggle with guilt and the nagging urge to go downstairs and help somebody do something.

There was the clatter of footsteps hurrying down the hall, and, looking up, relieved, she saw the little Doctor passing. He was followed by the new nurse, a Miss August—a German, it was said. Her hair was cropped like a man's, and she had a round bullethead, which she stuck out in front of her as she hurried. They went on toward Miss Parsons' room.

Mrs. Harley felt happy that there was a new nurse. But changes were so difficult; one felt unsteady on one's feet. Her happiness slipped into worry: Would the new nurse be an understanding one, with that queer bullethead thrust out?

Do not let yourself be a host to such fantasies. Trying, in vain, to take hold on the happiness again, Mrs. Harley resolved her dilemma by going back to trying to read a novel in the morning.

The door to Miss Parsons' room opened, in the gentle way that the Doctor always opened the patients' doors. His head came round the edge. "How's my girl this morning?" he asked of the young woman lying in bed.

She watched with fearful eyes as her precious Doctor was followed into the room by a strange woman with deep, ominous eyes.

"This is our new friend," the pink-faced, round little Doctor said distinctly. "Miss August. She knows all about the things we talk about; she has insight."

The patient, however, cowered under the sheet.

"I'll be along this afternoon for our hour," the Doctor said. He vanished out the door, and Miss Parsons could hear his footsteps—those footsteps that always brought hope down the hall—trotting away in their usual hurry. Her soul seemed to go away with those footsteps.

The new nurse approached the patient with a fixed and dreadful smile.

"I am going to be your friend," she said menacingly, in a German accent.

The Doctor was catching a cup of coffee in the dining room before starting his rounds of an hour with each of the eight patients at Hardpan Farm. He was always in a hurry these days; he had the patients and, in addition, the endless complications of running a sanatorium so far out in the country. Beautiful as it was here, the nurses would not stay. The last one, Miss Spurgeon, had been perfection; English, quiet, serene, her manner made everyone breathe easier. But she, too, had left after two months. Following her departure all the patients had been worse for a couple of days.

Even with her limitations, there was always Mrs. Martin, who had just brought the steaming cup of coffee to the Doctor. She was a practical nurse, and ran the household affairs—was in charge of the linen, supervised the servants, planned the meals. . . . Damnation! Now Mary and Alf had given notice from the kitchen.

Mrs. Martin, a big woman with a pile of white hair, sat down by the Doctor while he had his coffee.

"Three patients in bed on this beautiful morning," she said. "If you ask me, they'd be a lot better if you got them up and set them to work. There's nothing in the world ails them; they're just rich and spoiled."

"I didn't ask you," the Doctor said.

Mrs. Martin was never daunted. "Good old-fashioned melancholia, that's what's the matter with most of them," she continued. "Nothing better for it than to wash a few dishes, scrub a few floors . . ."

If he advertised in the newspaper of the nearest town, in addition to the New York papers, he would surely be able to find another couple. Perhaps a better couple. The Doctor was positive everything would, in the end, turn out right.

". . . to take Mary and Alf in for their Thursday off," Mrs. Martin was saying.

"Yes," the Doctor said automatically.

"Well, is she going to?"

"Who?"

"Miss Hughes, I *said*," Mrs. Martin said impatiently.

"No," the Doctor said. "Miss Hughes wasn't well at all yesterday. She can't drive them in. You'll have to take a man off the farm."

"I never heard of such a thing," Mrs. Martin said, although she had been at Hardpan Farm for three years. "Can't do this, can't do that. Get them up and make them forget about themselves, *I* say."

"Oh, be still!" the Doctor said. He finished his coffee and wiped his white mustache. "These people are not to be relied on, I've told you."

"Doctor," Mrs. Bethel said pleadingly.

"Yes," the Doctor said gently. He sat by the window in the chair he always sat in, and Mrs. Bethel, in a fresh wash dress, sat opposite him in the chair she always sat in.

"Doctor, please tell me the truth."

"I always tell you the truth," the Doctor said.

"I can't get it out of my head," Mrs. Bethel said apologetically. "Doctor—am I crazy?"

The Doctor gave a tiny sigh.

"No," he said. "I've told you. You are regressing. You are looking for something in the past, and when you have found it, you will come up again. You feel strangely because you are not living in outer reality."

"But I want to live in reality!"

"There are two realities," the Doctor said.

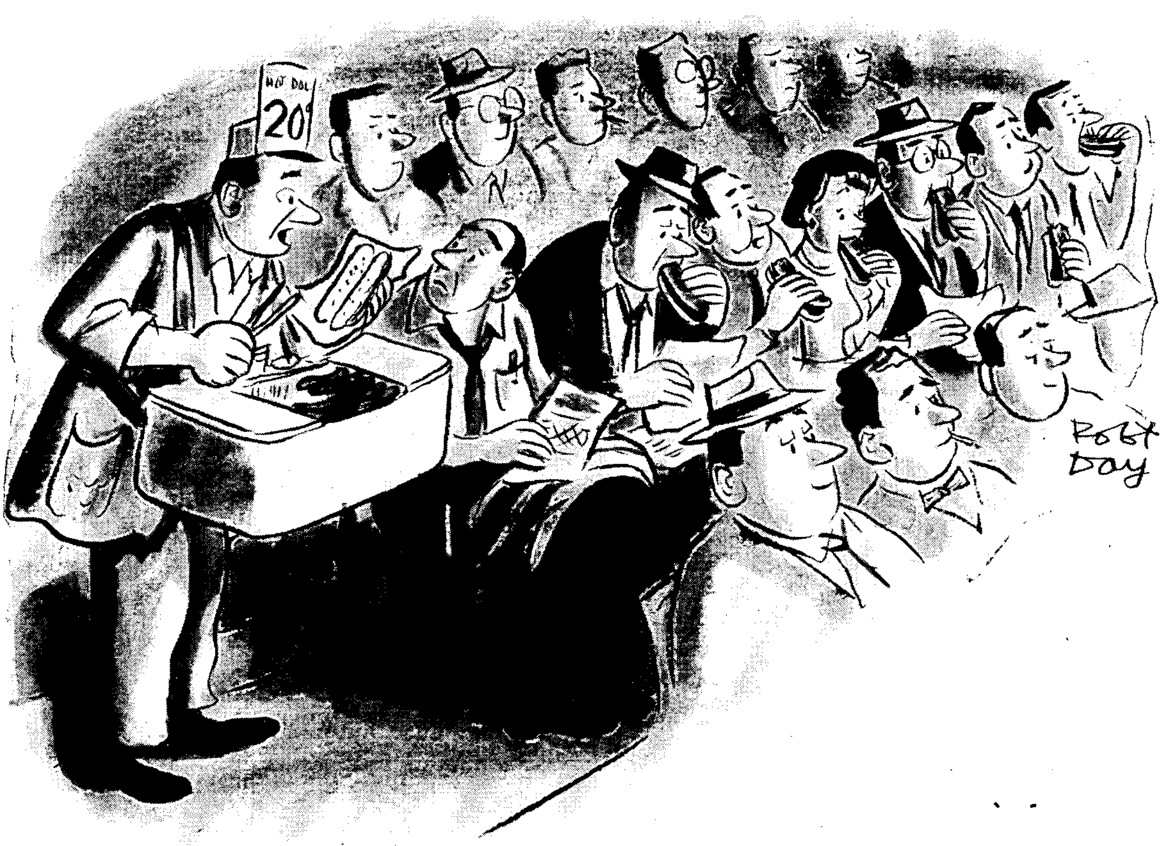
"I feel so full of fear," the patient continued.

"That is because your energy is not running outward, freely—as it will," the Doctor said, one more time.

But the patient was particularly distressed this morning.

"I am so full of fear," she said again. "I am so afraid of hurting you with my fear. What would I do if anything happened to you?"

"I'm a tough old bird," the Doctor



"Come now, sir, don't you want your row to be one hundred per cent?"

said. "Don't you worry about *me.* Think about yourself, and then you'll be able to think about other people rightly. If I let the worrying you all do about my health affect me, I'd be dead now."

The word was unfortunate, and the Doctor regretted it. Even after all these years he was learning to remove himself still more from the picture. There was a pause while Mrs. Bethel visibly struggled with herself.

"Doctor—that Miss August—" Mrs. Bethel gave it the German pronunciation. "Is she *all right?* I mean, is she *kind?*"

"Oh, for pity's sake," the Doctor said in his positive way. "She seems an excellent nurse. She's even had some psychiatric nursing experience, she says. It's almost impossible to find a psychiatric nurse today."

"Oh, forgive me!" Mrs. Bethel cried penitently. "I *know* how hard you work to take care of us. I know what a struggle it is for you."

"Rubbish," the Doctor said. "Now let's get on with that dream of yours."

Mrs. Bethel opened her dream book. She had written her dream down in the middle of the night, right after having it, and the handwriting was uneven and jagged. It frightened her. Summoning her courage, however, she began to read it aloud.

What she wanted to ask was "Is Miss August crazy?" That cropped bullethead, those deep-set eyes, glimpsed at one of the breakfast tables . . . But she did not dare ask it. For there was always projection. . . .

UNDER the big maple trees on the back lawn, they sat shelling Lima beans in the lovely breezy shade—Miss Hughes, Mrs. Harley, who had finished her hour with the Doctor, Mrs. Bethel, and the new nurse.

"I was for a year with the yogi in Carmel, California," Miss August said in her guttural accent. She bent over the beans, shelling them, as she did everything, violently and as if her life depended on it. "For a year I was with him, and he taught me everything he knew. He sayed to me, 'Go now. I can teach you no more.' So I went next to the yogi in New Mexico."

"How long were you with him?" Mrs. Harley asked. She had read the Bhagavad-Gita back in the days before her analysis, and felt a combination of interested and guilty at being interested in anything in the past. She also felt guilty at being so repelled by Miss August's personality. "Be serene; be positive," she told herself, and then felt a little worried because that was a combination of the past and the present, the Bhagavad-Gita and the analysis. But the Doctor said, "There's good in everything." Remembering his voice, Mrs. Harley came out of her tangle and was able to say again, "How long were you with the yogi in New Mexico?"

"I was for a year with the yogi in New Mexico," Miss August replied. "Everything he knew I learned from him, everything. It was then, with the yogi in New Mexico, that I discovered my ambition—the ambition of my life—to go to India and found—you say 'found'?—my own ashram."

Miss Hughes plugged away at her pile of bean pods without looking up or speaking. She was very unsteady this morning. It was like swimming, to move around; or like motion in some even denser element than water. And she had been doing so well. . . . The Doctor said, yesterday, "Well, there is just another piece of the puzzle that has to be found, that's all." But sometimes Miss Hughes wondered if the Doctor was always right—and then smote herself for wondering. The Doctor *had* to be right, or it was the end of the world—not to be contemplated. The thing was—this new nurse. Hadn't Miss Hughes perhaps *known* beforehand, by extrasensory perception, what the new nurse was going to be like—this *awful* person, this *bad* person? Extrasensory perception explained so much. The Doctor always said, "Don't you worry about extrasensory perception. Just leave that till you get well. You've got all you can do concentrating on common or garden perception." But Miss Hughes couldn't help feeling sometimes she *knew* things—things that hadn't arrived yet. . . .

"I will not rest until I have achieved my ambition," Miss August was saying, and all the while a breeze whispered peacefully in the maple leaves; but she never looked up, just tore the naked beans from their pods and cast the ravished pads from her into a paper bag on the grass. "I will not rest until I have my ashram. I have chosen my guru, my holy man, for the ashram. I am in correspondence with him. Weekly I write to him—I tell him all I feel, all I long for. But he writes me, 'Do not come yet. The time is not yet.' So I must work, I must wait. The time will come when the time is ripe. The jewel is in the lotus. *Om mani padme hum*," said Miss August violently.

Mrs. Bethel's hands trembled as she tried hard to shell beans—something she had never done before coming to Hardpan Farm. Somebody is crazy, she thought, but is it she or is it I? I feel so sure it is she. "But I am always wrong," spoke the familiar voice in Mrs. Bethel's mind. "You're always wrong. You're always wrong," chanted a multitude of voices from Mrs. Bethel's childhood and from her marriage. But this yogi business—Alfred had always said it was sheer nonsense. Pure malarkey. "There's good in everything," the Doctor's voice said. "You stand on your own feet and never mind what Alfred said. You're a person in your own right." "But I don't know what I *do* think!" Mrs. Bethel cried inwardly. "I only know what I feel, and I feel somebody is crazy; there is something crazy here. But the Doctor would know if anything was wrong?" she said, more as a question than as a reassurance, as it turned out. That is, he had to know; it was unthinkable if he didn't know.

"I *will* have my ashram," the bullet-headed nurse insisted in her deep voice. She took her eyes for an instant off the rape of the beans to stare defiantly at the little circle of faces around her. "I *will*. I always get what I am determined on. The yogi in New Mexico sayed it; he sayed it just before I went away to the yogi in New York; he sayed, 'Do not fear. You will get what your atman is set upon. Come it today, come it later, you will always get it.' I went, then, to the yogi in New York. Now he has taught me all he knows. And so I feel the time is nearly ripe; that I shall leave; that I shall sail for India. My yogi waits. The time comes near."

Mrs. Martin stepped out on the back porch overlooking the lawn and looked with satisfaction at the little group seated on the grass. This was more like it. Good woman, that new nurse. Get them up, get them out, get them at some kind of useful work and they'd all be well before you knew it. Nothing the matter with a one of them except thinking about themselves too much. She sniffed loudly, so that Mrs. Harley heard her and looked round; then she vanished into the house again.

AFTER lunch, all the patients who had been up went to their rooms for a rest. Miss Diggs, who was staying in bed, had this hour with the Doctor. She was morose; dark and depressed and critical of everything the Doctor said. "I think I have undulant fever," she said. "I think that's what's really the matter with me. You don't have the cows inspected often enough, Doctor."

"Don't you worry about the cows," the Doctor said, from his chair by the window. "The cows are all right. You worry—no, I don't mean worry, Heaven knows—you think about what's the trouble with you. I want you to talk more about your father."

"I don't want to talk about my father," Miss Diggs retorted. "My father's dead. I want to talk about undulant fever. I read a magazine article last night, and it said that Bang's disease—"

"Don't you worry about Bang's disease," the Doctor said, a little wearily. "You let me do the worrying about Bang's disease."

"I want to talk about that new nurse you've imported into this place," Miss Diggs went on, unshaken. "What was the matter with Miss Spurgeon? I liked her."

"Nothing the matter. Just she left," the Doctor said.

"I don't like the new nurse. I don't trust Germans. I don't trust her."

"What ails you people?" the Doctor said. "Have you all caught something, or what is all this rubbish about Miss August? She seems to be performing her duties adequately."

"She is untrustworthy. I can tell. I always know."

"You don't," the Doctor said flatly. "You can't tell me a thing I don't know about what goes on around here. What I want you to do is stop fretting about *my* affairs and get down into your own unconscious and *find* something. That's why I put you to bed. Don't you want to get well?"

"Of course I want to get well," Miss Diggs said irritably. "I have undulant fever, that's what I'm telling you. I am interested in real matters in the real world."

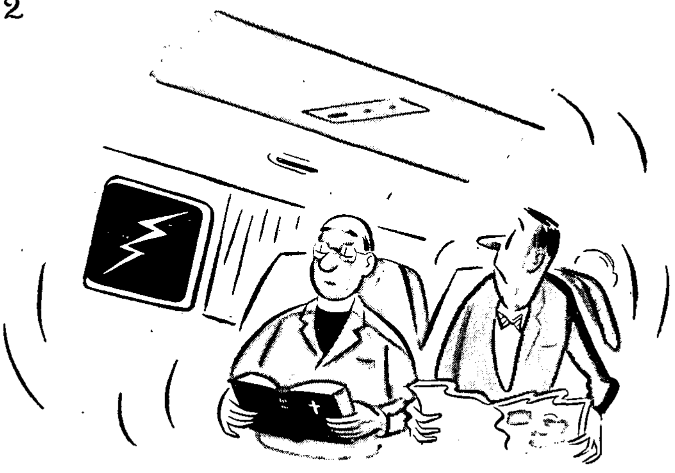
"Oh, bosh!" the Doctor exploded. He didn't need to be gentle with Miss Diggs; she had a skin like elephant hide. "I'm the only one who's living in reality around here. You leave the real world to me."

ALL afternoon the infinitely fragile, delicate atmosphere of the sanatorium was shaken, trembled, with invisible currents of disturbance—fear and distrust and hatred. The aura that surrounded Hardpan Farm was torn, and waved in shreds in the sweet afternoon breeze.

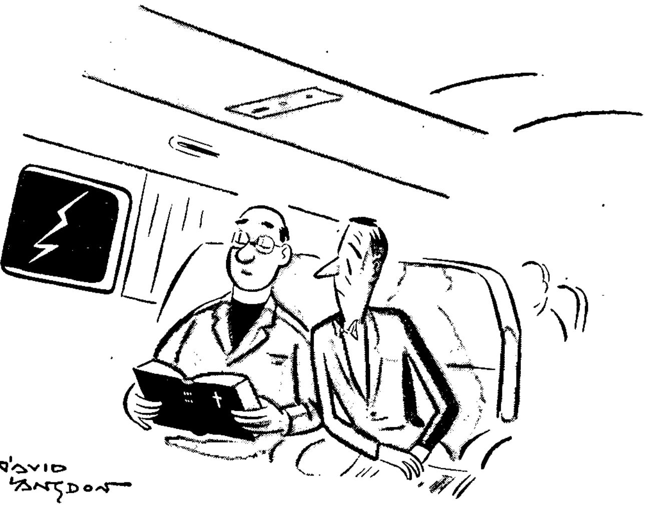
Mrs. Bethel had gone for a walk down past Goose Farm, in order to be alone and out in the fresh air, and to work out her morning's analysis. She walked in the middle of the gray dirt road, feeling uneasily like a little girl. I must be mature, she reproved herself; I must try hard to be mature. She stopped and stared intently at the weather-beaten board farmhouse—Goose Farm—in order to really *see* it, to be a mature woman looking at an interesting old farmhouse. Goose Farm was a curious name; they must have raised geese at some time, but as far as Mrs. Bethel knew, there were no geese here now. "Goose" was "*Gans*" in German. "*Dein . . . ist mein ganzes Herz*," sang suddenly a tune in her mind: Alfred . . . in love with her . . . long ago . . . in a night club where a young slim German tenor sang "*Dein . . . ist mein ganzes Herz*." Oh God! Alfred . . .

In desperation, she sought about for another association. The Doctor said, "Everything has a good side and a bad side." There must be a good side. Goose . . . *Gans* . . . But all it brought to mind was: German; Miss August. That crazy woman, who was not really crazy, because it was . . . Mrs. Bethel shook her head as though to drive away

2



3



a horde of gnats and hurried on down the road.

She had not gone very far before she saw it—but it was more as though she started feeling the panic fear even before she saw it. The great ram! Like a god. With that great awful equipment for procreation—oh!

Mrs. Bethel turned and fled back along the country road to the safety of Hardpan Farm. Then for hours she stayed in her room, unable to rid her mind of that terrible shocking sight: that ram, standing beside a fence, in a field. She felt she would never dare go out of the house again.

"OH, oh, oh!" Miss Hughes cried, weeping, her voice getting higher and higher. "I want to get out! I want my life! I want to live in the world and *do* things!"

"You will," the Doctor soothed her, laying his hand on the arm of her chair. "You will, but you must collect yourself. It takes time. You are doing very well. You can't hurry the mind, you know. It must come. You will."

"But I can't wait! I want to get out of this—this *swamp*. I want to move in the world. I want to do things!"

"Doing things isn't the same as truly moving in the world," the Doctor said.

"But I want to get *out!*" cried Miss Hughes.

The Doctor observed her rising excitement.

"What's stopping you?" he said.

Miss Hughes, deflated, stared blankly at him.

MRS. MARTIN, walking with her firm, neat step along the downstairs corridor, passed Miss August hurrying along like a bulletheaded badger, shoulders hunched, head poked out in front.

"Mrs. Martin," Miss August said, stopping short with a jerk. "I must speak with you."

"And I must speak to *you*," Mrs. Martin said, with an agreeable smile. "You certainly have taken hold of things today. Please feel free to call on me, for any help you need."

Miss August eyed her with her deep-set gaze. "Help? What for should I need help?" she demanded.

"You *are* a worker," Mrs. Martin said admiringly.

"I must speak with you," Miss August said. "The keys. Where are the keys? I must have the keys."

"The keys? Why, I have them. I do the housekeeping," Mrs. Martin said.

"Give me the keys. I am in charge here," the nurse said in her German accent.

MISS DIGGS, who had risen from her bed in defiance of the Doctor's orders, and Mrs. Harley were having a little conference out on the back lawn, far away from the house, under the beech tree, where there was a circular seat around the trunk.

"She won't do," Miss Diggs repeated. "She'll have to go."

Mrs. Harley looked at her with respect. Such strong-mindedness!

"The thing is," she said, "our darling Doctor. He's so overworked, with us and the nurse troubles and the servant troubles and his practice in town three days a week and the farm, too. . . . I'm just so afraid he doesn't realize. I'm just so afraid he gets too tired. I'm just so afraid—" She broke off.

"Well, who's going to speak to him?" Miss Diggs said. "You or I?"

"Oh, *you!*" Mrs. Harley said. "You're so much—" Braver, she meant, but did not say.

"Doctor's put out with me," Miss Diggs said, "because I don't lie in bed on a beautiful day like this, thinking about my entrails the way he wants me to. *I* can't speak to him."

"Well, *I* certainly can't," Mrs. Harley said.

They stared at each other, helplessly.

"Besides—" Mrs. Harley began.

Miss Diggs nodded.

They meant, Besides, we might be mistaken, about everything. The Doctor is always right. Isn't he? their silent voices asked one another, there under the beech tree, with the breeze sighing as the afternoon passed, and a bobwhite spoke up from the meadow beyond the rail fence. Isn't he? they asked each other again, soundlessly.

MISS PARSONS lay trembling under the sheet in the late afternoon. Her room was already dim, since it faced the east, but the Doctor did not turn on a light. He sat in the shadow, in the big chair, and said, "Go on. What else did she say?"

"Well," said the little voice. "I don't want to complain of Mrs. Martin—"

"You're not," he said. "You're talking to your doctor. Go on."

"I wouldn't complain for *anything*. Well, she said, as she was taking my lunch tray away, she said, 'Why don't you get up and put your clothes on and take a nice brisk walk instead of loafing in bed all day?' I didn't know what to do. You *told* me—"

"That's right. I told you to stay in bed. You've overstrained yourself. You need rest."

"I felt so—awful. And she said—"

"What now?"

"She said, 'If you ask me, your family's right to think you're being kept here unnecessarily. I don't see anything the matter with you,' she said. Oh, Doctor! I haven't been able to think of anything else all afternoon. Am I a coward? Am I a quitter? Oh, Doctor, I *would* try, but I can't." The weak little voice broke.

"You're a brave girl," the Doctor said. "You've bucked enough to down ten men."

"But she said—"

"Damnation!" the Doctor said very softly. Then he said, "All right, now. Let's get the good out of this. Who said it—her or you?"

"She did—"

"All *right*, then."

Their voices murmured on quietly in the gathering dusk. The Doctor got up, at the end of the hour.

"Doctor—"

"Yes, child?"

"Don't let— Do I have to have *her* come in here?"

"Mrs. Martin? No. I'll deal with her," said the Doctor.

"No, I don't mean Mrs. Martin," the tiny voice said. "I mean Miss August. She frightens me so."

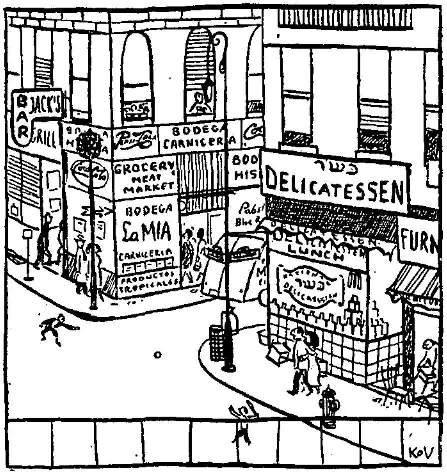
"Damnation!" he said again, softly. It was the last conference of the day.

THE evening was so cool that they had a fire burning on the hearth in the living room after dinner. The five patients who were up (Miss Diggs had been ordered back to bed by the Doctor) sat around the fire with their handiwork. Mrs. Bethel was knitting a pink afghan for her daughter-in-law's new baby. "With every stitch of this," she said to herself doggedly, "I am knitting together a new life." Miss August sat directly beside the fire. Unlike most German women, she did not knit; her hands lay big and latent in her lap. The Doctor, as was his custom, read aloud to the little gathering. It might have been a chilly evening around the fire of any country house; almost.

All the patients, even the ones in bed, by that unspoken, atmospheric grapevine that kept them informed of tensions, of discord, of the least thing awry, knew that something had happened. They did not know what; they only knew it had. Mrs. Martin's face, for one thing; it had been a thundercloud at dinner and when she carried the trays to the patients in bed—to all except Miss Parsons, whose tray Miss August had brought. But Miss Parsons knew anyway. The news came drifting up the staircase with the evening breeze; it came sifting through the cracks *in the* door. Mrs. Harley and Miss Diggs knew that before dinner the Doctor had given Mrs. Martin a dressing-down about something; she had remained in the kitchen since dinner. Was that it? But Miss August, too, looked even more ominous, more violent, than ever. Something had happened. None of the patients knew what. They never knew what, when they knew things.

But the Doctor continued to read aloud, the only unperturbed being at Hardpan Farm, from Stekel on dreams.

" 'Contrary to the learned men, the simple folk have never looked upon dreams as *foam*,' " the calm, aging voice read on. " 'Within their soul there persisted a belief in the reality of this psychic experience. . . .' "



"But why am I knitting with only one thread?" Mrs. Bethel suddenly was asked by some inner voice. "Why are there not two threads, Alfred and me knit together?" "Because that garment is fractured," another voice replied relentlessly. "Because I am knitting up my solitary garment, for my sole self; *for a baby, a newborn thing . . .*"

" 'Anatole France is justified when he states, "I am firmly convinced that the power of dreams is greater than that of reality." The dream is the bridge between the real and the supersensory world. The ancient peoples knew this better than we. They believed in dreams and through the dream they felt themselves nearer their divinity.' " The Doctor looked up over the top of the book.

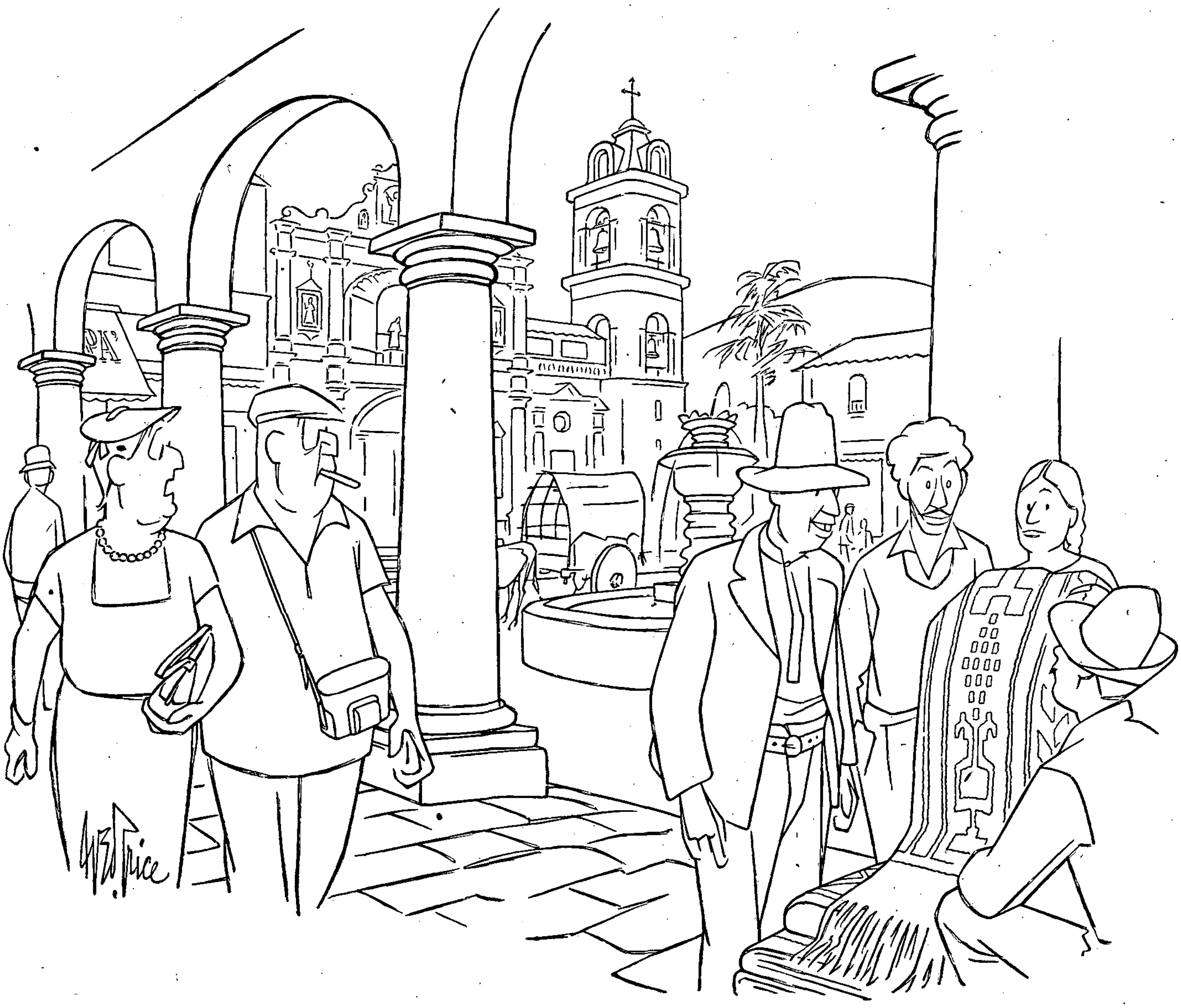
"And through the awareness of his divinity," he editorialized, as was his habit, "man is able to apply himself to the development of his own humanity." The patients all looked up eagerly from their work; this way they gathered extra

THE UNINVITED

There is never an open door to the wild beasts' home,
And stepstones leading to their secret wood
Are watched by snails with horns and ants with wings.
You are tripped by little things: a spider's thread
That rings a hundred leaf bells down their trails;
A twig will break and some old inching worm
Will turn his head, concerned because of all
The needless noise you make. Your anxious shadow,
Like a nosing hound, will race with deer mice
To their grassy nests, and, headlong on the path you found,
It will invade the deeper shade where partridge rest
And send them shuddering across the disturbed hill.
You will be seen from mounds where hooded woodchucks cull
Their gravel acre; where, from lonely cells, they come
To work their sparse monk gardens for their fare;
Where all the braided briars and underbrush
Guard the low runs used by the fox and hare.
"There! There is the open door!" you'll say,
Pointing to where a wide space runs,
An open corridor through pillared trees.
Then you will know that squirrels claim the place
By sudden show and chatter, and, as though
To mock your thought, they'll stir a noisy whirlwind
In the leaves. Always you'll walk announced
To hedgehog hovels. Your pace will be regarded
From each wildcat lair. Your hour of coming
Will be drummed through all the forest rooms.
Your show of strength will be considered
From each hilltop tower. Your journey will be timed
By beasts beyond your sight, and, should you follow,
Though moving cautiously, the wary host, like startled deer
In flight, will all go bounding back, until at last
They move into the trackless cover of the night.

—WILLIAM D. MUNDELL

• •



"They're not nearly as typical as I expected."

crumbs of the Doctor's wisdom. "Once we are assured of the place in us of divinity, we are free to try to become truly human," the Doctor was proceeding when Miss August broke in, harshly, loudly. "I, too, have dreams," she said. "Terrible dreams."

The Doctor turned his gaze, over the book, on her, politely.

"Yes?" he said.

"Yes. Last night, my first night in my new position here, I have had one of my terrible dreams."

The Doctor looked as if he might be going to interrupt, but Miss August pushed on. The patients looked at her in alarm.

"I dreamed," she said, "that I was in your kitchen here, but of course it was different, I had not yet been in your kitchen. I dreamed I had a great pot, of iron, and in it was my head"—she put her hands to that man-cut hair—"and I was boiling my head in the pot, and stirring it with a big wooden spoon."

The Doctor laid his book down slowly and looked at Miss August with attention. "Is that so?" he remarked.

"Yes," she said abruptly, and was silent.

The Doctor, after a final thoughtful stare, went back to the reading.

" 'Divinity is the projection of our ideal into infinity,' " he read. " 'But not only is the ideal self projected. The evil self is also refracted outwardly and it reflects back, as temptation or as the influence of demonic powers. . . .' "

The door from the kitchen burst open, and Mrs. Martin, flushed, stout, and outraged, appeared in the room. She paid no attention to the patients, who trembled at her demeanor, but marched straight over to the Doctor.

"Doctor," she said in a loud, clear voice. "I can't go sparing you all the time. I've got to ask you to step in. Will you tell that woman to give me back the keys to the linen closets? I have to make Miss Diggs' bed again; she spilt her coffee all over. That woman's got everything all locked up."

"What's that?" said the Doctor, closing the book.

"Doctor, listen," Miss August hissed urgently. "It is necessary that I speak with you. At once. There iss danger!"

The Doctor looked from Miss August to Mrs. Martin, who continued to stand with her arms akimbo. He got up, slowly, and Miss August got up, and he followed her through the door onto the back porch, where the evening breeze blew in the chilly darkness. After a minute Mrs. Martin, too, went out on the porch.

"Doctor," Miss August's voice was saying. "That woman—that housekeeper—she has been stealing everything. I have checked up on it—I

"Why, Gerald! You're getting bald!"

• •

know. The linens, the medicines—all; she has been stealing all. You are being robbed, all the time."

The Doctor did not hesitate for an instant. "Give me the keys," he demanded.

There was a moment's dead silence on the dark porch.

"*Verflucht!*" spat Miss August. She lunged forward. The Doctor felt her large, powerful hands come around his throat, hard; he staggered backward and would have fallen but for the porch railing.

Then Mrs. Martin was struggling with Miss August; she pulled Miss August's clawlike hands off the Doctor.

"What a temper!" Mrs. Martin chided in the darkness. "Aren't you ashamed?"

The Doctor got his balance again. Someone handed him a ringful of keys, and he gave them to the taller shape, Mrs. Martin.

"Make up Miss Diggs' bed," he ordered. Then, to the other woman, he said, "I would like to talk to you, in your room."

In single file, Mrs. Martin, Miss August, and the Doctor passed through the lighted living room and out again toward the bedrooms. The patients followed them with fearful eyes, silent. They had heard nothing but the scuffling of feet outside.

Left all alone in the living room, they looked at one another and at the fire helplessly. Mrs. Bethel continued for a few moments to knit mechanically at her afghan, but soon her fingers felt like rubber. Something terrible had happened—was happening—but none of the patients had any idea of what it was.

Soon the patients—first Mrs. Bethel and then the others in a cluster—all crept off to the safety of their beds, closing their bedroom doors very quietly and stealthily behind them. None of the doors, however, had locks.

LATE that evening, when Miss August had been sent off in the farm pickup truck to catch the eleven-o'clock train back to New York, the Doctor and Mrs. Martin sat at one of the dining-room tables drinking the hot cocoa Mrs. Martin had made.

She was bursting—preening herself uncontrollably over the confidence the Doctor had so obviously displayed in her.

"You could have knocked me over with a feather," she said again. "I thought she was such a hard worker—so *practical*. Even this afternoon when she turned nasty—"

"Paranoid," the Doctor said. "Awful . . . awful . . . Poor thing."

"Is that right?" Mrs. Martin said with relish. "Well, you never know."

"*You* don't," the Doctor said.

But even this did not matter, after his display of trust; she was thoroughly appreciated, she knew now. Things like his getting so cross about that little Parsons snip didn't matter.

"The patients have been acting like sixty all day," she continued. "They always seem to know when there's something in the air. The poor things," she said with unaccustomed charity, "helpless and all, being at the mercy, you might say, of that horrible creature."

"She's not horrible," the Doctor said. "She's sick."

They sat in the absolute quiet of the country night, nursing their cups.

"But what's going to happen with her next?" Mrs. Martin suddenly demanded. "Have you turned her loose on the next unsuspecting place?"

The old Doctor sighed.

"There wasn't anything I could do at this point," he said. "I had to get her out of here—as soon as I had the facts."

"Facts!" Mrs. Martin said. "What facts? Had she done something criminal? What did you find out?"

"I didn't find out anything, that *you* mean," the Doctor said wearily. "I'm talking about another kind of facts. You wouldn't know. I told her to go and see Dr. Morris. He's a good man. I hope to God she goes. I told her he would help her to get to India, where it seems she's beside herself to go. And in a way it's true—she certainly can't get to India in her condition."

IN spite of all the horror and the fear and the mystery which had convulsed the tenuously balanced atmosphere of Hardpan Farm for those twenty-four hours, after Miss August's departure the patients were all much better for several days. Then they began to sink back into whatever footholds they had found in what was a sort of spiral climbing up.

—NANCY HALE

•

Most of us remember learning in our school days that in 1498 Christopher Columbus discovered America.—*From a tract circulated in London.*

Haven't the slightest recollection of it.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

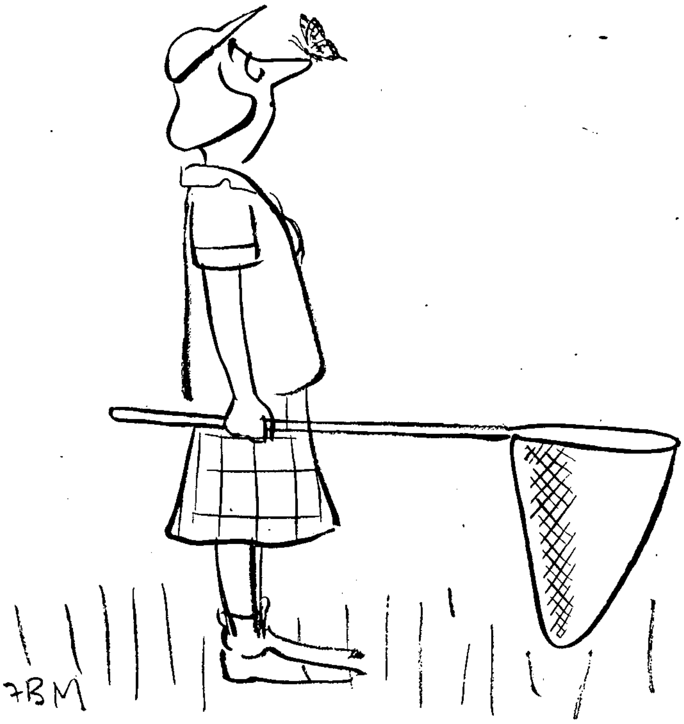
THE WHEEL

KALIMPONG

THIS market town in the Indian mountains is a last frontier now—the only place where Tibetans, descending from their veiled plateau, still openly meet and trade with Westerners. Tibet swung open, to British knocking, in the early part of this century, but it rumbled shut again in 1950, when the Chinese Reds arrived. Now we can't go in, and only a few Tibetans come out, except as drivers of caravans loaded with wool. The drivers come out at Kalimpong, stay awhile, get rid of the wool, load up with cloth or Western gadgets, and hit the homeward trail over their high passes. While here, they put their Tibetan stamp on the town. They people the streets with their mules and their own tall, striding figures, and they bring echoes of their strange religion, along with rumors of Red happenings. Kalimpong is the only important gap in six thousand miles of Iron Curtain—the stretch from Hong Kong to the Bosporus—and it is believed to be riddled with stock listening-post intrigues. "Go to Kalimpong and you'll find yourself in a nest of spies—international spies of every country," Pandit Nehru told a foreign visitor a while ago. "It is perfectly amazing—and sometimes I begin to wonder whether the greater part of the population is not foreign spies." The Pandit had grounds for what he said, of course, and yet, after spending a month here, I feel he put it rather strongly.

Kalimpong's setting is wild. It is in the Himalayan foothills, which drop from the Tibetan Plateau to the Indian lowlands. The drop is sharp and the ground unstable. Kalimpong itself is four thousand feet up, and looks right down on the Tista River, which is barely above sea level. Avalanches are common, and likely to block roads and to wipe out farms and even villages. They are made worse, it is said, by big land crabs that bore into the hillsides, but I haven't seen any of these creatures. Earthquakes are common, too. The other morning, at about five, I was waked by one that shook and rattled the cottage where I am staying. I rose and stepped outside; it was dawn, but a waning moon, just past full, hung in the sky, showing red through a haze. While the ground continued to throb, I looked toward the center of town, expecting to see some commotion there, but I saw none, and heard none except the crowing of roosters. The people take their shifty footing calmly. They build their houses right on the edge of washouts, and work the land there, too. They terrace the slopes diligently, sometimes in strips little wider than paths, which rise above one another, score on score, with the houses—often made of an orange weatherproof clay found here—fitting in as may be. Two main crops are grown—corn in the spring, when the weather is dry, and rice in the summer, when the monsoon sweeps up from the Bay of Bengal and douses the hillsides. Much of the corn is eaten by Tibetan mules, but the people who grow it aren't Tibetan. They are hillmen of various extractions—Nepalese, Bhutanese, and Lepchas among them—and are smaller than Tibetans and more Mongoloid than Indians: transition people, in a transition zone. The Tista, which is fed by glaciers, is an icy torrent where it runs below Kalimpong, but it is edged there by tropical jungle. On a clear day, you can see the jungle and high, snowy mountains as part of a single vista. During the days immediately following my arrival here, the air was murky with the smoke of brush fires, so murky that often one could look directly at the sun at midday. A drought was feared, and the lamas in the local temples blew their long trumpets and prayed for rain. Then the rain came and washed the air, and the green leaves shone. You could count the trees miles away on facing hillsides, and see, far beyond them, the plumes of snow blowing off the white peaks against the azure. There is no lack of beauty and strangeness here. Orchids hang from the trees. Green birds fly and copper lizards run. Cuckoos call by day, and at night jackals hoot like lost creatures.

In most countries, the towns are in valleys and the farms look down on them, but here the towns are on ridges with the farms below. Kalimpong, with its population of twelve thousand, lies in the dip of a ridge like a saddle blanket slipping eastward. The Lhasa caravans come down the ridge from the north. The Indian highway climbs up from the southwest—from the Tista gorge. So the north end of town is colored by Tibetans and the south by Indian merchants—Marwaris from the near-desert region of Rajasthan, where penny squeezing is of need a virtue. Mingled throughout the town are the hill people—the natives—and a good number of Chinese businessmen and Scottish missionaries. There are hordes of children in Kalimpong, all the same size, and goats that stray about like cats. Right now, the children are enjoying a rebirth of the Yo-yo craze; they have vivid plastic Yo-yos and work them deftly on the street corners.



THREE thousand Tibetans live in Kalimpong, and over twenty thousand come and go each summer. Most of the transients are muleteers. In a big caravan, there is one man for every ten mules, more or less. If the caravan is well laden, the muleteers walk, and urge the mules along by shouting or running up to them or throwing stones at them; they have deadly throwing arms. The caravans travel but a few hours daily, in the morning, then stop to let the animals graze during the afternoon. It takes a month that way to get from here to Lhasa, the Tibetan capital, and six months to get to Tatsienlu, on the plateau's eastern edge. Many big caravans plod back and forth between here and Tatsienlu, operating a freight service that picks up and discharges goods at points en route. Others, especially those of a shoestring sort, make only the Lhasa trip, or even shorter runs. Also on the road are lone travellers, or groups of travellers, with animals to carry their luggage, as well as pilgrims and beggars, with no animals at all. The great preponderance of the animals on the road are mules, but there are also some donkeys and horses, and often a dog brings up the rear. (The climate of Kalimpong, temperate by our standards, is too warm and stuffy for yaks, which are used as beasts of burden on the plateau.) A caravan's lead mule wears a distinguishing red yak-tail plume on its head and a big deep bell on its neck, or a collar of smaller bells, resembling sleigh bells. Most of the mules that enter Kalimpong carry two untidy bales of grayish wool, which look like giant rats' nests. They block the road with these as they near the edge of the town, and some shy wildly on seeing an auto.

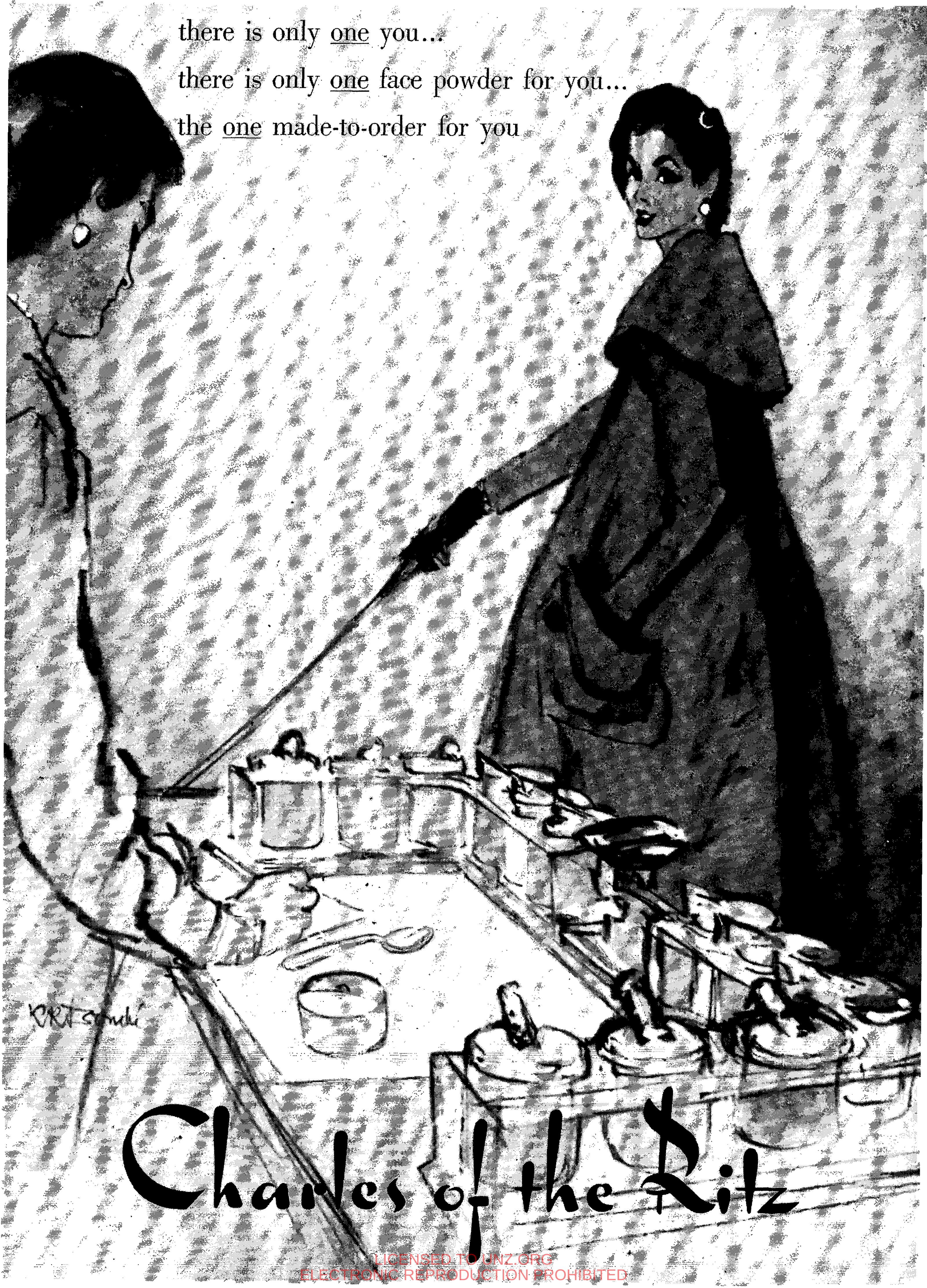
The majority of the drivers are from Kham, in far-eastern Tibet, near China, and these are very tall, like Texans. They have Mongoloid faces, with high cheekbones that seem as big as doorknobs. Their hair is worn long, braided and wound around their heads. Each has in his left ear lobe a ring an inch or two in diameter, set with a turquoise or some other stone, and partly supported by a cord running over the top of the ear; in the right lobe is an unset stone. The drivers wear high boots, and long robes, girded tight at the waist; in the warmth of Kalimpong they let the robes drop from their shoulders and hang swinging at their hips, revealing shirtsleeves or bare arms. Some carry broadswords. Some wear wide-brimmed felt hats, and they stride noisily along the pavement with an appropriate cowboy air. (American Westerns are the favorite films here.) The Tibetans look masterful when they are striding, but less so when they are coaxed, giggling, into a shop by a wheedling merchant.

During their stay in Kalimpong, the muleteers put up in a caravansary—a primitive inn with a yard for their animals—or they camp near the lower edge of town. Eight or ten caravans are camped there now. The mules are tied by a front leg to a row of stakes driven into the ground. They are fed corn in cloth nose bags, and munch it loudly in unison, and they are brought hay—or, more exactly, rice straw—from nearby stacks of it that stand as high as three-story buildings. In the afternoon, the mules go some little distance to water at a trough, each herd kept from the others by its giant drivers and made compact by the herd instinct. The mules shoulder up to the trough, the meaner ones putting their ears back and drinking first.

ANOTHER GREAT AMERICAN
VOTE FOR WILLIAM Z. BARTON

A caravan may pitch a tent at its bivouac—a simple fly, perhaps, without side walls—but in any case the men prefer to sleep under the sky. By day, you see them sitting around—mending things, talking, cooking over their smoky campfires. They drink a lot of tea, into which they mix salt and yak butter from tubular wooden churns. If they have money, they relax like hard-weather men all over the globe—drinking, gambling, and carousing. They stay here a few days, or longer if they have to wait for freight, but to do so is costly. Then they go back onto the plateau, where in winter the wind whines every day and cuts like a razor. And even there they sleep under the sky, in the lee of their stacked freight.

While the nature of the freight carried north from here has changed in the past few years, that coming south is changeless. Tibet is the size of our Far West, but much higher, much more thinly peopled, and much more simple economically. Great stretches of it are too high for crops, and human beings live there only as nomads, feeding off their animals—their yaks and sheep, which eat the scrawny grass. In lower regions, there is farming, but it is of a backward sort, cursed with a short summer and organized in medieval style. Tibet


there is only one you...
there is only one face powder for you...
the one made-to-order for you
Charles of the Ritz

Fair Price—Fair Value

Some weeks ago we wrote a letter to our advertisers, and those people we would like as advertisers, and said we were raising the rates for Nation's Business. Not much, a modest amount, but still an increase. And we went on to say that the reason was a fairly simple one — a few years ago we had 675,000 businessmen subscribers, and now we had more than 750,000. That's just about all the letter said. Comes a response just the other day from a valued Nation's Business advertiser out on the West Coast. His letter is just too nice to keep to ourselves. So, we quote it here in full: "Your letter announcing your page rate increase is most unusual. All the rest (and there have been many) have apologetically begun with an agonizing account of rising costs, hammered hard at statistical proof of larger circulation, readership quality and selectivity, and smugly concluded with the stereotyped 'of course this is only our guaranteed circulation' clincher. Thanks for sparing me all this. Your announcement was as concise as a rate increase from my insurance company."

All this to us proves no more and no less than businessmen are willing to pay a fair price for a fair value . . . and that the largest audience of businessmen offered by any management magazine must be a pretty fair value. Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

has scarcely been touched by modern ways. The muleteers from Kham who come here have in many instances been raised as serfs, on land belonging to a great lord. Upon reaching man's estate, serfs are put to work on the caravans or used as baronial troops. These troops are a necessity, for civil wars and banditry are still common in Tibet. Forts punctuate the landscape, and the great lords have the power of life and death over their subjects.

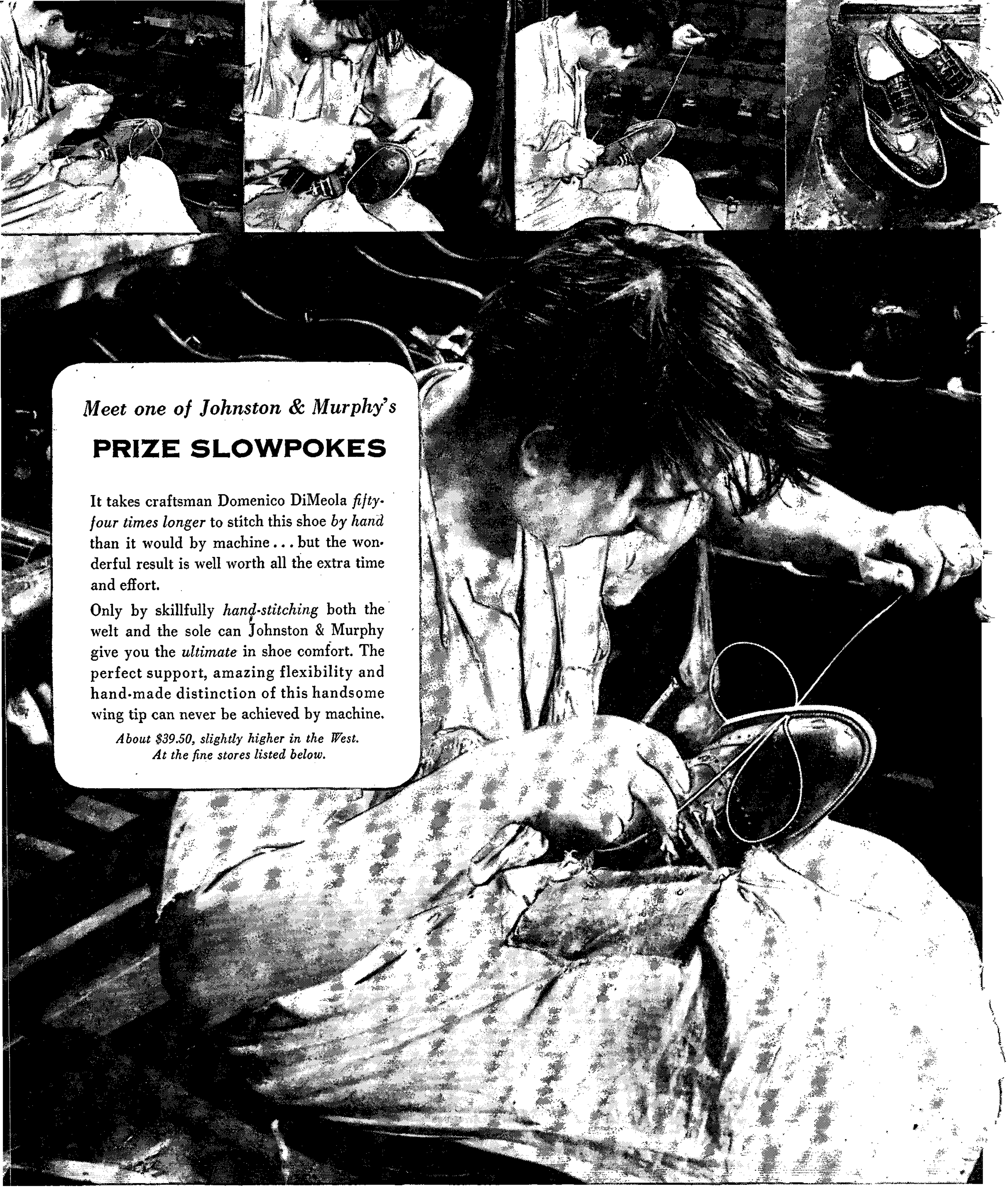
The Tibetan system feeds its own people but provides only a small surplus for outside trade, and that of an elementary kind. For the most part, it consists of animal products: musk, bristles, furs and hides, and, above all, wool—coarse, oily, cold-air wool sheared off the yaks and sheep. It is so coarse that the market for it is limited. The United States formerly bought all, or nearly all, the wool that came to Kalimpong, and used it for rugs and, I've been told, for felt pads to put on car floors. But now we have barred Red Chinese goods, and Tibetan wool comes under that heading. Some people here argue that this is a mistake and that we are alienating Tibetans for no good reason, but it does seem to embarrass China, if that is our main goal. When the Reds entered Tibet, they posed as benefactors, and they could not have kept that rôle up if the wool market had collapsed as a result of their coming. So they took it over. Now agents of the Reds buy the wool in Kalimpong—it is believed here, though, that the Reds can't use it advantageously—paying prices nearly as high as those we paid during our recent wool boom, when we were stockpiling. It is an unnatural business for the Chinese to be in, but wool is a part of the Tibetan setup that the Reds took on and that they seem loath to try to change too quickly.

STORIES of China and Tibet are easy to come by here and hard to verify. Kalimpong is full of the conflicting gossip to be heard in all listening posts. On the whole, though, contradictions are confined to ephemeral subjects—what the Dalai Lama did or didn't do last month, or where this or that airfield is or is not to be built. News of such matters shimmies here like an old newsreel, but when one looks for a long-range perspective view, a steadier picture shows. In it, China is ruling Tibet firmly, as she has done in past centuries whenever she was strong enough, but she is using her power gently, being careful not to crush the old feudal regime, however much her Marxist leaders may abhor it. She is going slow, perhaps to lull regimes outside Tibet and still beyond her reach. Meanwhile, she plants the seeds of revolution, and does what she can to ease the problems posed by her presence on the plateau, like the feeding of her occupying troops.

In ancient times, the Tibetans were great marauders, and once captured Sian, the Chinese capital. But they were softened by Buddhism, and for centuries now they have accepted Chinese rule as often as the Chinese have shown themselves determined enough to climb the plateau and impose it. China's Yüan, Ming, and Ch'ing dynasties, which, among them, prevailed during most of this millennium, all ruled Tibet except when they were in decline. From our viewpoint, though, their rule was often vague. It might consist of little more than levying tribute or persuading the Dalai Lama to use Chinese seals of office. The Chinese Empire at its greatest included many Buddhists—in Mongolia, Manchuria, and China proper—who revered Tibet as a holy land and the Dalai Lama as a sort of Pope; it could be said that he looked out for the flock spiritually while the reigning dynasty looked out for it physically. But whatever was said, and whether the Tibetans liked it or not, it boiled down to a Chinese hegemony except in times of weakness, and nearly all maps, Western and Eastern, printed Tibet in China's color.

China was dismally weak at the start of this century, when the Ch'ing, or Manchu, dynasty was dying, and Britain was strong in India. The British marched on Lhasa in 1904, and thereafter they wooed Tibet as if she were nearly free. Tibet appeared to reciprocate gladly. In 1910, a Chinese army, led by a General Chao Erh-feng, made a brutal attempt to stop the courtship, but in 1911 the Manchus fell and Chao's troops mutinied. From then until recent times, China looked on almost helplessly as the Tibetans continued to lean toward the British, though Chiang Kai-shek improved her role a bit in the forties, when the Japanese war pushed him westward, toward Tibet.

By 1950, all this had changed. The British had vanished, like an evening gone, and China had hardened under the Reds. It seemed plain that she could get Tibet back whenever she wanted to. The way she chose to use in getting Tibet back has puzzled many. She poised an army near Tatsienlu, at her end of



Meet one of Johnston & Murphy's

PRIZE SLOWPOKES

It takes craftsman Domenico DiMeola *fifty-four times longer* to stitch this shoe *by hand* than it would by machine . . . but the wonderful result is well worth all the extra time and effort.

Only by skillfully *hand-stitching* both the welt and the sole can Johnston & Murphy give you the *ultimate* in shoe comfort. The perfect support, amazing flexibility and hand-made distinction of this handsome wing tip can never be achieved by machine.

About $39.50, slightly higher in the West.
At the fine stores listed below.

NEW YORK
Rogers Peet Co.
Whitehouse & Hardy

BOSTON
J. L. Esart Co.
Louis' Inc.

PHILADELPHIA
Waldo M. Claflin

WASHINGTON
Lewis & Thos. Saltz

MIAMI BEACH
Whitehouse & Hardy

DETROIT
Hughes & Hatcher

CLEVELAND
The Halle Brothers Co.

LOUISVILLE
Rodes-Rapier

MEMPHIS
Phil A. Halle

MILWAUKEE
Schumacher's Boot Shop

CHICAGO and EVANSTON
Maurice L. Rothschild

KANSAS CITY
Woolf Brothers

MINNEAPOLIS
Maurice L. Rothschild-Young-Quinlan Co.

ST. PAUL
Maurice L. Rothschild

WICHITA
Woolf Brothers

OKLAHOMA CITY
Rothschild's

TULSA
Woolf Brothers

FORT WORTH
John L. Ashe

HOUSTON
Sakowitz Brothers

HOLLYWOOD and BEVERLY HILLS
The London Shop

LOS ANGELES
Desmond's
Innes Shoe Company

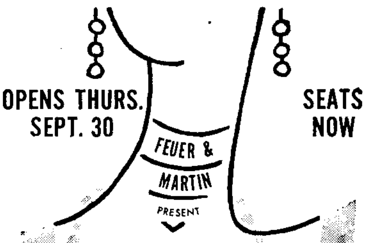
SAN FRANCISCO
Sommer & Kaufmann

PORTLAND
Armishaw's

For names of stores in other cities write to Johnston & Murphy, Newark, N. J.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
TRADE MARK

FIRST IN QUALITY
for over 100 years



OPENS THURS. SEPT. 30
SEATS NOW

THE BOY FRIEND
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE 1920's
AS NOW BEING PRESENTED AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, LONDON
Book, Music and Lyrics by SANDY WILSON
Directed by VIDA HOPE
Choreography by JOHN HEAWOOD
Scenery and Costumes Designed by REGINALD WOOLLEY
New York Production Designers
Scenery and Lighting by FEDER
Costumes by ROBERT MACKINTOSH
Orchestra PAUL McGRANE AND HIS BEARCATS
Orchestrations by TED ROYAL AND CHARLES L. COOKE
Production by VIDA HOPE
with
JULIE ANDREWS • JOHN HEWER • ERIC BERRY
RUTH ALTMAN • GEOFFREY HIBBERT • MOYNA MACGILL
ANN WAKEFIELD • LARRY HOWARD • PAULETTE GIRARD
DILYS LAY • STELLA CLAIRE • MILLICENT MARTIN
JOE MILAN • JERRY NEWBY • BUDDY SCHWAB
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Opening Night Sold Out. Evgs. thereafter: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30; Wed. Mat. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75; Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. (All Taxes Incl.).
Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order.
ROYALE THEATRE 45th St. WEST OF B'WAY

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY • CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
MAURICE EVANS in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents
DAVID WAYNE JOHN FORSYTHE
in
the Teahouse of the August Moon

A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Settings by PETER LARKIN • Costumes by NOEL TAYLOR
Music Composed by DAI-KEONG LEE
MARTIN BECK THEA., 45 St. W. of 8th Ave.
(Air-Conditioned)
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify alternate dates.
Mon. thru Thurs. Evs. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75; Fri. & Sat. Evs. $6.25, 5.20, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75; Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75 (Tax Incl.)

the plateau, and in October of 1950 she began marching it in, but right up to that time, as far as Westerners know, she kept holding out hope to India—Britain's heir in Tibet—that nothing of the sort would happen. India's leaders seemed nonplussed, for China normally takes pains to save their face. The details of this delicate situation have yet to be explained to the outside world. Anyway, China did march, suddenly and for some distance. Then she stopped to regroup and bargain, and her tolerance of Tibet's old order began to show. She made a deal with the powerful house of Pangdatshang, in Kham, where her vanguard was then at rest. The Pangdatshang family, which is said to rule vast tracts of Kham and to control thousands of armed men, joined the Reds instead of fighting them. Now one Pangdatshang brother is a high official of the region and another is the Tibetan agent here in Kalimpong—a sort of consul, and a private trader as well. Big Pangdatshang caravans come here all the time, and the family fortunes are reported to be in full bloom.

Other Chinese deals involved the Dalai and Panchen Lamas. Tibet is held together as a political entity by her religion, and in it these two figures are of the highest importance, being considered the incarnations of great divinities. In the past, there was a mundane rivalry between them, or at least between their courts, and this became entangled with the British-Chinese rivalry. The Dalai Lama was drawn toward the British and the Panchen Lama toward the Chinese; the present Panchen Lama's predecessor fled to China in the twenties, fearing the Dalai Lama's supporters. In 1950, when the Chinese came back, some thought that the present Panchen Lama, a boy, would be elevated at the Dalai Lama's expense. Four years ago, the Dalai Lama—youthful, too—nearly fled to Kalimpong in anticipation of this; he came, with his retinue, as far as Yatung, just across the border from here, and stayed there for months. His mother and several nobles actually crossed over into Kalimpong, and two of his brothers not only crossed over but passed on through. One is now in Darjeeling, not far from here, and the other is in Japan. The latter's flight worried the Chinese, for he, too, is recognized as a divine incarnation and is a man of stature. They watched him closely while he was in Kalimpong, and their ambassador to India tried to stop him from embarking at Calcutta. These alarums kept up for some time, during part of which the Dalai Lama, who was

NOW thru SEPT. 26
THE FABULOUS Ice Capades of '55

featuring
"WISH YOU WERE HERE"
"AMERICAN IN PARIS"
"HUMPTY DUMPTY ON ICE"
NOT TELEVISED
MATINEES SATS. & SUNS.
10 Big Productions and 20 Starring Acts
Res. $1.50 • $2 • $3 • $4 • $5
tax incl.
Children half-price Sat. Mats.
Add 25c per order for handling and mailing.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
MADISON SQ. GARDEN

"A HUMDINGER!"—KERR, H.-TRIB.

JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.
AIR CONDITIONED

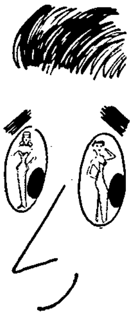
"Restores our theatre to an art again"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
The Playwrights' Company in association with Mary K. Frank present
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN'S production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON
ANTHONY PERKINS
BARRYMORE Theatre
W. 47th St. Eves. 8:35
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

still in Yatung, put out feelers here about the possibility of crossing over himself. But the State Oracle, it is said, twice bade him go back to Lhasa, and other prelates also urged him to do so. He went back, and so did most of the refugees in Kalimpong, and the flurry died down.

SO it rests. The Chinese are reported to have either ten or twenty or thirty thousand soldiers in Tibet—not many, at most, but enough. The troops guard the passes, and China runs Tibet's foreign affairs again. The Chinese are building a road from their border to Lhasa, and there are those airfields one hears about, though perhaps they are no more than landing strips. One can read all sorts of implications into such activity, in terms of jets and H-bombs, but the truth may be that the Chinese regard it the way we regarded the building of the Alaska Highway—simply as the construction of a supply line to a far possession. I've been told that China has decentralized Tibet's theocratic system of government. The Reds are separating the various sections of the country, it is said—playing them against each other and, meanwhile, doing favors for their potentates. Lately, Peiping sent a Humber sedan—painted yellow, a Buddhist color—in from Hong Kong as a gift to the Panchen Lama. Probably because of the formidable difficulties of overland transport across the far reaches of China, it was shipped through Kalimpong, where it was delayed for two months—partly, people here say, for lack of an Indian export permit. It stood on the lawn behind the town's Himalayan Hotel, usually swathed in tarpaulins but now and then revealed in all its yellow splendor—the same bright yellow that is used on New York taxis. Once, when it was about to be taken for a spin, it ran over some ants on the lawn, and, upon seeing this, its Tibetan keepers began chanting prayers, for to them all life is sacred. The weeks went by, and one day the Humber was dismantled and loaded on mules and started on its long trip over the passes to His Serenity. What it will do there remains to be seen, though not by Westerners. It may kill more ants and require more chanting, or it may stand in tarps again. The papers say another Humber, just like it, has been ordered for the Dalai Lama, but nothing has yet been seen of this in Kalimpong.

Although the Chinese are seeking to please Tibet, there is, of course, some friction. Chinese troops are ordered to

OPENS THURS. EVG. NOV. 4 MAIL ORDERS NOW
DAVID MERRICK and JOSHUA LOGAN present
EZIO PINZA • WALTER SLEZAK
A NEW MUSICAL
"FANNY"
Book by S. N. BEHRMAN and JOSHUA LOGAN
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD ROME
(Based on the trilogy of MARCEL PAGNOL)
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes by ALVIN COLT
Choreograpby by JAMES STARBUCK
Musical Conductor LEHMAN ENGEL
Orchestral Arrangements PHILIP J. LANG
Ballet Music TRUDE RITTMAN
with FLORENCE HENDERSON • WILLIAM TABBERT
PRICES (Including all taxes): Orch. & Boxes $7.50; Mezz. $6.25; Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Wed. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $4.30; Mezz. $3.60; Balc. $3.00, 2.50, 2.00. Sat. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50.
Special Mat. Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25—$4.30 to 2.00.
The following performances are completely sold: EVENINGS: Nov. 4, 29, 30. Dec. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 16, 20, 21, 22, 28. Jan. 4, 6, 10, 12, 13, 17, 18, 20, 24, 26. Feb. 1, 3, 7, 9, 15, 17, 21. MATINEES: Nov. 24. Dec. 1, 8, 15, 29.
Please enclose stamped self-addressed envelope with check or money order. Please specify 3 alternate dates.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 247 W. 44th St., N.Y. 36



"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."
—Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—Atkinson, N. Y Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
ELLIOTT NUGENT in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.; $4.60 to 1.73. Sat. Evg.; $5.75 to 1.73. Mats. Wed. & Sat.; $3.45 to 1.15 (Tax Incl.).
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. FULTON Theatre, 210 W. 46th St.

"EXTREMELY FUNNY—A DANDY SHOW!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD-TRIBUNE
CHERYL CRAWFORD
In association with Anderson Lawler presents
LLOYD BRIDGES in
Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
BETSY VON FURSTENBERG—TONY RANDALL
Air.-Cond. HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
BR. 9-3970 Evgs 8:40 Mats Thurs & Sat 2:40

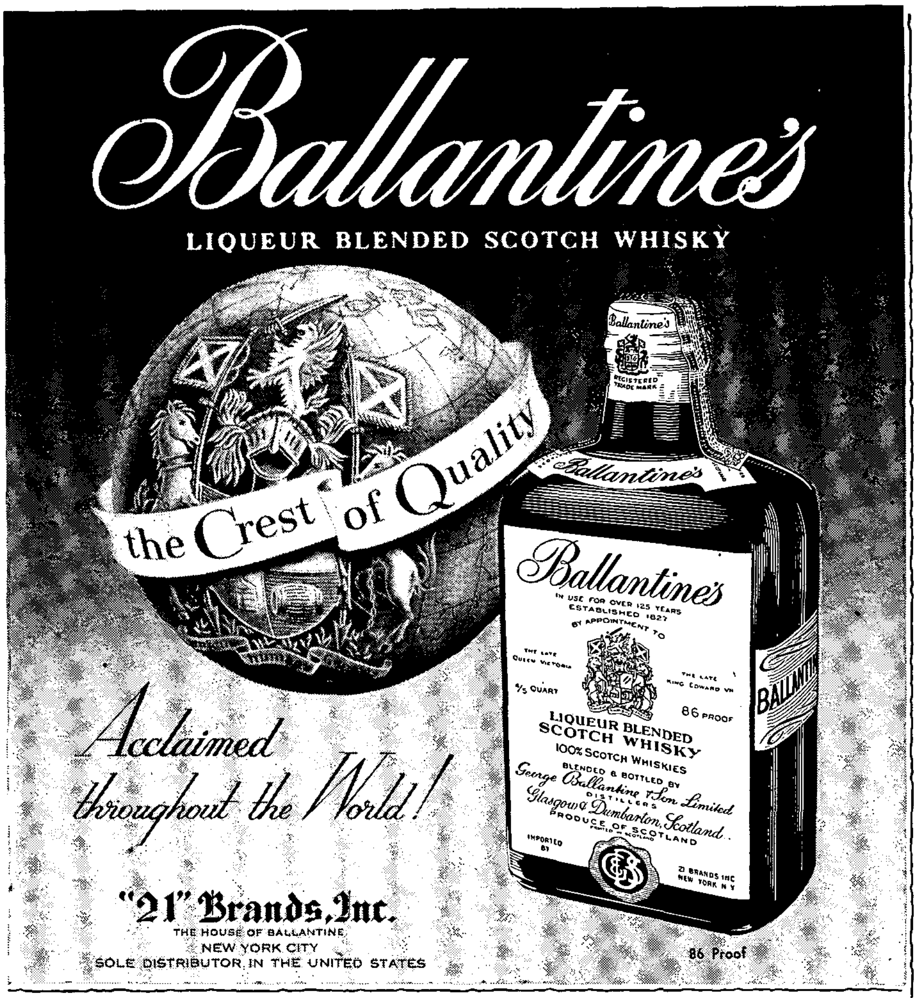
GEORGE KONDOLF presents
CHESTER MORRIS JOSEPH BULOFF
in "THE 5th SEASON"
by SYLVIA REGAN Staged by GREGORY RATOFF
CORT THEATRE, 48 St. East of Broadway
Tues. thru Sun. Evgs. (No Mons.). $4.60, $4.05, $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, $1.75. Mats. Sat. & Sun. $3.45, $2.90, $2.30, $1.75, $1.15.

"SHIRLEY BOOTH IS THE CHAMP!"
—WALTER KERR, HERALD TRIBUNE
"'BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA' IS 'AN ELEGANT SPREE!'"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N.Y. TIMES
SHIRLEY BOOTH
"BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA"
NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL
with WILBUR EVANS
Evgs. $6.90 to 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05 to 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60 to 1.75. Tax Incl. Mail Orders Now.
AIR-COND. MAJESTIC THEA. W. 44 St. N. Y. 36

"A SMASH HIT!"
—Coleman, Mirror
"SOCKO SUCCESS!"
—McClain, Journal Amer.
"DANCING SPECTACULAR!"
—Atkinson, Times
COLE PORTER'S
CAN-CAN
book and direction by
ABE BURROWS
dances and musical numbers staged by
MICHAEL KIDD.
settings and lighting by JO MIELZINER
costumes by MOTLEY
Evgs. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.88, 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30, 1.73. Sat. Mat. $4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30, 1.73. Tax Incl.
Air-Cond. SAM S. SHUBERT 44th W. of B'way. CI 6-5990

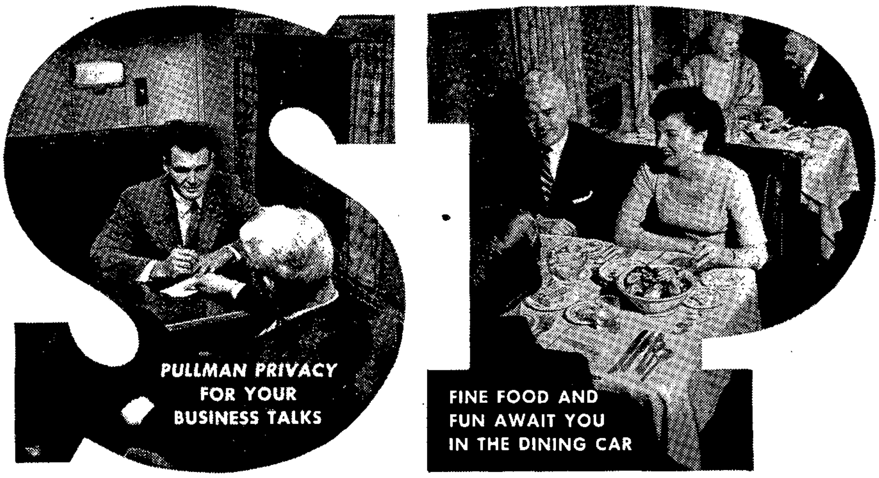
stay out of Tibetan brothels, but that's not the whole answer. The story is told here of a Chinese who married a Tibetan woman not long ago and whose bride then killed herself within a fortnight; no one knew why she did it, but there was talk of coercion in the marriage, giving rise to much resentment among the Tibetans. And that's the way it goes. It was long believed in the eastern provinces of Kham and Amdo that Chinese should be shot on sight, and some of the Reds were, it seems, when they arrived and tried to absorb Tibetan baronial troops or take their arms away. Local Tibetan officials were held responsible, to their despair. Many Amdo people are nomads, and responsibility for nomads is a heavy weight, since they have no address, and can just do their damage and be off. Some of the officials resigned and moved to Lhasa, or even to Kalimpong, to become floaters or small-caravan men.

Maintaining the Chinese troops in Tibet is a headache, because Tibet simply hasn't food for many outsiders. For a while, in their efforts to ameliorate this situation, the Chinese shipped great stores of rice to Kalimpong, through Calcutta, and had it carried in by mule, but this sent caravan rates sky-high and was awkward generally. Chinese troops have tried growing food for themselves, and Tibetans laughingly tell of the blisters on the soldiers' hands and of how the frost fools them at that altitude; it has been little more than a token gesture, one gathers, and in the end the Chinese have eaten much food grown by Tibetans. It is said they have slaughtered a large number of yaks and persuaded the leaders of some big monasteries to part with their hoarded stocks. (Grain, and even butter, keeps for years in that climate.) They have also bought food from laymen, trying to make this right by paying well in Chinese silver dollars, carried in at great pains. The dollars were earlier squeezed from Chinese property owners by the Reds' characteristic methods of extortion, and they can doubtless be squeezed back from the Tibetans in the same way a few years hence, though the likelihood that this will happen has not been advertised. The Chinese silver dollars have circulated in such volume that prices have shot up, bringing upon Tibet a hard-money inflation; one hears of butter selling there for the equivalent of five American dollars a pound—an exaggeration, no doubt, but still a hint. The silver overflowed into Kalimpong, and since India forbids traffic in it, a troublesome black market sprang up here,

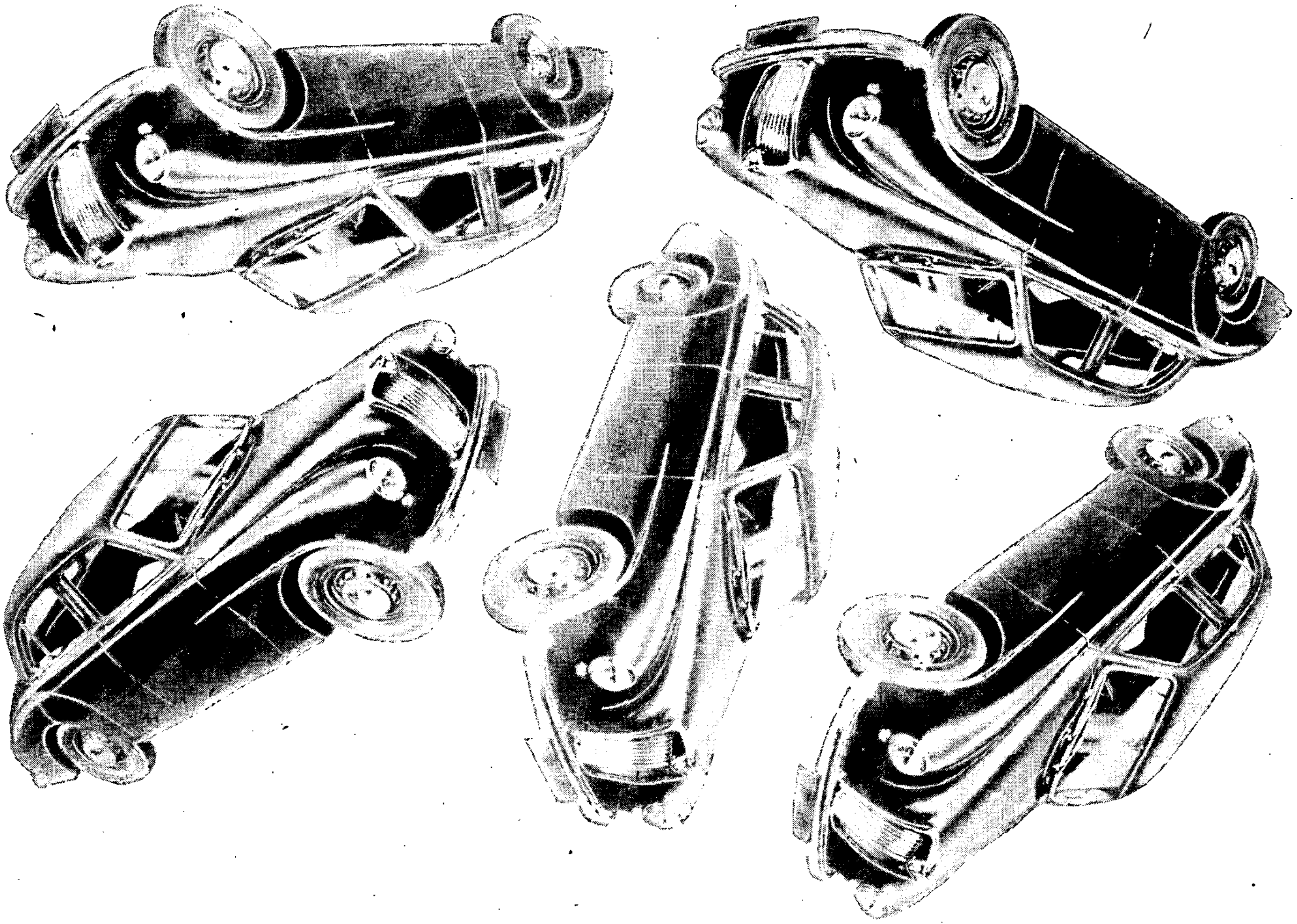

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Acclaimed throughout the World!
"21" Brands, Inc.
THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE
NEW YORK CITY
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR IN THE UNITED STATES
86 Proof

See **California's** *rugged High Sierra by day on Southern Pacific's streamliner...*
San Francisco OVERLAND
CHICAGO • RENO • SAN FRANCISCO

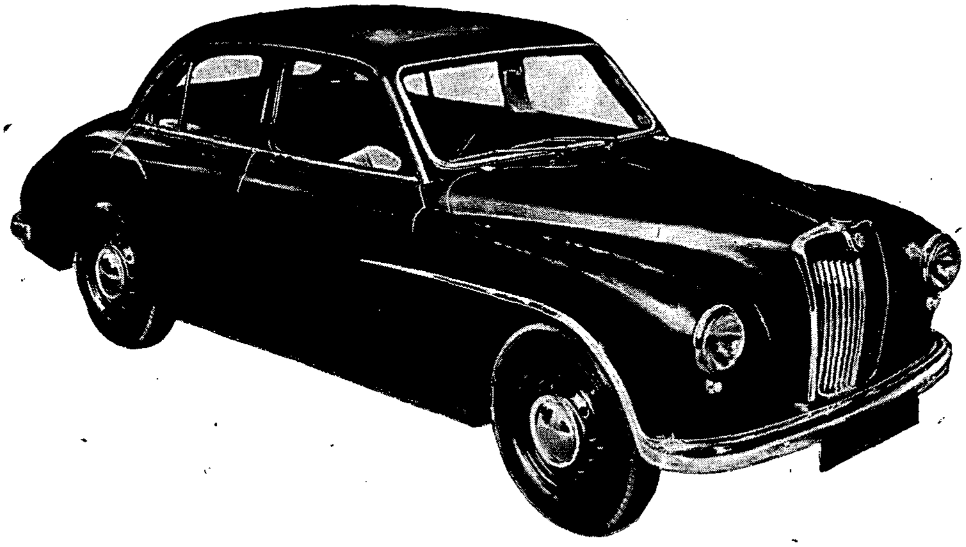


PULLMAN PRIVACY FOR YOUR BUSINESS TALKS
FINE FOOD AND FUN AWAIT YOU IN THE DINING CAR
Stop over in Reno for fun. See California's rugged High Sierra by day. Smooth ride. No extra fare. Choice of Pullmans, Chair Cars. Swift streamliner *City of San Francisco* also serves this route, has night departure.
Southern Pacific



Britain's new MG MAGNETTE

a dream car that has everything!



Picture this:
Sports-car performance
with big-car comfort
plus sleek, stylish
appearance—and economy—
brilliantly executed
in a single car
by Great Britain's
foremost automotive engineers,
designers of the MG,
world's most popular
sports car.
That's the new
MG Magnette!

For further information visit, call or write:
J. S. Inskip, Inc. *304 East 64 Street, New York 21, N. Y.* • *TEmpleton 8-6100*

BONWIT TELLER

THE PLUMB-LINE JERSEY

Bonwit's beautiful two-piece jersey wool with the new flatter, straighter, up and down line, emphasized by the pleated skirt, buttons on the new long torso top, the v point of the middy collar. In coral, navy or turquoise. Sizes 8 to 16. By Guilford. Mail and phone orders filled. 25.00. New York Chicago White Plains Cleveland Boston

which was one more source of embarrassment to China. There is no simple way to feed those troops.

When the Chinese rice was going through Kalimpong, the caravan men were rich, and tales are told of ragged muleteers striding through Calcutta and buying armfuls of watches to take back and sell to the home folks. At present, there isn't so much of that sort of thing. Traditionally, the caravans have always carried cloth, aluminum ware, and tobacco north from here. Now the emphasis is on contrivances like fountain pens and kerosene lamps. India forbids the export of electrical and photographic supplies, certain metals, and other strategic materials. Tibet forbids the export of national treasures, like religious paintings and good Mongol ponies. People here grow uneasy if an American attempts to pry into the border trade, but one needn't pry very hard, really. Many northward-bound mules are now obviously laden with iron rods such as are used to reinforce concrete; these are doubled to a convenient length, bundled together, and sewn in burlap, through which their sharp ends pierce holes. One can gaze at them, as they move away on muleback, and guess that the Chinese are building fortifications. One needn't be sure of this, though, and needn't even see the rods at all, to know that the Chinese are digging in for a long stay.

Kalimpong hears that the drastic Chinese system of land reform has been tried sporadically in Tibet. But it has not been pushed. When the Chinese were making their deals with the Dalai Lama and others, they promised not to upset Tibet's social order, and they seem to be honoring that promise. They may continue to. As a matter of fact, they probably won't have to lead a Tibetan revolution themselves, because young Tibetans may soon be expected to lead one for them. Wealth is unevenly shared in Tibet. Many wear rags while a few live splendidly at Lhasa. Revolutionary ideas might easily do well under such conditions, if once given a start, and the Chinese are seeing to that. They are bestowing reforms on Tibet, such as roads and health services and, above all, schools, and the fruit of those schools would seem bound to be young Marxists, who may be counted on to staff a revolution themselves, under quiet Party guidance. In this manner, China could effectively mesh Tibet in with her scheme of things, by controlling her not from the top, grossly and provocatively, as in the past, but in the Soviet way, by underground

Your guide to the best in clock-radios

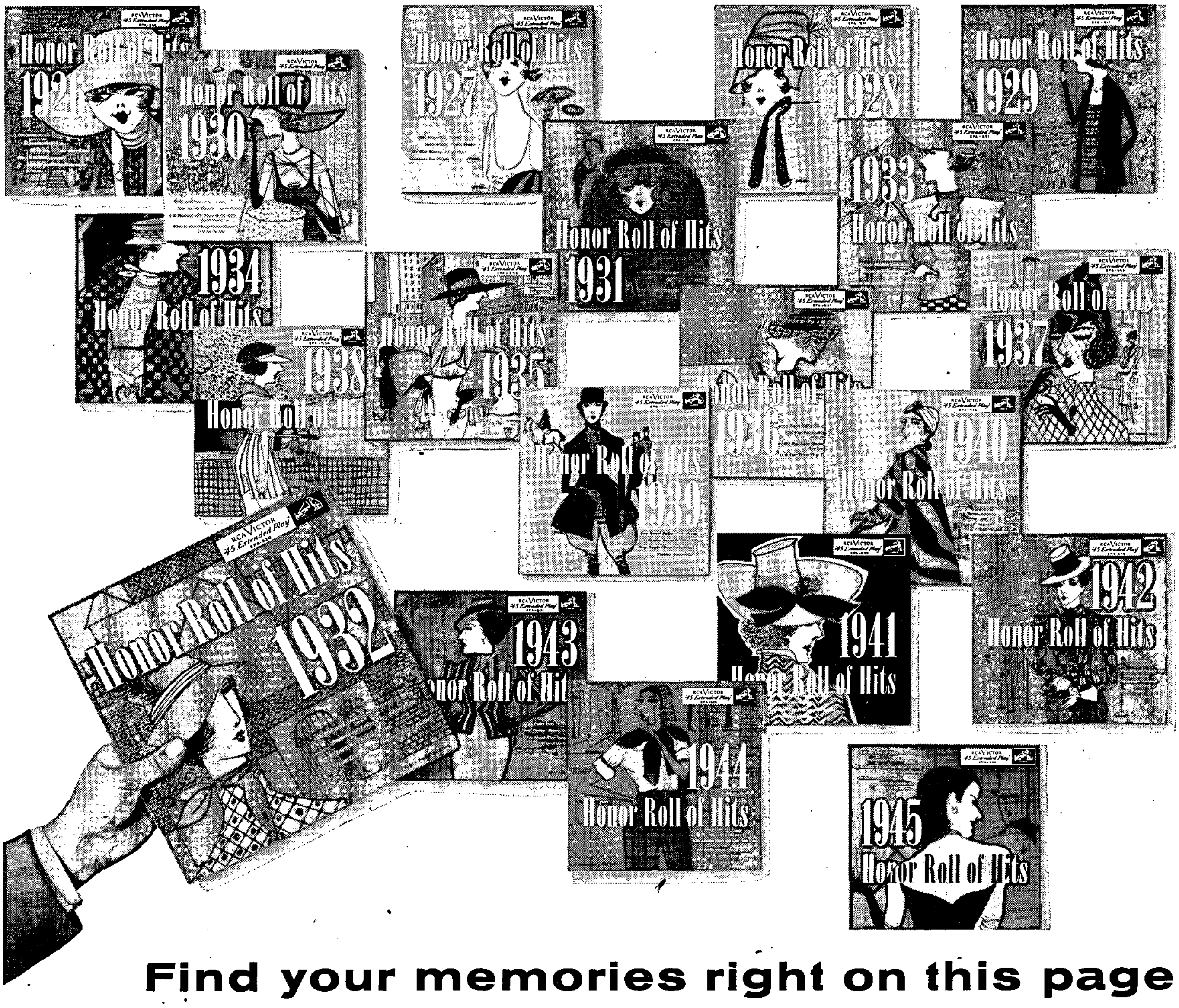
RCA VICTOR
TMKS® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Wake to your favorite radio program —or your own records!

You choose the music with RCA Victor's stunning new "Prompter"—most luxurious, most *automatic* clock-radio you can buy! It can lull you to sleep or sing you awake . . . to radio *or* records. A phono-jack lets you plug in a record changer. Clock automatically turns radio or record changer *off* at night, *on* in the morning. Turns bedside lamp off and on, too! Radio features famous "Golden Throat" tone. Gray and ivory or black and beige cabinet. Model 4C671, $49.95. "Victrola" 45 record changer, Model 45J2, with Mood Music album; $19.95.

Suggested Eastern list prices shown, subject to change without notice


Honor Roll of Hits 1926
Honor Roll of Hits 1927
Honor Roll of Hits 1928
Honor Roll of Hits 1929
Honor Roll of Hits 1930
Honor Roll of Hits 1931
RCA Victor 45 Extended Play
Honor Roll of Hits 1932
1933 Honor Roll of Hits
1934 Honor Roll of Hits
Honor Roll of Hits 1935
Honor Roll of Hits 1936
Honor Roll of Hits 1937
1938 Honor Roll of Hits
Honor Roll of Hits 1939
1940 Honor Roll of Hits
1941 Honor Roll of Hits
1942 Honor Roll of Hits
1943 Honor Roll of Hits
1944 Honor Roll of Hits
1945 Honor Roll of Hits

Find your memories right on this page

in RCA Victor's Honor Roll of Hits . . . 20 albums of hit songs from 1926 to 1945

Here they are — the songs you danced to . . . dreamed about . . . lived with and loved — ready to play when memory says: "I'd like to hear that tune again!"

Choose from twenty wonderful "45 Extended Play" albums — one for every year between 1926 and 1945. Each album contains 4 of that year's greatest song hits. They're sung and played by such famous stars as: Perry Como, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Eddie Fisher, Guy Lombardo, Glenn Miller, Dinah Shore and many others.

The *Honor Roll of Hits* is also available on ten Long Play albums. Each album contains 8 songs — the biggest hits of every *two* consecutive years between 1926 and 1945.

4 Hits (one year) on every "45 EP" album — $1.47 each
8 Hits (two years) on every Long Play album — $3.15 each

Included among the 4 hits in each album are:

1926 Album	Remember *(Eddie Fisher)*
1927 Album	Blue Skies *(Perry Como)*
1928 Album	Ramona *(Tony Martin)*
1929 Album	Star Dust *(Melachrino Strings)*
1930 Album	Time on My Hands *(Vaughn Monroe)*
1931 Album	Dancing in the Dark *(Ralph Flanagan)*
1932 Album	Say It Isn't So *(Sammy Kaye)*
1933 Album	Smoke Gets in Your Eyes *(Dinah Shore)*
1934 Album	Solitude *(Duke Ellington)*
1935 Album	When I Grow Too Old to Dream *(Dennis Day)*
1936 Album	The Way You Look Tonight *(Ezio Pinza)*
1937 Album	Marie *(Tommy Dorsey)*
1938 Album	Ti-Pi-Tin *(Guy Lombardo)*
1939 Album	Wishing *(Glenn Miller)*
1940 Album	Tuxedo Junction *(Glenn Miller)*
1941 Album	Frenesi *(Artie Shaw)*
1942 Album	Who Wouldn't Love You *(Freddy Martin)*
1943 Album	Paper Doll *(Henri Rene)*
1944 Album	You Always Hurt the One You Love *(Eddy Arnold)*
1945 Album	Sentimental Journey *(Hal McIntyre)*

Ask your dealer for complete album information

GRUVE/GARD

see exciting news on opposite page!

RCA VICTOR
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC

Prices shown suggested list, incl. Fed. Excise Tax. Add local tax.

New!

Bloom
BY DU BARRY

DuBarry Bloom

If you've ever had trouble applying rouge...and who hasn't?...this is for you!

DuBarry Bloom is a wonderful new way to blush your cheeks with fresh, young color.

So light-textured and creamy, just the tiniest bit is all you need for a dreamy-soft, natural-looking blush!

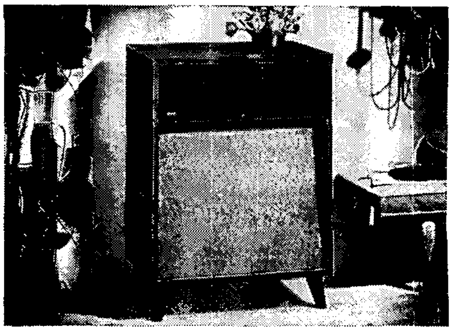
Bloom smooths on quickly and so evenly, there is *never* any blotching or streaking. Never a hard, artificial "rouged" look.

Sounds like magic, but Bloom comes in just *one* shade and gives *each* her *own* prettiest color glow! $1.10 *plus tax*

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

Party discipline—a way well tried in Central Asia.

THE Reds keep a careful eye on Kalimpong, by all indications, and the people here whose future lies with Tibet are growing leery of mixing with Westerners. So, indeed, are many people whose future lies in Kalimpong. Though Indian now, the country around Kalimpong once paid tribute to China, and it may be slated to pay tribute again, even if it is not actually absorbed into the Chinese system; Chinese words and deeds leave little doubt of this. In consequence, people here fear the blacklist. Indian policy heightens their fear. India's attitude toward Tibet puzzles many, perhaps needlessly. From Britain she inherited a strong hand there—the right to deal directly with Lhasa, to keep troops on the Lhasa-Kalimpong road, to operate a Tibetan telegraph line, and so forth. Indian leaders have been throwing these rights away, to the disgust of quite a few of the Indian traders here. Yet the course of the leaders seems natural. Britain's role in Tibet was part of her empire-building, worked out coolly by experts who wanted a buffer on India's northeast frontier. Pandit Nehru's government, born of anti-imperialist feeling, can hardly keep up such a role. The Chinese need only say boo and it collapses, and the government knows this. India fears that Westerners will use, or are using, the frontier near Kalimpong for anti-Chinese intrigues, and she is trying to make it impossible for them to do so. She has closed off a strip of her frontier as a zone where Westerners are forbidden to go, and below the zone, in Kalimpong, Westerners are watched and questioned, and their mail is opened, or so they believe. There is, in short, a spy scare that, as I have already indicated, has reached to Pandit Nehru himself. Just how real the peril is, I have, of course, no way of telling, but, as I have also already indicated, my personal feeling is that it is much exaggerated. I know that I, for instance, am not a spy, yet I am looked upon as one here, and so would any other American be who might come to Kalimpong for a few weeks' visit. Not only can I sense that I am under suspicion but I have been told it by friends, at least one of whom is well informed. I do not complain because people here can't tell that I am not a spy, for I can't tell that they are not spies, either. It is a condition of the times. Innocence is no help. The less one acts like



new **WEBCOR** *Ravinia Fonograf with higher fidelity and luxurious beauty!*

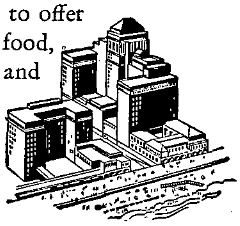
Enjoy the miracle of true high fidelity! The magnificent new Webcor Ravinia 3-speed automatic Fonograf offers you exciting, "living presence" realism—from 30 to 20,000 cycles with absolute minimum distortion. Includes a G.E. magnetic cartridge (with two sapphire styli), a 10-watt amplifier with preamplifier and three superb speakers. Two 10-inch speakers (with high-damping factor) act as woofer and mid range horns. A 3½-inch tweeter cuts in at 1,000 cycles and carries to 20,000 cps. All this is yours in a truly gorgeous hand-rubbed mahogany or limed oak. Make a listening test tomorrow. From **$249.95**

WEBCOR
Chicago 39, Illinois ©1954 Webcor

**Prices slightly higher west and subject to change without notice.*

SCOOP

Newspapermen come here because what we have to offer in the way of food, entertainment and relaxation makes front page news.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 64 years
Write for illustrated folder

Just arrived!

One of our eight designs in sterling silver.
Catalog sent on request.

Tulip
$55 FTI

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58 St., New York 22. At the Savoy-Plaza

a spy, the more one seems a master spy. Alackaday.

There are still some Tibetan political refugees in Kalimpong, but not many; most of them returned to Lhasa in the wake of the Dalai Lama. The nature of Tibet, and of Tibetans, works against exile. When Tibetans leave their country, they move not only horizontally but vertically as well—down into the warm, gooey air they find so distasteful. Some adaptable Tibetans can stand Kalimpong the year round, but many hurriedly withdraw to the north when spring comes. (There must be very few who can stand Calcutta, their nearest outlet to the sea; Tibetans who reach Calcutta, one gathers, conclude that home is best, under any setup, and go back there.) This makes Kalimpong different from Hong Kong, say, as a refugee center. White Chinese in Hong Kong may have a next move in mind—to Siam, perhaps, or Riverdale-on-Hudson—in the event that the place folds up, but White Tibetans in Kalimpong have no satisfactory next move, so there are not many of them.

There are other borderland types here, though, including Western scholars of Tibetan lore and Western devotees of the Tibetan religion, whose fields are denied them now except as Tibetan culture seeps into Kalimpong. They make the most of what they find here. I met one scholar the other day to whom even Kalimpong was forbidden until recently. He is a German, and India closed down to Germans in 1939 and has just begun opening up again. In the years since 1939, this man has become an authority on Tibetan Buddhism, but he had never seen lamas in their native habitat until he reached Kalimpong, a few months back. Luckily, the meeting came off well—like a good mail-order marriage—and the professor was entranced. He has joined readily in the scholarly activities here—discussing Tibetan texts with colleagues, for instance, while trying, possibly, to collect them behind the colleagues' backs. Now that the flow of texts and objets d'art from Tibet has been reduced to a mere trickle, signs of it are watched for in buzzard fashion by collectors here, both resident and transient. No holds are barred. One scholar, to my knowledge, recently told the servant of a potential seller that a certain transient had no money and couldn't be trusted—tactics that would be actionable, I believe, in a more settled community. The stakes are high. *Thang-ka*—Tibetan religious paintings—seldom reach here now, and those that do may have been

(*Advertisement*)

"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

Lifetime Sterling Silver

Gorham Silver assures you of the most beautiful designs and the highest quality flatware. Four patterns from our extensive collection are shown here, priced in 6-piece luncheon place settings.

A. Chantilly...$29.75 B. Old English Tipt $30
C. Rondo $29.75 D. Colonial Engraved $42.25

Federal Tax Included. Serving Pieces available in all patterns. Write or Phone Jean Tree for Mail or Phone Orders, PLaza 7-8100

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED SHIRT

The Claridge, $7.00, is one of the many Golden Arrow styles available in the finest domestic and imported fabrics. At better stores everywhere.

GOLDEN ARROW

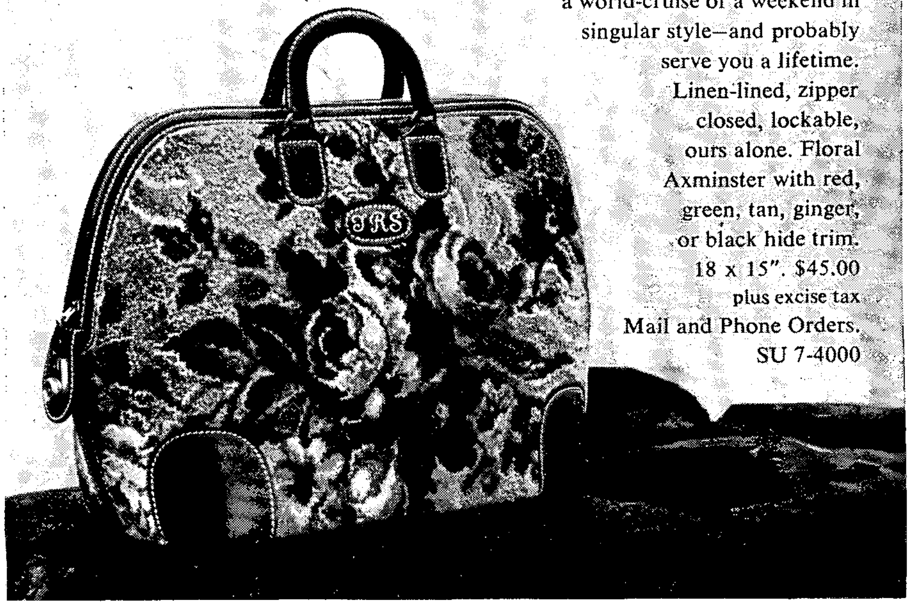
by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th, New York 22, N. Y.

THE COMEBACK OF THE CARPET BAG

With a touch of nostalgia, and a great deal of practicality, Mark Cross revives the carpet bag—to take you on a world-cruise or a weekend in singular style—and probably serve you a lifetime. Linen-lined, zipper closed, lockable, ours alone. Floral Axminster with red, green, tan, ginger, or black hide trim. 18 x 15". $45.00 plus excise tax

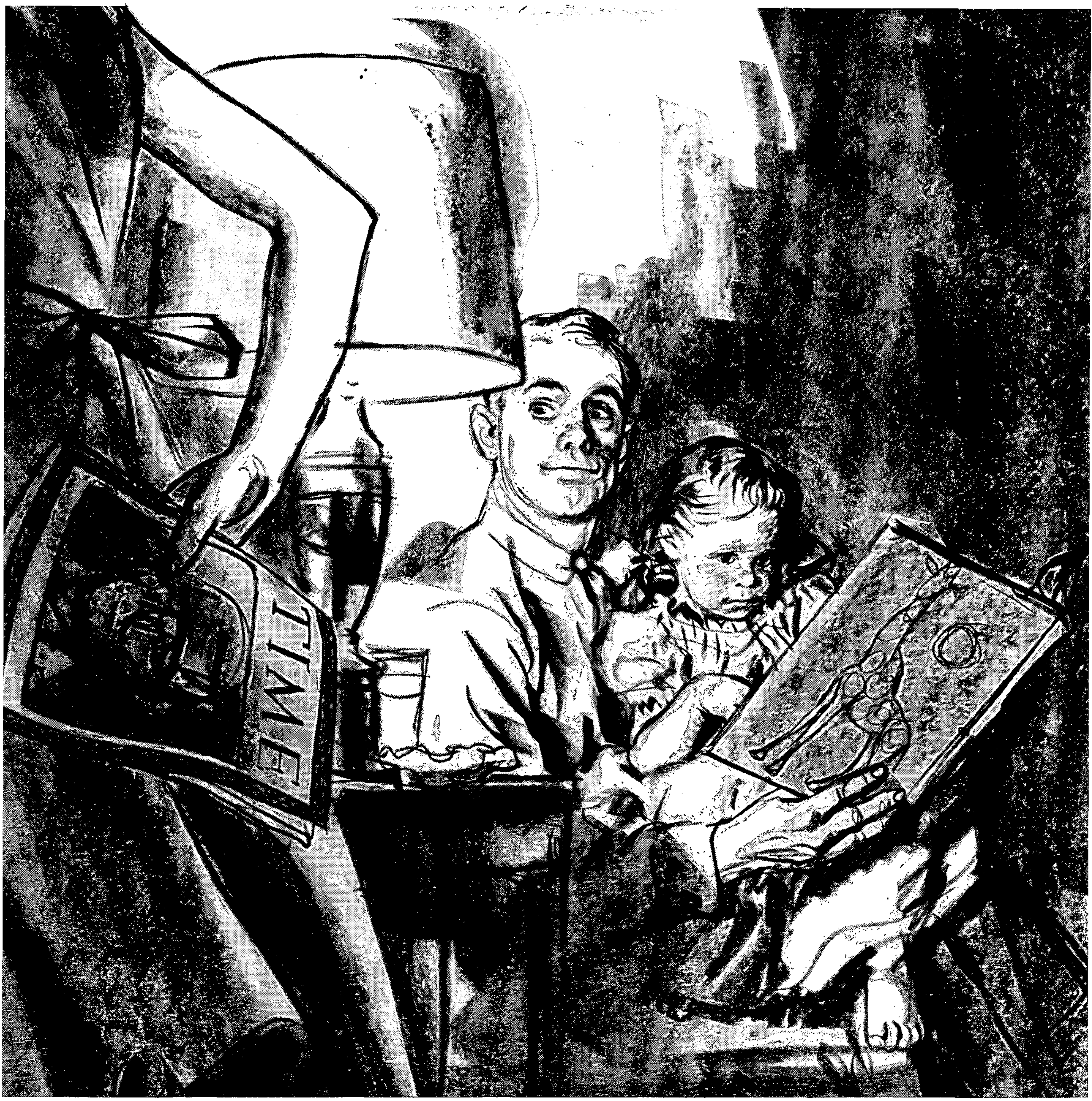
Mail and Phone Orders.
SU 7-4000



hopelessly crumpled by an amateur smuggler. You can buy new *thang-ka*, painted by Tibetans in Kalimpong, but they aren't the same. In former times, Tibetan artists used homemade pigments, even grinding up lapis lazuli to get a certain blue, but now they use chemical colors from the West, which are easy, habit-forming; and lacking in subtlety.

One resident scholar is H.R.H. Prince Peter of Greece, an anthropologist who is studying polyandry—another thing Kalimpong is a frontier of. Prince Peter and his wife, Princess Irene, who is a student of witchcraft, have lived here since 1949. He is a big, outgoing man in his forties, who speaks fluent Tibetan, has travelled a good deal on the plateau, and has friends all over it. Polyandry is universal in Tibet, he says, though it comes in various forms, the most common being fraternal polyandry, in which a set of brothers marry a joint wife to keep their heritage intact. In another form, a woman who owns property takes husbands, who may or may not be related, as she likes; in such households the woman rules the roost. Yet another form, prevailing in the Lhasa region and extending down to Kalimpong, is father-and-son polyandry. This comes about when a mother dies and the father takes to sharing his daughter-in-law with his son, or sons. Or he may find a new wife and welcome his son, or sons, to share her with him. Nor is this done only by single fathers. Joint fathers (that is, the several husbands of one woman, who are all regarded as the fathers of all her children) may do it, too, in which case it is fathers-and-sons, rather than father-and-son, polyandry; several joint fathers may share one wife with their several joint sons—though not, to be sure, if she is a joint son's own mother. Still other combinations are possible. Polyandrous families, for instance, need not be restricted to one wife but may have two or more; in other words, they may practice polyandry and polygamy at once.

The main reason for Tibetan polyandry is economic, Prince Peter says. Tibetans have too few resources to keep dividing them up. When brothers stay home and share a wife, the family is stable from generation to generation. If no sons are born in a certain generation, a daughter can perpetuate the household by taking husbands. Once, trying to explain Western monogamy to an old Tibetan, Prince Peter told him that in Europe it has long been the custom for younger sons to take private wives, leave



A man hardly ever has TIME all for himself

There are times when a man is willing to read the family's newsmagazine second.
There are times when his wife has to wait until *he's* read TIME.
In any case, in most homes, TIME is tandem reading. For each week TIME brings
to all the family all the significant news they need to know—told reliably
and well—to be argued over, quoted, discussed and enjoyed together.

The Weekly Newsmagazine—favorite of leaders everywhere: Executives • Doctors • Engineers • Clergymen • Judges • Educators • Officers in the Armed Forces • Federal, State and Local Officials—and their wives.

B.H.Wragge

philosophy for compact living

*A well-bred, easy way of dressing that achieves elegance in an effortless manner. Here's a handsome example: a menswear flannel coat-dress with printed tie silk scarf. Special B. H. Wragge touch—buttonholes piped in the print of the scarf. In three grays: fog, wind, rain. Or safari tan. Sizes 8 to 18. $59.95**

At Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Marshall Field, Chicago,

and most fine stores across the country.

**Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies*

the family, and strike out for themselves. The old man thought this expensive and difficult. "Now I understand why you Europeans come here," he said. "That is why you have colonies. If you were polyandrous, you wouldn't need them." These words help explain much, including why Tibetans stay home. Conservative Tibetans think polyandry the best system morally, of course. They point out that it works against selfishness, since it stresses the family above the individual. Yet it is a recessive custom, according to Prince Peter, and gives way before Christian monogamy or Moslem polygamy where it meets either at the plateau's edge. Scottish Presbyterianism is strong in Kalimpong, and local Tibetans are apt to forsake polyandry, or at least keep quiet about it, but it is far from unknown here; in fact, there are several openly polyandrous families in town at the moment. Three years ago, when there were so many exiles in Kalimpong, at least one of them kept in touch with his brothers in Lhasa through their joint wife, who travelled back and forth.

Prince Peter's anthropology has a psychoanalytical slant, acquired partly from his mother, Princess Marie of Greece, who is a disciple of Freud and a writer—under her maiden name, Marie Bonaparte—on Freudian matters; she has done a Freudian study of Poe, for one thing. His Highness was drawn to polyandry by a desire to study the Oedipus complex. He thought it would be illuminating to explore the psyches of a group of people in which the father had a position in the family as different as possible from the one we are acquainted with. He first went after matriarchies, but he gave them up when he learned that maternal uncles play much the same role in them that fathers do in our society, and switched to polyandrous peoples, whom he has studied both in South India and in Tibet. He feels, so far, that Freud's rules hold as true in Tibet as anywhere else. Indeed, he feels that he is no longer using Tibetans to check on Freud but is using Freud to check on them and on varied aspects of their mysterious culture.

TIBET'S greatest mystery, perhaps, is her religion. Scholars say it is a blend of Buddhism, old magic, and the so-called Tantric rites of Bengal, which go in for mystical gestures and sounds, and there are still other ingredients, too. The Buddhist influence is elusive. The male deity known as Chenrezi in Tibet, and incarnate in the Dalai Lama, is fe-

See the

JAGUAR

at

Your Nearby Dealer

NEW YORK

AMITYVILLE
Monfer Motors Imports
340 Merrick Road

BRONX
Fair Trade Auto Service
1940 Jerome Ave.

BROOKLYN
Brooklyn Sports Car
Center, Inc.
1775 Coney Island Ave.

ELMHURST
Island Motors, Inc.
8302 Queens Blvd.

GREAT NECK, L. I.
European Car
Distributors
200 Northern Blvd.

GREENVALE, L. I.
North Shore Sports Cars
Northern Blvd.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.
Hempstead Auto Co.
46 Fulton Ave.

HUNTINGTON STATION, L. I.
Fearn Motors
Railroad Plaza

MAMARONECK
Sports & Utility
Motors, Inc.
816 E. Boston Post Rd.

MONTGOMERY
Frank's Auto Sales
RFD No. 1, Route 17K

OYSTER BAY, L. I.
Brewster Automobile
Corp.
Berry Hill Rd. &
South St.

WEST NYACK
Foreign Cars of
Rockland
Route 59

WHITE PLAINS
Shamrock Motors, Ltd.
19 E. Post Rd.

NEW JERSEY

BURLINGTON
Sports Car Center
Route 25, Orchard View

CLIFTON
Allwood Motors
880 Bloomfield Ave.

EAST ORANGE
Bekrag Auto Sales Corp.
371 Central Ave.

EAST PATERSON
Steiker Motors
10-12 Broadway

ENGLEWOOD
Block Motor Sales
30 W. Demarest

MONTCLAIR
Imported Motor Car Co.
636 Bloomfield Ave.

MORRISTOWN
Havell Motors
159 South St.

PLAINFIELD
Suburban Motors, Ltd.

PT. PLEASANT
Van Culin Motors, Inc.
609 Bay Ave.

PRINCETON
Princeton Continental
Motors Ltd.
259 Nassau St.

RED BANK
Matthews Brothers
Newman Springs Rd.

RIDGEWOOD
Allwood Motors
30 Maple Ave.

TRENTON
Hooper Motors
300 Homan & Maple
Ave.

CONNECTICUT

DARIEN
Tolm Motors
243 Boston Post Rd.

GREENWICH
Master Motors, Inc.
213 W. Putnam Ave.

HARTFORD
R. G. Sceli & Co., Inc.
76 Maple Ave.

MERIDEN
Meriden Motor Sales,
Inc.
285 W. Main St.

NEW HAVEN
B & M Motors, Inc.
183 Grand Ave.

SHARON
Taconic International
Motors

WESTPORT
European Motors, Inc.
Post Rd.

Distributor

HOFFMAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INC.
487 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

ALL

JAGUAR CARS

come equipped with

DUNLOP TIRES

JAGUAR XK-120

rides on

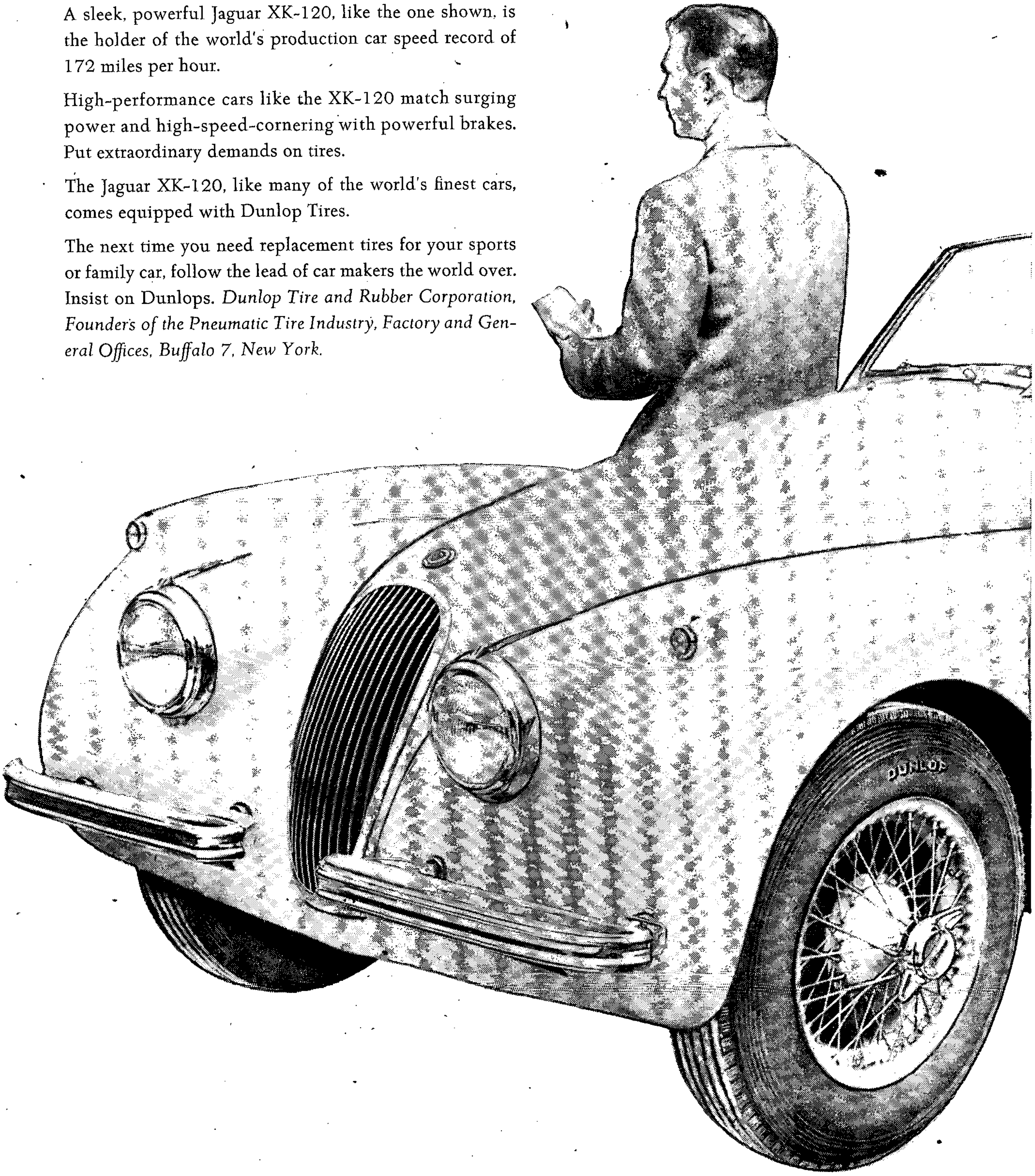
DUNLOP TIRES

A sleek, powerful Jaguar XK-120, like the one shown, is the holder of the world's production car speed record of 172 miles per hour.

High-performance cars like the XK-120 match surging power and high-speed-cornering with powerful brakes. Put extraordinary demands on tires.

The Jaguar XK-120, like many of the world's finest cars, comes equipped with Dunlop Tires.

The next time you need replacement tires for your sports or family car, follow the lead of car makers the world over. Insist on Dunlops. *Dunlop Tire and Rubber Corporation, Founder's of the Pneumatic Tire Industry, Factory and General Offices, Buffalo 7, New York.*



Peck and Peck

Embroidery on a wonderful idea

Our embroidered cotton blouses by Damon. *(Top)* It's poodles trimming this classic cotton shirt. Gold on black, navy on white. *(Bottom)* Here, there are penguins down the front, three-quarter sleeves. Red on navy, black on white. 10 to 18...10.95 each.

Litwin

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Washington, D. C.
Minneapolis • Hartford • Buffalo • Kansas City

male in Chinese Buddhism and known as Kuan Yin, or the Goddess of Mercy; Westerners often liken her to the Virgin. Only scholars try to reduce such enigmas to black-and-white, and even they generally neglect to calculate what part things like Tibet's mountainous landscape and thin air may play in her religion. It seems enough to say that for many centuries, while we have pursued the seen, Tibet, in her isolation, has pursued the unseen, and that the chase has gone far. Oracles—we'd call them mediums—are consulted in Tibet on important occasions, as the Dalai Lama demonstrated while he was in Yatung. It is claimed that levitation is practiced; adepts are said to be able to travel hundreds of miles in a day by that means. Magic is invoked to aid health, control the weather, and help the soul in its transition from life to life. Naturally, the temptation to fake in such matters is great, and Westerners are usually skeptical about them. Tibetans, on the whole, are not. They are religious and perform their devotions constantly, with priestly help. In their country, prayer wheels are always turning and prayer flags always waving to send out good vibrations. People there chant from morning to night. They chant in Kalimpong, too; one hears them on the street—now a muleteer, now a lama telling his beads and droning out his phrases.

There is a ridge north of Kalimpong, beyond the saddle and overlooking it, which is a center of Buddhist life. Tall trees grow on the ridge, and the wind roars through them as it crosses from the Tista gorge to that of the Rilli, or vice versa. It reverses itself daily at noon, I am told by a man who once lived there; he claims he used to set his watch by it. I was walking on the ridge the other day, on a path between the trees, when I looked down and saw, far below, a dead mule that had been left behind by some caravan people. Vultures were moving in on it. Some soared in the air above me. One sat hugely on a branch nearby, right next to a spray of mauve orchids. Others were down by the carcass, and they fought there, awkwardly, wielding their great wings in slow motion, as if they were underwater, yet knocking each other over with them.

The manifestations of Buddhism are to be found farther along on this richly endowed height. The farthest is a monastery housing several lamas, with their maroon robes and shaven heads, and their prayers and long trumpets. Short of the monastery lives a Tibetan paint-

"BUNNYKINS"

A royal gift for the young

BUNNYKINS WARE

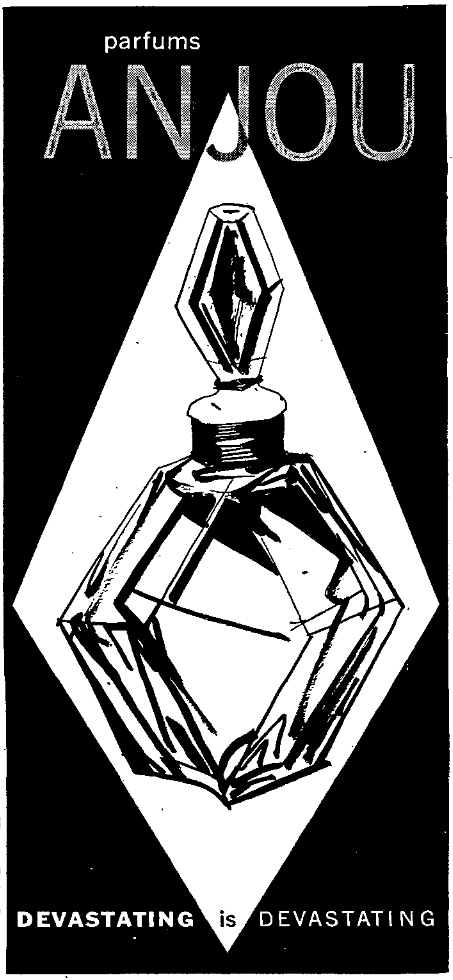
COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

A small domestic world, entirely peopled by rabbits, is the attraction on this sturdy English earthenware that youngsters love. Bunnykins Ware, 3-pc. set—mug, plate, cereal bowl *$4.75*

Royal Doulton

SEND FOR FAMOUS BUNNYKINS PAINTING BOOK, 10 CENTS.

DOULTON & Co., INC., Dept. J-25, 11 E. 26TH ST., N. Y. C.



er, who sits cross-legged all day, working on *thang-ka* and sipping buttered tea. Short of *him* is a crematory ground. Short of this, again, in a small temple, lives a priestly figure, with long hair done up in a loaf on his head, who has a potent name when it comes to Tantric sorcery and is feared in consequence, since Tantric arts are used not only for good purposes, like healing, but for casting spells.

Short of the sorcerer, finally, lives a Rimpoche, or Precious Jewel of Wisdom—a gifted scholar, trained for years in a Tibetan monastery, who is the Dalai Lama's cultural legate in this region and is rated a divine incarnation himself. I called on him one day with a friend. We couldn't converse well, but I was impressed by him even so; he seemed such an intelligent and sympathetic man. He wore a shirt of heavy apricot-colored silk, and received us in the upstairs shrine, where he lives amid religious paintings and utensils and bright Tibetan rugs. His mother lives nearby. She is now a shaven-headed nun, with a serene expression, but I am told she resisted strongly years ago when the Rimpoche, then an infant, was pronounced a divine incarnation by Tibetan religious authorities, who had selected him by occult means. It was in eastern Tibet, near China. The baby was the last of his family's line, which would consequently die out unless he fathered children, and his mother begged that he be spared for this, but she was overruled and he was consecrated to a churchly life. Now he supervises religious matters here and in nearby Ghoom, where there is another monastery, and in winter he descends to Buddh Gaya, on the Indian plain, which is the scene of the Buddha's enlightenment and a place of pilgrimage.

Part of the Rimpoche's work at Kalimpong is done in collaboration with an oracle, who is also rated a divine incarnation; there are several hundred oracles on the plateau. I have not met this oracle, but I know he makes his living as a shoemaker and I have heard him criticized for being too fond of American gadgets. (He was one of the first customers for a fountain pen.) He goes into a trance, unaided, at the full moon, and at other times when controlled by the Rimpoche. With the help of the Rimpoche, the oracle can see into the past and the future, and his talent is used mainly to fix good times for the religious observances that are a key part of Tibetan life—here as on the plateau. For Tibetans, there is no life without religion. Religion is not something

Gladys Swarthout
celebrated opera star and famous hostess, says,
"It's Such Good Taste to Serve
HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports"

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
VERY SUPERIOR
BRISTOL DRY
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Harvey's Sherries are today's *smart* vogue at cocktail time, before dining, and for *all* occasions of hospitality. Since 1796, Harvey's imported wines have been preferred by discerning hosts and hostesses throughout the world.

IMPORTED Sherries
Harvey's "Bristol Cream." World's *greatest* luxury sherry.
Harvey's "Bristol Milk." The only alternate to "Bristol Cream."
Harvey's "Bristol Dry." World's finest premium *dry* sherry.
Harvey's "Amontillado." The ideal *dry* wine for daily use.
Harvey's "Shooting." A fine medium-rich, all-occasion wine.

IMPORTED Ports
Harvey's "Hunting." A renowned tawny port...soft and distinctive.
Harvey's "Gold Cap." Ruby Port... superior in taste and quality.

Imported by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK

CUTAWAY SUIT
FLOWN FROM ROME
TO PUT ON AT ONCE.
BUTTER-SMOOTH FLANNEL
IN PALE GRAY, METAL
GRAY, PECAN OR
NAVY, 10 TO 18. $185.

Eleanora Garnett

47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

apart from their other affairs but enters into everything they do.

Some years ago, a Westerner drove up to the Himalayan Hotel here, explained that he was looking for God, registered, lingered awhile, and then went on into Tibet. Westerners still come here on that mission, but since Tibet is closed to them, they stay here longer. Some of them are unsure of how far to go in adopting Buddhist costumes, rituals, and rules of abstinence. If they go far at all, they disturb their Western compatriots in town. Among the visitors this spring have been two young Westerners, a monk and a nun, dressed in robes, their heads shaven, and leading the Buddhist monastic life. A non-Buddhist British lady, who is here principally for the mountain air, was lamenting their state one day in the hotel lobby. She voiced the regrets, akin to the first reaction of the Rimpoche's mother, that are often heard in the West when someone turns to monasticism of any sort. This lady felt the two were too young to have adopted so austere a life, and she deplored it in unfeigned distress. Then she brightened a bit. "Oh, well," she said, "they may be Héloïse and Abélard, for all we know." And she looked far happier as she stood up and left the room.

Such little jokes come readily as the waves of our modernism break on the Tibetan shore. There is a Canadian here, a former major in the Indian Army, who has embraced Buddhism. The other day, I idly asked him to explain levitation, and he grew rather testy, I thought. He said he didn't see why anyone need be puzzled by levitation. He had noticed long ago that things fell, so he wasn't surprised to find that they also rose; it was all too simple for discussion. I chuckled over this for some time afterward, amusing myself with variations on the theme of "What comes down must go up." But later I discussed the matter further with the major, who, explained that in his belief miracles are not the sole province of the Divinity and a few official saints but can be performed by many, or all, people who go about it the right way; everyone should therefore strive to attain a state in which he can work miracles for the common good. I didn't pursue my little theme further after that.

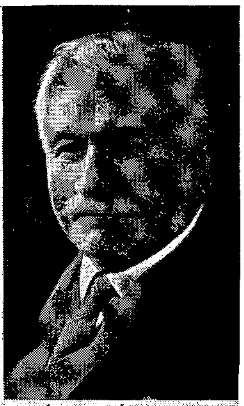
The wheel is a basic device in both Tibetan and Western life. For us, it has secular uses, and our comfort rides on it. But in Tibet, apart from the watches and Humbers now going there from the outside, its use is solely re-

B. ALTMAN & CO.
fifth avenue at 34th street

expecting someone?
Look smart and trim in our washable Lanella maternity tartan 14.95

Bonnie topping for skirts and slacks . . . 50% wool, 50% cotton for warmth without weight . . . tailored by Avorn with tucked front, elbow length sleeves, pockets a-plenty and pearl buttons. Black Watch plaid. Sizes 10 to 16.
Send for our booklet of maternity fashions.

Altman maternity shop, second floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset . . . mail and telephone (MUrrayhill 9-7000) orders filled.



A CAMERA
STUDY
BY
FABIAN
BACHRACH

. . . and direct colour photography too.

Bachrach 54 East 52nd Street, New York
PLaza 5-6233

For good living, stay at the
DeWitt Clinton
ALBANY, N.Y.
They all speak well of it
a Knott Hotel
John J. Hyland
Manager

SMOKED RAINBOW TROUT
A GOURMET'S PATÉ
Always ready as a delicious canapé. Nothing else like it.
$1.10 per tin-$6.50 for six-
$12.75 a dozen.
Write for Descriptive Booklet and nearest Dealer.
HIGH VALLEY FARM
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

ligious. Prayer wheels abound, from small, hand-operated ones to huge structures weighing tons and turned by water power. Everywhere in Tibet the wheels turn, emitting vibrations that, the faithful believe, combine with those of the flags, the chants, and the trumpets in a sort of music of the spheres. A Buddhist temple north of Kalimpong held its yearly festival a while ago, marking some big day in religious history. The temple is in a lovely site, on a little knoll near the floor of a valley, with green hills all around and a green lawn carpeting the knoll itself. The crowd made an orderly rim around the knoll, with the children—all the same size—in front. Above the crowd stood a row of new prayer flags, and behind it, here and there, were thickets of bamboo. The day progressed casually, with three masked dances as the principal fare and, in between, impromptu antics by masked clowns. The climax was a dance of ten figures masked as devils and wearing long silk robes—bright red, blue, maroon. They whirled like tops on the green grass, in time to the rhythm of cymbals and drums, nine of them revolving in a ring around the tenth, who was the chief devil. Meanwhile, the whole circle revolved slowly around the knoll, with its parts spinning inside it—wheels within wheels. And as it turned and its parts spun, the wind rose and the flags flapped and the bamboo fluttered more and more in the sunlight, and the cymbals banged, and there seemed a great harmony in the valley. And one could imagine this being repeated in every valley from here to Lake Koko Nor and the Great Wall of China—all Tibet turning and spinning for the glory of Heaven. And when it may ever stop we cannot say.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

He said carefully that it would be a great deal less painful than the conventional drill but added that of course if a raw nerve is touched there must be pain.

This is how the Cavitron works: the cutting tool—the part of the instrument comparable to the bur on the end of the dentist's drill—protrudes from a slender stainless steel tube and vibrates 29,000 times a second, moving back and forth about one one-thousandth of an inch. The tiny steel blade of the tool sets up a vibration in a solution of abrasive particles and water, and the solution, which is in contact with the tooth, does the cutting.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Touch a raw nerve?

Publick notice

In the conviction that Gentlemen know AGE enhances the nobility of Scotch Whisky and appreciate same, our House imports the two supreme examples of Scottish distillers' skill: 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. Both to be had at fine spirit shops, taverns, private clubs and the like.

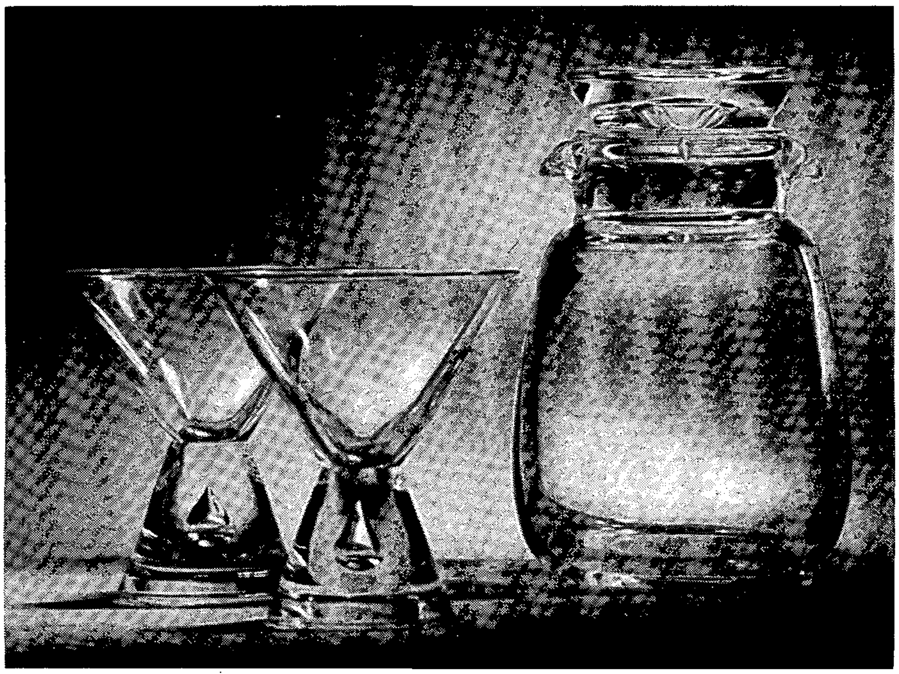
MARTIN'S
FINE & RARE
Blended Scotch Whisky
20 YEARS OLD
MARTIN'S
De Luxe
12
Blended Scotch Whisky
12 YEARS OLD

—Respectfully,
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
New York, New York
importers thereof

Blended
Scotch Whiskies

Martin's Fine & Rare
20 years old • 86.8 proof

Martin's De Luxe
12 years old • 86.8 proof



TEARDROP COCKTAIL GLASSES $10 EACH • SHAKER $45

MADE AT THE CORNING GLASS CENTER • CORNING, NEW YORK

STEUBEN GLASS
718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

They choose Viyella . . .

Show a sportsman a number of shirts. It is almost certain he will select Viyella. For this imported fabric is of Egyptian lambs' wool (that's for warmth) and long staple Egyptian cotton (which insures long life, washability, non-shrinking and a look of newness after much wear).

Tartan Plaids. Campbell Dress, Royal Stewart, McDuff, MacDonald, Ferguson, McPherson. 14½ to 17½ . . . $17.50

Solid Mixtures. Yarn dyed. Blue, gray, maize, tan, forestry green. 14½ to 17½ . $14.50

Solid Colors. Piece dyed. Maroon, navy, green, white, scarlet, charcoal gray. 14½ to 17½ $13.50

Small Checks. Red and white, brown and white, gray and white. S,M,L,XL. $16.50

Fancy Checks. Blue and white, brick red and white, gray and white. S,M,L,XL. $16.50

VIYELLA HOSE
If they shrink in washing — we replace!

Half Hose. Maroon, heather blue, navy, green, tan, brown, gray, black, white. Sizes 10-13 . . . . $1.75

Anklets. Same colors as above plus light blue, maize, rust. Sizes 10-13 . . $1.50

Send for Fall Outdoor Booklet

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NORTH WABASH, CHICAGO 2, ILL.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

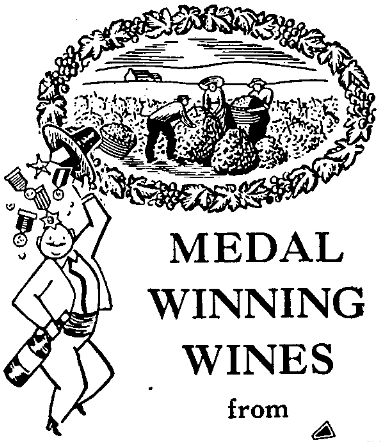
The Potter's Saturday Night

THIS week, my work being what it is, I must discuss a picture called "Ugetsu," a Japanese creation that was a co-winner of the grand prize at the Venice International Film Festival last year. (As I may have pointed out before, nobody who so much as owns a Brownie can get away from one of those international film festivals without some sort of Oscar.) This particular co-prize-winner was produced by the same people who were responsible for "Rashomon," a picture that left me rather confused about the significance of Japanese movie art. "Ugetsu" hasn't dissipated any of this confusion, for, like "Rashomon," it contains more writhing and tumbling than has been seen since the Keystone Cops turned in their badges. The title, I am given to understand, is a portmanteau word meaning that after rain the moon is tired and creepy. Maybe it is, in Japan, but I'm hardly the one to instruct you in matters of that nature. I can tell you this, though—that there is an awful lot of foolish jumping around under that moon in "Ugetsu," and that Japanese acting is such a violent combination of heavy breathing and emotional contortions that it's hard to reconcile with Lafcadio Hearn, the flower arrangements, and all that.

The plot of "Ugetsu" is pretty badly contorted, too, and often incomprehensible, at least to me. It would seem that feudal wars raised hell with sixteenth-century Japan, where we are introduced to two ambitious peasants—Genjuro, a potter, and Tobei, a farmer—and their wives. The potter is ambitious for money, and the farmer wants fame as a warrior. When their village is engulfed by the fighting, each sees an opportunity to reach his goal. The potter takes off for the city with his wares, and runs into a lady called Wakasa, who is the daughter of wealthy old Lord Kutsuki. She looks very impressive to the potter, in her high-toned getup, and when she makes a play for him, he is quickly hers. While this affair is blossoming, the farmer is furthering his military career. He sees a foot soldier decapitate a war lord named Fuwa, knifes the fellow in the back, and

BEST & CO.
Fifth Avenue at 51 Street

Beauty On-the-Go
Versatile traveler...goes everywhere with everything you own. Leather-handled...so roomy...so fashion-right! By Mel-Ton. *(N-6)* Only **15.00** *plus tax*
Charcoal gray flannel
Fake fur: Leopard or Black Seal
Velvet: Black, brown, navy, red
Velveteen: Luggage, gold, turquoise, shocking pink, amethyst
Mail and phone orders filled • PLaza 9-2000
AND 16 CONVENIENT BRANCHES



MEDAL WINNING WINES from ALMADÉN

SOLERA COCKTAIL SHERRY
For an unforgettable appetizer, serve this wine slightly chilled. Very pale, very dry, it is made entirely from Palomino grapes — and blended in a true Solera.
FREE
Quarterly News on wines and recipes. Write
Almadén Vineyards
Los Gatos, California

ALMADÉN
VINEYARDS ESTABLISHED 1852
ALMADÉN
SOLERA COCKTAIL
California
SHERRY

makes away with Fuwa's head. When he presents this trophy to Fuwa's rival, he is given a field promotion and a troop of his own. At this point, fortune ceases to smile on our two peasants. Genjuro makes the unsettling discovery that his new love has been dead for quite a while. One of her retinue explains that she died before achieving fulfillment as a woman, and was brought back to life for another shot at it. Genjuro goes into one of the emotional seizures Japanese actors are addicted to, falls out of a window, and returns to his wife, who is happy to see him. As for Tobei, he is riding high until he chances into a brothel where, he finds, his wife has been impressed into service. He hurls himself to the floor and writhes.

I trust I have made it clear that the workings of the Japanese mind are odd, but I should add that the workings of the Japanese cameramen who made this film are ingenious and aesthetic. Some of the shots of bleak, rush-grown country are undeniably fascinating.

—John McCarten

•

Is It Possible That I Am Now Dreaming?

John O. Nelson, University of Colorado

It is agreed that philosophers are right in claiming that we have no way of knowing whether we are awake or dreaming. But it is denied that if we have no way of knowing whether we are awake or dreaming, then it is always possible that we may be dreaming, no matter how convinced we may be of the contrary. It is maintained, in this respect, that it is a fact that I am now reading a paper and not in bed dreaming; and hence it is in no sense possible that I am now in bed dreaming.

The rest of the paper is devoted to a discussion and refutation of philosophical objections to the statement that it is not possible that I am now in bed dreaming.

The objection that this must be shown to be the case is refuted by showing that the objection poses an illegitimate and meaningless demand.

The objection that it is thinkable and therefore possible that I am now in bed dreaming is discussed. It is shown that it is not thinkable by those listening to the paper that I am in bed dreaming that I perceive them; nor is it thinkable on my part that I am in bed dreaming that I perceive the persons listening to my paper.

The consideration that in dreams one may think that he is dreaming is treated. It is shown that this consideration does not establish that I can now think that I am in bed dreaming.

The argument is posed that I can imagine that I am now in bed dreaming and not awake and thus that it is thinkable and possible that I am now in bed dreaming. This argument is shown to be specious. —*Bulletin of the Western Division of the American Philosophical Association.*

Not if the bed looks mussy.

MR. WILLIAM B. LEWIS, PRESIDENT OF KENYON & ECKHARDT, INC., USES OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY DESIGN FOR THE "MODERN LIVING" ADVERTISEMENTS FOR LINCOLN MOTOR CARS. FOR HIS OWN OFFICE HE SELECTS FURNITURE BY LEHIGH.

Interior Design by Gerald Link

Furniture Designs by Harold Bartos and by G. Luss

LEHIGH

FURNITURE CORPORATION, 16 EAST 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22.

AVAILABLE THROUGH ARCHITECTS, INTERIOR DESIGNERS AND DEALERS.

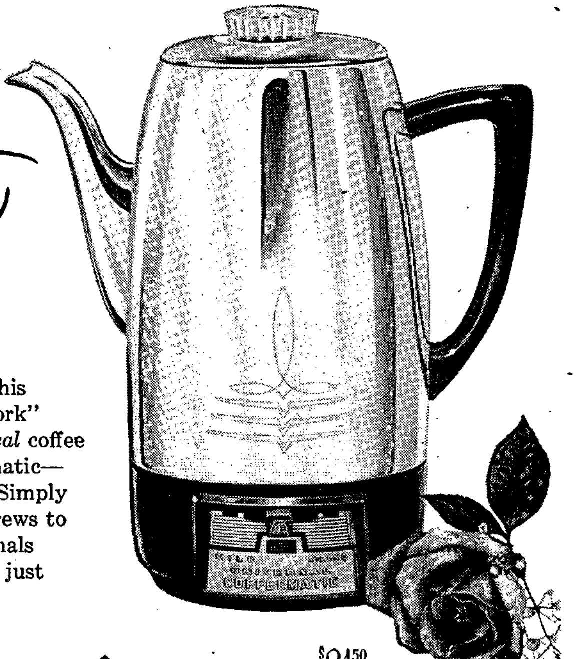
NAMES OF DEALERS LISTED ON PAGE 90

If your man's behind the "Times" your coffee may be, too!

UNIVERSAL

Coffeematic

The Modern way to REAL Coffee



Does your man hide behind his paper to avoid the "guess-work" coffee you serve? Then try *real* coffee made in a Universal Coffeematic—the modern automatic way. Simply set it, forget it. It quickly brews to the strength you choose; signals when ready and keeps coffee just right until poured.

Coffeematics from $24.50

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 10

WHENEVER Senator Arthur V. Watkins, the Mormon elder from Orem, Utah, who is presiding over the current investigation of Senator McCarthy, announces that he is speaking in the name of the select committee of which he is chairman, his dry, sharp voice makes the most of the dry, sharp word "select." The point is not lost on his colleagues, on Senator McCarthy, or on anyone else regularly in attendance in Room 318 of the Senate Office Building, the marble-panelled, chandeliered caucus room that was earlier the scene of another inquiry into McCarthy's affairs and that, earlier still, was also the scene of many of the actions for which McCarthy is now being called to account. This particular adjective, it turns out, has not been debased in Congress as it has been in the world of merchandising. "Select" eggs are just plain eggs, but a "select" committee of the Senate consists of good eggs, deliberately chosen for the purpose at hand—or *ad hoc*, as committee buffs put it. This makes for a difference in outlook. A senator has only to be alive in order to find himself on one of the standing committees; he rises to a position of influence by the mere act of survival. If it falls to his lot to perform some distasteful duty, such as sitting in judgment on Senator McCarthy, he can attribute his misfortune to the workings of a cruel, undiscriminating fate, and thereby justify himself in following the line of least resistance. The members of the Watkins committee may regard themselves as unlucky and ill-used—not that there is any present evidence that they do—but they cannot ascribe their predicament to the blindness of fate. They were chosen, culled, winnowed, tapped, and selected by officers of the Senate—the Vice-President and the majority and minority leaders—presumably on the ground that they were, as individuals, well qualified for the job. When sitting, they are expected to represent not the people of their state or the policies of their party, or even the national interest, but a force that to many senators has greater lustre and majesty than any of these—the United States Senate itself.

All this is clear enough now, after more than a week of hearings, in which McCarthy has twice been gavelled into silence, once over a point that he described as "the most unheard-of thing I ever heard of," and in which Walter Winchell has been treated as a mortal being and the immortality of J. Edgar Hoover has not once been mentioned. It was not clear beforehand, for it had been a long time since a select committee had performed anything but ceremonial duties, such as attending funerals and glad-handing itinerant kings. Besides, recent events had led many people to doubt whether there were any senators left who truly venerated the Senate. Nobody doubts it any longer. Symbolically, the Watkins committee does not seat Republicans to the right of the chairman and Democrats to the left but mingles the parties on both sides of the table. "By way of comment," Senator Watkins said in his opening statement, "let me say that the inquiry we are engaged in is of a special character that differentiates it from the usual legislative inquiry. It involves the internal affairs of the Senate itself in the exercise of a high Constitutional function." The select committee's job is not to determine whether McCarthy is a good man or a bad one, a dedicated man or a faker, honest or crooked, useful or useless. Its job is simply to report to the parent body its findings with respect to Senate Resolution 301: "Resolved, that the conduct of the Senator from Wisconsin, Mr. McCarthy, is unbecoming a Member of the United States Senate, is contrary to senatorial traditions, and tends to bring the Senate into disrepute." To a member of a select committee that is genuinely select, it is far more serious, it would appear, for a man to be accused of contravening senatorial tradition than it is for him to be accused of lying, demagogy, or even blackmailing the United States Army. It is, indeed, so grave a matter that steps must be taken to maintain the purity of the very air in which evidence is being given and received. "In general," Senator Watkins announced at the outset, "the committee wishes it understood that the regulations adopted are for the purpose of insuring a judicial hearing and a judicial atmosphere, as befits the importance of the issues raised. For that reason, and in accordance with the order the committee believes to be the sentiment of the Senate, all activities which are not permitted in the Senate itself will not

"I don't have any of what you call security, but I'm perfectly willing to cross my heart and hope to die."

Peck and Peck

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Litwin

Lanella,* *SWISS FOR WONDERFUL*...The imported fabric that mixes worsted and fine Egyptian cotton—washable, Sanforized, moth-proof. Tailored in coat-dress style. Gray, checked with yellow, blue or brown. 10 to 20...29.95.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

fly S·A·S to the
NEAR EAST
ISTANBUL • CAIRO
BEIRUT • DAMASCUS
TEHERAN

S·A·S serves all the Near East. Fly the Royal Viking, first in first class luxury.

SPECIFY S·A·S ALSO TO
TEL AVIV • YAFO • ABADAN
KUWEIT • DHAHRAN • BAGHDAD
See Your Travel Agent

S·A·S
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

Offices and agents in all major cities of the world.

Norelco Concerto Grand
NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.
Norelco

THE IMPORTED HIGH FIDELITY PHONOGRAPH-RADIO NEW YORKERS ARE TALKING ABOUT

WITH ALL WAVE, FM-AM PHONOGRAPH-RADIO AND THE FAMOUS PHILIPS RECORD CHANGER WITH DIAMOND/SAPPHIRE NEEDLE

Made by Philips of the Netherlands, world famous for electronics, the Concerto Grand has the following features: Featherweight piezo-pickup with diamond needle for 33⅓ and 45 rpm (sapphire for 78) • Special pickup preamplifier • Two powerful Philips speakers • Connection for extension loudspeakers • Separate tone controls • Powerful, clean reception on FM, AM and ALL Wave radio • Record storage space in handsome cabinet measuring 31″ x 43″ x 17″. We respectfully urge you to come in and hear it or write for Free Brochure.

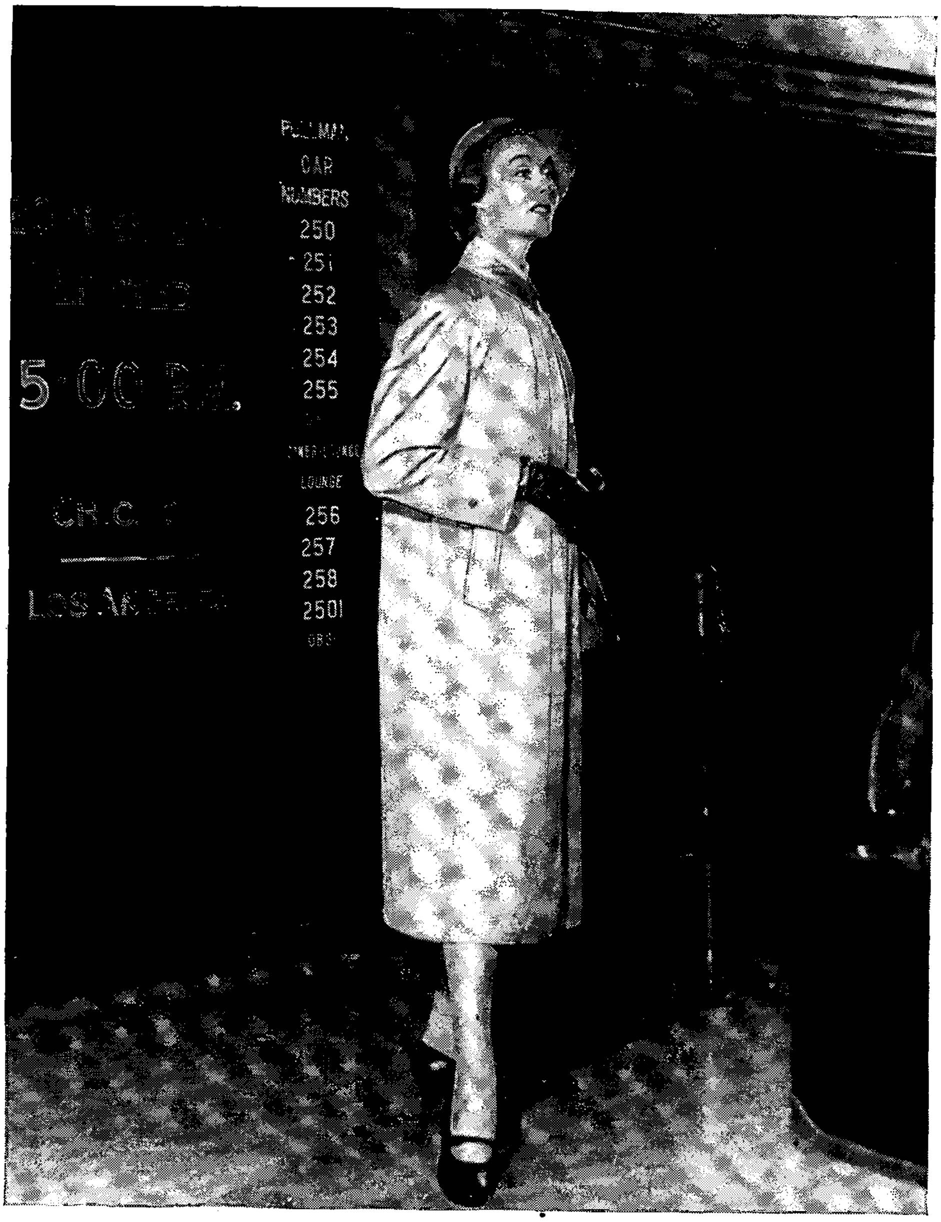
mahogany or walnut terms if desired $850

LIBERTY Music Shops
MADISON AVENUE AT 50TH ST.
Madison Ave. at 76th St. • Madison Ave. at 67th St.
228 East Post Road, White Plains, N. Y.

be permitted in this hearing." This was Senator Watkins' way of saying that while it may be all right to foul the atmosphere of regular committees—those, for instance, considering the defense of this republic, its relations with other sovereign powers, and the future of its economy—with the sooty gases given off by cigarettes, cigars, and pipes, the rule of a committee weighing alleged affronts to the dignity of the Senate should be NO SMOKING.

BY the close of the first session, it could be seen that McCarthy was up against something very formidable and totally unlike anything he had ever known in all his wide experience with Senate committees. "It could not be more different if a spectacle once staged by Cecil B. DeMille had been transferred to the drafty reaches of a town hall," Mary McGrory, a correspondent for the Washington *Star*, observed in a report that contrasted these hearings with those held under the chairmanship of Senator Mundt. This was written after Senator Watkins' gavel had come smashing down "with the force of a headman's axe," as the *Star* put it. Two hours earlier, when the committee members first seated themselves at the unsegregated table, observers were about evenly divided between those who were certain that a man as pale and seemingly frail as Senator Watkins would be bound to give way to the bull-throated McCarthy sooner or later and those who thought that the hearings would, for a change, be decorous throughout but would be a whitewash nevertheless. Both groups began revising their views within ten or fifteen minutes. Upon finishing his opening statement, Senator Watkins announced that the committee would "permit" Senator McCarthy to read into the record some remarks in his own defense. It was made unmistakably plain, however, that this was altogether an act of charity—a concession to McCarthy, not an acknowledgment of any "rights" of his. Senator Watkins said that he and his colleagues had looked over what McCarthy intended to read and had found it for the most part "not material and relevant to the issues in this hearing." No precedent was being established by the introduction of this material, he said.

Here, right at the beginning, was a case of lèse-majesté that would certainly have shocked Stuart Symington, and perhaps Joseph Welch also. For what the chairman was describing as immaterial and irrelevant, and even, in a later comment, "incompetent," was nothing less than an assertion of the view that "this country and its institutions [are] in imminent peril of destruction by international Communism." Beyond that, it was an apologia in which McCarthy made his first known attempt at nobility of spirit, a characteristic of which is moderateness of expression. ("This is a serious matter to me and I think to the country. It weighs heavily on me, and I would like my feelings known, in broad outline at least. . . . I was late, Mr. Chairman—we all were late, although I daresay some of us were earlier than others. . . . I have carried on my part in the fight as best I know how. . . . It has been said that I am the cause of disunity in the country and in my party. There is disunity, and perhaps my activities have been part of the cause. . . . But now it is urged that I be censured. I would be untruthful if I agreed that my accusers were not affected by ulterior political considerations.") This rhetoric, said to be the work of L. Brent Bozell, a young Yale man of flagrant gentility who once wrote that "McCarthyism . . . is a movement around which men of good will and stern morality can close ranks" and who is now one of McCarthy's lawyers, was clearly an effort to place McCarthy in the company of Socrates, Bruno, Saint Ignatius of Antioch, and others who have been mocked and persecuted for their devotion to truth as illuminated by conscience, and it was as successful as it could possibly be in the circumstances. The Watkins committee, though, showed a limited appreciation of martyrdom. It listened courteously but with no discernible manifestation of sympathy as McCarthy struggled with the alien tempo and the sometimes startling vocabulary of his unfamiliar script. Once he read "spacious" for "specious," paused, aware that something was wrong, shrugged an authentic McCarthy shrug, and went on gamely. The instant he had finished, Senator Watkins, who could have said something complimentary about this brave try at eloquence, made a crisp announcement: "Now we proceed to a consideration of the matters which



The Travel-Wise Lady Macintosh

WHETHER heading across the continent or back to the campus, the imported Lady Macintosh is the smart, travel-wise coat to take along.

The classical London tailoring flatters the traveller on train, plane, boat or bus. And the staunch English poplin protects the wearer from rain, drizzles, drafts and windstorms.

Best of all, the luxurious sheen of this wondrous Macintosh fabric has a style all of its own . . . a style that makes it a perfect fair-weather city-or-country topcoat.

Regardless of where you go or how you go or the weather you encounter, you'll be handsomely, protectively attired in the Lady Macintosh. $29.95, including separate belt. Matching hats available in small, medium and large, $5.50 and $6.50. At the many stores listed. Or write to Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York, New York.

Where to buy Lady Macintosh

NEW YORK	Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Andover, Mass.	The Andover Shop
Ann Arbor	Wagner & Company
Atlanta	John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore	Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Bangor, Maine	The Rines Co.
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.	Johnny Appleseed's
Binghamton, N. Y.	McLean's
Birmingham, Ala.	Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston	Jordan Marsh
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Brockton, Mass.	Tonis, Inc.
Buffalo, New York	Flint & Kent
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Burlington, Vermont	Miles & Riley
Cambridge, Mass.	Sills & Company
Carmel, Calif.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Charleston, W. Va.	Peck's Inc.
Chatham, Mass.	The Sail Loft
Chicago	Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Pumphrey's
Concord, Mass.	The Country Store
Denver	The Gano-Downs Company
Detroit	Capper & Capper
Evanston, Ill.	Williams
Elmira, N. Y.	Richards
Gaylord, Mich.	Hidden Valley Shops
Grand Haven, Mich.	Reichardt
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Proper's
Hartford, Conn.	Florence Travis
Hyannis, Mass.	Abercrombie & Fitch
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Ithaca, N. Y.	Browning, King & Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Kingston, Mass.	Frances Wilmarth
Los Angeles	Phelps-Terkel
Louisville, Ky.	Roche & Roche
Lynn, Mass.	Judd Inc.
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis	Nicolas, Inc.
Montclair, N. J.	The Babs Shop
Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Goldstein's
Nashua, N. H.	Dod's
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.	Marty Sullivan
New Haven	Gentree Ltd.
Newport, R. I.	Thompson-Forbes, Inc.
New York	Abercrombie & Fitch
Omaha	Charles J. Assmann
Pebble Beach, Calif.	Littler
Philadelphia	Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh	Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon	Ray Bolger
Portland, Oregon	M. & H. H. Sichel
Princeton, N. J.	The Clothes Line
Providence, R. I.	Leopold Feldstein, Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Berry-Burk & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	Projansky, Inc.
St. Louis	Boyd's
Salem, Oregon	Price's
San Antonio, Texas	Frost Bros.
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Marino, Calif.	Bill Winn
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Roy E. Gammill
Seattle	Littler
Spokane	Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield, Mass.	Haynes & Co.
Syracuse	Flah & Co. Inc.
Toledo	Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Vineyard Haven, Mass.	David's
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Maine	Dunham's of Maine
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Willimantic, Conn.	The Church-Reed Co.
Wilmington, Del.	Bird-Speakman, Inc.

MACINTOSH
—the standard by which all
® *other weathercoats are judged*

the committee deemed of first importance in connection with these hearings."

The committee proceeded. The man appointed to spread the first of several wet blankets was E. Wallace Chadwick, the special counsel. He read into the record some items from a correspondence of three years ago in which McCarthy had, time after time, and with interesting variations of language, told the members of an earlier investigating committee to go to hell. ("Frankly, Guy [Senator Gillette, of Iowa], I have not and do not intend to even read, much less answer, Benton's smear attack.") Mr. Chadwick, who is from Chester, Pennsylvania, is a man with a bent, benign, bookish appearance and a vaguely disappointed look—the look, perhaps, of a retired classics professor who, after giving the best years of his life to teaching college students Latin and Greek, is in serious doubt about the results. He read from the McCarthy anthology he had compiled with just the manifest discomfort that such a professor might exhibit if he were punished for his sins by being compelled to give a recital from the works of Nick Kenny. He had as much difficulty in adhering to the McCarthy text as McCarthy had had in adhering to the Bozell text. Once, where McCarthy, employing a well-known mannerism, had written of "Democrat senators," Mr. Chadwick paused after "Democrat," coughed a polite little cough, and said "ick senators."

This very practice of making an official record by endlessly reading from other official records revealed the style and the aims of the Watkins committee. When Mr. Chadwick began, McCarthy's counsel, Edward Bennett Williams, who is one of the most capable trial lawyers in Washington and an extremely personable young man, said that he and his client would agree to stipulate the authenticity of most of the documents that Mr. Chadwick thought relevant. Why not save time, he asked, by simply entering them, with the consent of the principals, instead of plodding through them? Most of the legal minds around thought that this would be a sound procedure, but Senator Watkins said no. His rejection of the proposal, however, was based on something other than juridical propriety, for he said that if the need for "economy measures" should arise, he would reconsider Mr. Williams' idea. Mr. Chadwick was instructed to get along with his reading. Two possible explana-

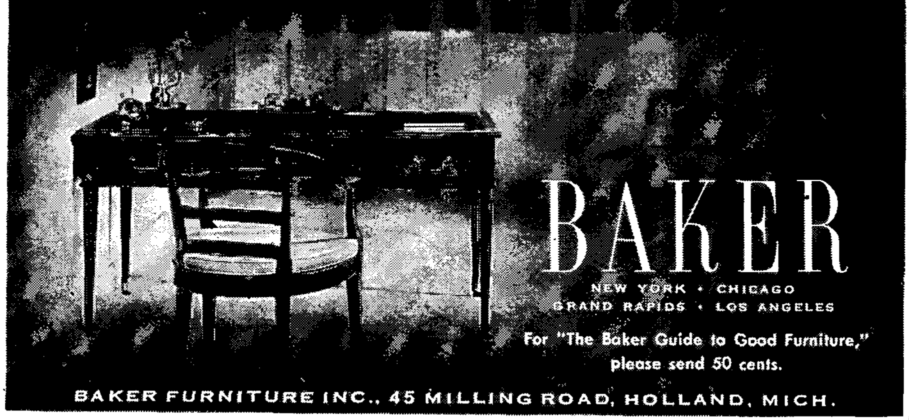
"the comfort
is guaranteed
—in writing"
Allen-Edmonds
THE SHOE OF TOMORROW

THE BRENTWOOD $25.95

Combining all 'round stitching, naileess construction and heel-to-toe flexibility. The comfort is guaranteed — in writing.

Write for catalog NY-4 ALLEN-EDMONDS, Belgium, Wis.

FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE THE FINEST



For "The Baker Guide to Good Furniture," please send 50 cents.

BAKER FURNITURE INC., 45 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICH.

FINEST IN
CARACAS

The beautiful modern Avila, ideally located on the highest and coolest point of the city. 120 rooms with private bath. In New York call CIrcle 5-6727, in Chicago CEntral 6-6846.

Carter L. Gardner, Manager

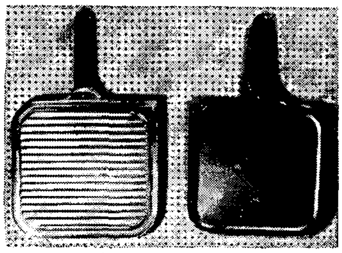
HOTEL **AVILA**

CARACAS • VENEZUELA

"DANDY"

Imported English Reversible Cooker of Heavy Cast Aluminum

STEAKS • CHOPS • EGGS • GRIDDLE CAKES



REVERSIBLE "DANDY" DOES THEM ALL

$8.50 prepaid from

LA CUISINIERE, Inc. 133 East 55 St. New York 22, N. Y.

THE GROWING TREND TO LINCOLN

Take the wheel of the performance champion

This is your view when you're sitting in the car automotive experts agree is the finest performer on the road today. (Tom McCahill, writing in *True's Automotive Yearbook*, states, "In my book these are the best cars made in America...Lincoln is the champion over the road.")

Further proof is a matter of record. For the fourth straight year Lincoln won in its class in the Mobilgas Economy Run. And twice in a row Lincoln won *the first four places* over all stock cars in the grueling Mexican Pan-American Road Race.

There are many reasons why Lincoln's performance cannot be matched today.

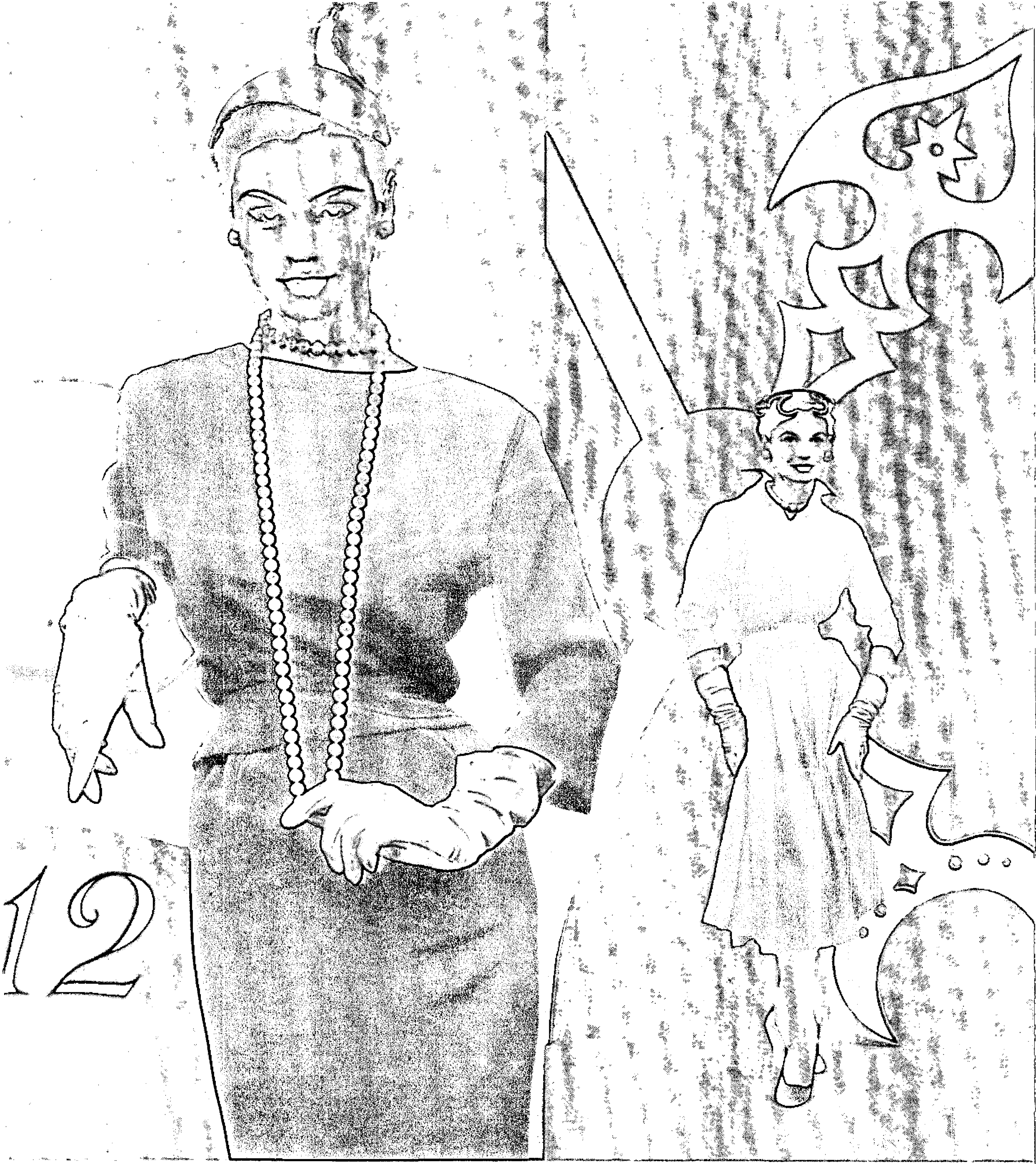
First of all, there is the great Lincoln V-205 power plant with its new 4-barrel carburetor, new automatic spark, and new, balanced breathing design. Also—the tremendous advantage in cornering and all-round handling given by ball-joint front wheel suspension (exclusive with Lincoln in the fine car field). And other Lincoln performance advantages: a precision-balanced chassis for a more stable ride, and the largest brake area of any American car for safe stopping.

Won't you discover Lincoln's performance on your own? Visit your Lincoln dealer—and take the wheel of a Lincoln or a Lincoln Capri.

LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LINCOLN

DESIGNED FOR MODERN LIVING
POWERED FOR MODERN DRIVING



The dress of all time

In the news again, and in all the important designer collections—the soft understated dress that belongs to almost every hour of the year. Most likely, *this* year, to be in one of the supple, interesting textures made with the new rayon, a fiber that's lending both strength and beauty to an almost endless variety of weaves. At Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores; Nicholas Ungár, Portland, Oregon.

Fabrics by Onondaga in acetate and rayon and Chardon in rayon and acetate

Left to Right: **By Adele Simpson** 69.95
By Talmack 89.95
By Adele Simpson 69.95
By Talmack 89.95
By Herbert Sondheim 69.95
By Herbert Sondheim 89.95

RAYON puts fashion on its best behavior

For other fine stores, write to American Rayon Institute, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

This unusual picture . . . showing Italian Downhill Ski Champion Leo Gasperl without his skis . . . was taken at Sestriere, high fashion center in the Italian Alps. F8 at 1/100.

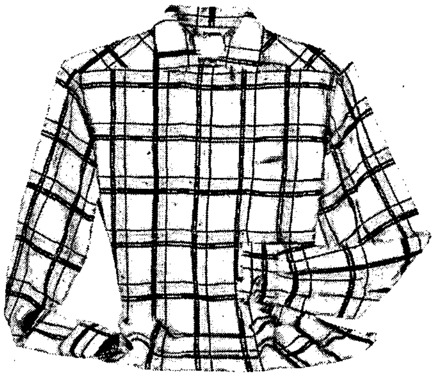
who needs skis . . .

to be the center of attention?

Just wear the McGregor TT shirt—styled in Italy.

It was here in The New Yorker that McGregor set the fashion world right on its ear with the fabulous TT Shirt from Italy!

TT Club best combines the easy comfort of a jacket with the elegance of a shirt. It is the most casual of casual shirts, made in many moods and fabrics from $7.95 to $22.95.



TT CLUB PAT. SPORT SHIRT NO. 2,577,826

Here is TT #755 fashioned in a superbly soft, washable flannel of winter-warm wool and rayon. $15.95

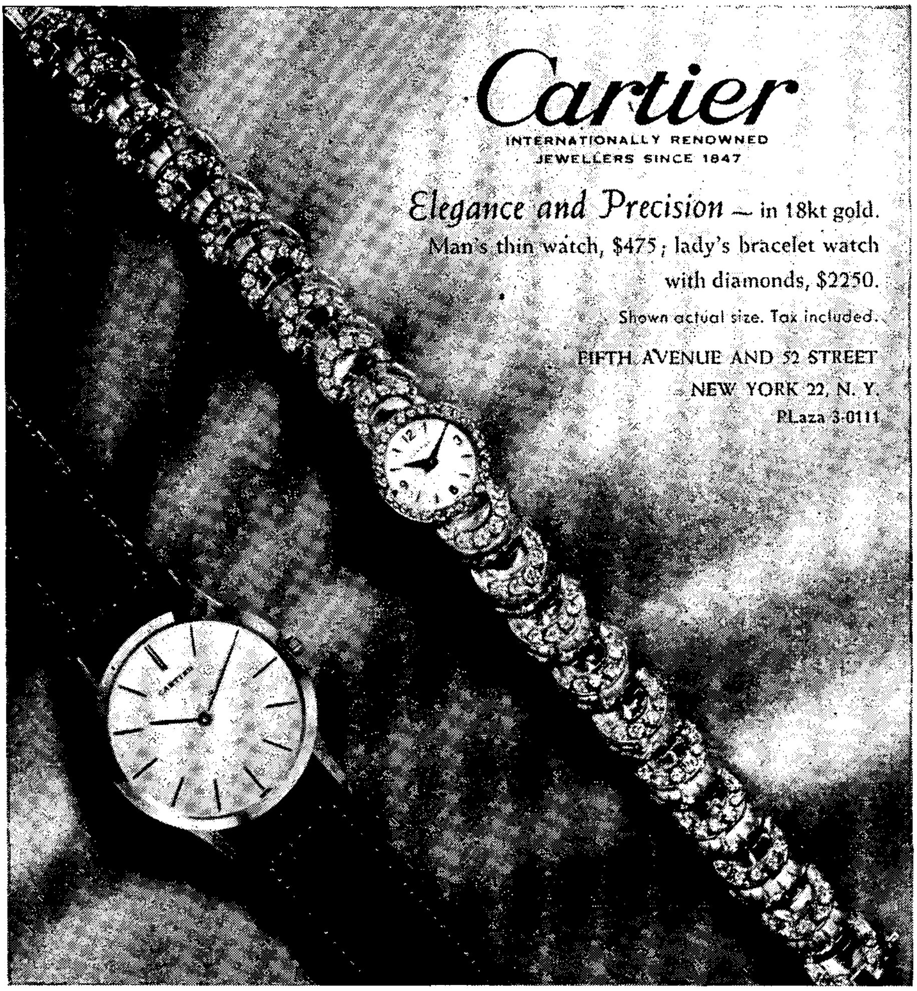
McGREGOR*

Sportswear made in U.S.A.

*Trademark David D. Doniger & Co., Inc., 303 5th Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

tions of the chair's ruling offered themselves. One was that Senator Watkins saw some positive, and perhaps purgative, value in assaulting the ears of the committeemen with McCarthy's repertoire of impudence and defiance; the other was that this stern critic of the practice of turning the solemn deliberations of senators into public entertainment was intent on making the open hearings as boring as persistence and ingenuity could make them. The first explanation may be valid, and the second certainly is. "Let us get off the front page and back among the obituaries," Senator Watkins subsequently told reporters. "That would suit us fine." The reporters were unable to accommodate him, but there was agreement among them that some aspects of the proceedings would not be altogether out of place among the obituaries.

Other aspects, however, had the vital glow. It was after Mr. Chadwick had exhausted his voice and that of his assistant, Guy de Furia, by reading McCarthy's insouciant communications that Senator Watkins decided to recess. But then Senator Johnson, of Colorado, asked to be given a few minutes in which to read a statement. Senator Watkins obliged. The statement dealt, rather inconclusively, with the question, publicly raised by McCarthy the day before, of whether Senator Johnson should disqualify himself, or be disqualified, because of his personal feelings about McCarthy, which were reported to be unfriendly. Senator Johnson said that he felt fully qualified to serve, but he failed to cast any light on whether his dislike for McCarthy was powerful, average, or nonexistent. McCarthy's lawyer called attention to this notable omission. He would like to learn the truth, he said. Senator Watkins regarded this as legitimate curiosity and recommended that Mr. Williams satisfy it by addressing the question to Senator Johnson during the recess. Like Communism, Senator Johnson's attitude was, he said, outside the scope of the select committee's inquiry. This was too much for McCarthy. "Mr. Chairman," he began, and the words and the leaden tones were a magic carpet back to the spring of the year. Whammo! The gavel. Senator Watkins was no longer pale. He reminded McCarthy and Williams that under the rules either one or the other of them, but never both at the same time, could raise a point of order. "Mr. Chairman—" Again, whammo! "We are going straight down the line," Senator Watkins said. He announced

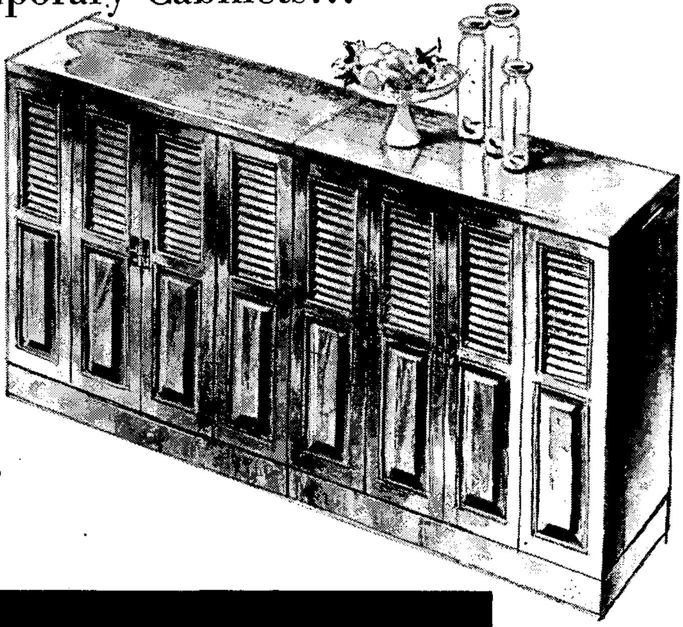

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Elegance and Precision — in 18kt gold.
Man's thin watch, $475; lady's bracelet watch
with diamonds, $2250.
Shown actual size. Tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
PLaza 3-0111

Contemporary Cabinets...

From our extensive collection, which also includes traditional and provincial groups. For an illustrated booklet describing the entire collection, please write, enclosing 25¢, to Henredon Furniture Industries, Dept. N92, Morganton, N. C. (Name of your nearest dealer sent on request.)

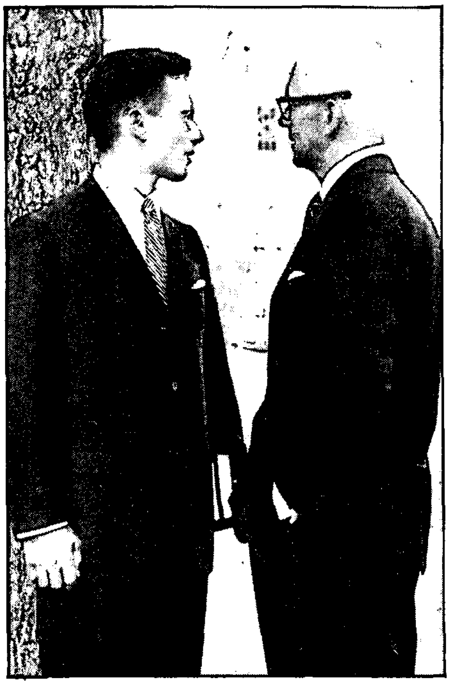


HH Heritage Henredon
fine furniture

Quiet does it

How welcome, today, is the voice when soft-spoken, the auto horn when less leaned on, the neighbor's hi-fi when turned low. How welcome is serenity of manner, mode or mien in an era when too many things are determinedly ear-splitting.

How welcome is the quiet elegance of the Racquet Club suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx . . . conservative, handsome, unostentatious. The styling is of east-coast persuasion and nation-wide approval. The 3-button coat has straighter body lines, with a center vent and flap pockets. The shoulders have a natural, let-them-alone look. The lapels are narrower. And the tailoring is faultless, as you might expect. (The Racquet Club fly-front topcoat, too, is quietly conservative.)



From tall towers to tall elms.

There are many fabrics and colors available. The suits shown here are Eton Flannels, a first and basic choice of well-turned-out men of business and/or campus age. The fabric is luxurious, soft and shape-retaining . . . a rightful pride and prejudice of Hart Schaffner & Marx.

See the Racquet Club in deep, rich Lamp Black, darker than oxford but not as black as *black*. Try one on. *Feel* its trim good looks.

The Racquet Club is equally at home among tall towers and tall elms, and its price is more *campus* than Wall Street.

At these and many other fine dealer stores:

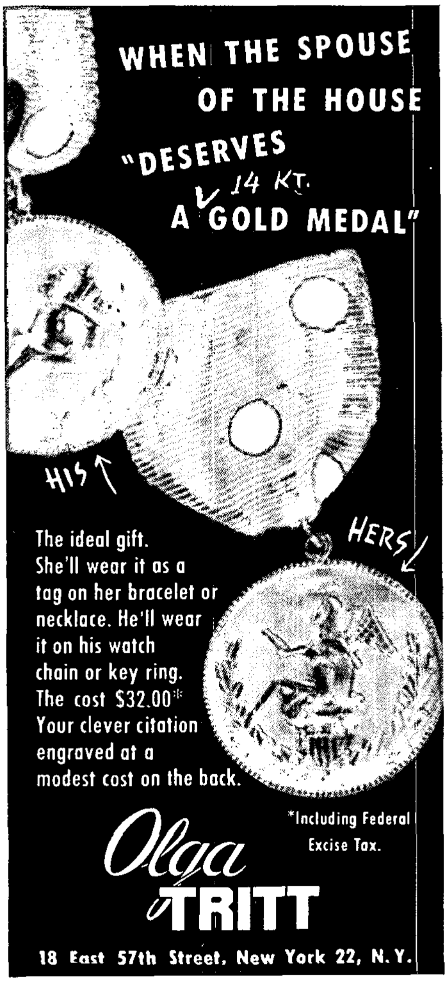
New York — Wallachs
Wash, D. C. — Raleigh Haberdasher
Cincinnati — Dunlap Clothes Shop
Chicago — Baskin
Minneapolis — The Dayton Co.
San Francisco — Hastings

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

that the hearings would resume at 10 A.M. the next day.

IT was significant that when Senator Watkins refused to discuss the qualifications of Senator Johnson, a Democrat, his decision was promptly endorsed by Senator Case, of South Dakota, and Senator Carlson, of Kansas, both Republicans. It was obvious that this early show of what seemed like simple bipartisanship but was actually something more complicated was made according to some prearranged plan. It was another key—perhaps the master key—to the character of the select committee. The display was really one of Senatorial solidarity rather than of good will toward Democrats in general or Senator Johnson in particular. Senator Watkins was defending his associate not on the ground that his associate was unprejudiced but on the ground that he was a United States senator—one in whom the entire Senate had placed its confidence—and was therefore, by definition, a man who could rise above his personal feelings. If senators did not have this capacity, he pointed out, then it would be impossible for the Senate to carry out the job, assigned it by the Constitution, of judging and disciplining its own members.

Whether or not this is arrogant doctrine, it is doctrine of a sort that most people here had not encountered for quite some time. Before the first public session of the select committee, it was in no way appreciated that its members were the sort of men they have turned out to be. Not much of anything, in fact, was known about the six senators, and it was precisely this circumstance that led many people to suspect that the whole thing was a put-up job. It was felt that a search had been made for the six most obscure men in the Senate, and that the searchers, ably led by Vice-President Nixon, had exhibited in their choices a sure instinct for obscurity. Except for the controversial Senator Johnson, whose concern over antimilitarist movements and the morals of motion-picture performers had won him a dim celebrity in certain quarters, the members of the Watkins committee were all conspicuous for their inconspicuousness. Because in politics obscurity is commonly associated with lack of strength and talent, it was hastily concluded that the committee was one McCarthy could intimidate with fair ease. As someone said, it seemed as if a lion were being thrown into a den of lambs. A little investigation might have revealed, in advance of Senator Watkins' iron-handed rulings, that the obscurity of



WHEN THE SPOUSE OF THE HOUSE "DESERVES A 14 KT. GOLD MEDAL"

HIS
HERS

The ideal gift. She'll wear it as a tag on her bracelet or necklace. He'll wear it on his watch chain or key ring. The cost $32.00* Your clever citation engraved at a modest cost on the back.

*Including Federal Excise Tax.

Olga TRITT
18 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

FIRST SNOWFALL

Beautiful, and thrilling as the first snow, are these Lanz Originals of washable Austrian cotton. Ricrac outlines neck, hem and ruffly sleeves—shiny black "shoe-buttons" march down the bodice. Color is winter blue printed with black floral motifs and dotted in white, OR red & green with white dots. Sizes 7-17 at $18.95. Children's sizes: 3-6 at $11.95 and 7-12 at $13.95 P. P. D.

A Town & Country Store

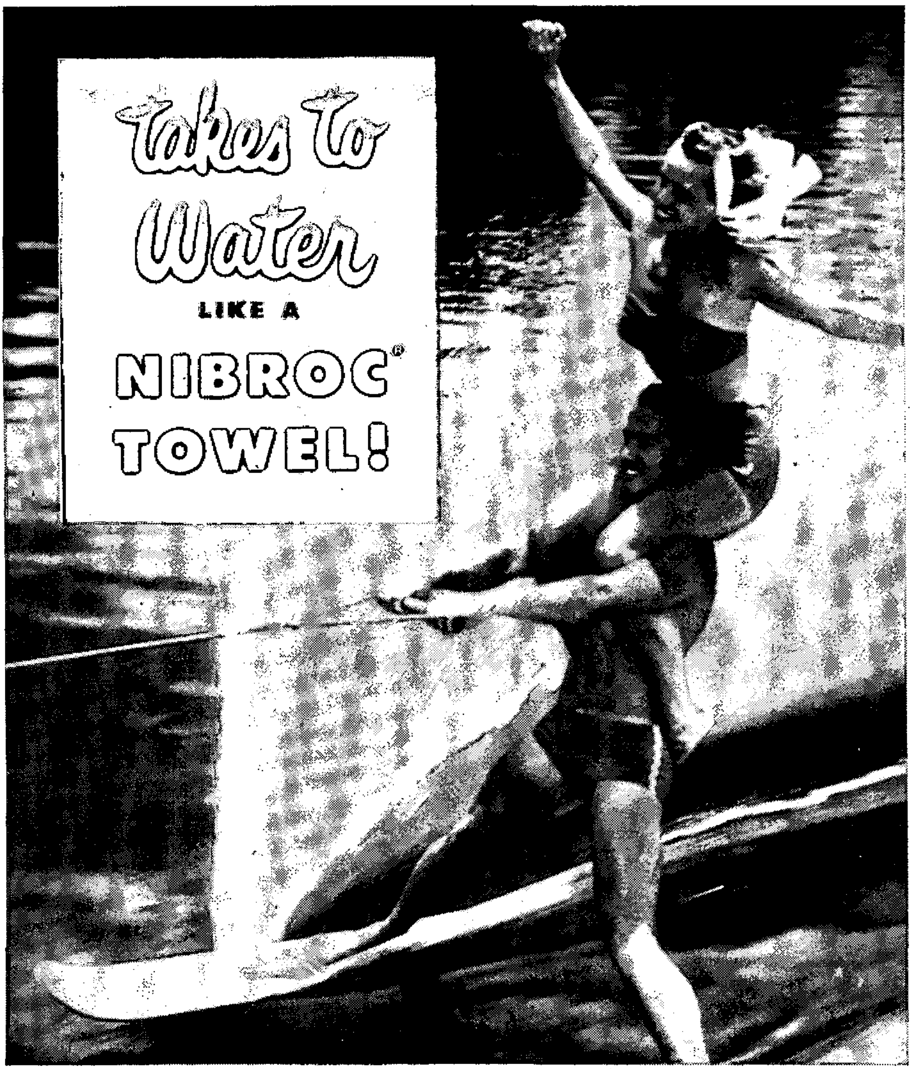
SHARON, CONN.
The CONNECTICUT YANKEE
Hilda & Eben Whitman

Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
ROOMS and SUITES
181 East Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

these six men is of a very special sort. Some men are without renown because nothing they do is of any interest to anyone, and others lack it simply because they have never troubled to seek it. The Senate has always contained both kinds of men, but it has been noteworthy—in the past, anyway—for having in it a sizable number of men with no national reputation who nevertheless wield great influence in the chamber itself. Mostly they are men who prefer it that way. They find life in the Senate, which is often compared to life in an exclusive and well-managed men's club, so full of satisfactions that they have no desire for any sort of activity outside it—apart, of course, from the activities in their home states that are essential to their continued enjoyment of the club's privileges. They like the leisurely ways of the Senate, its tradition of unlimited debate, its tolerance of eccentricities and crotchets. Though they sometimes speak of themselves as congressmen and bear a massive ill will toward the executive branch, they look, as a group, with horror upon the jungle they know as the House of Representatives. They prefer the company and esteem of their fellow-members to the praise of crowds, holding with Daniel Webster that the Senate "is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions." Some of them have a truly Roman piety in regard to their function as lawmakers. Beyond all question now, it is such a group of men that McCarthy confronts.

Each of the six obscure committeemen has spoken for the record, and at least five of them have shown themselves indisputable examples of the classic breed. The one possible exception is Senator Samuel J. Ervin, of North Carolina, who is a newcomer to the Senate, having been appointed in June to the seat left vacant by the death of Clyde Hoey. Senator Ervin, a former judge, is a rather bubbly character, a jollifier and storyteller in the tradition of Alben Barkley, and it is conceivable that his obscurity will be short-lived. But five, at any rate, are as one in their basic outlook. "McCarthy has run smack into the club's board of gov-

CIDER
APPLES
EICKE



The paper towel used most by industry for real washroom economy

You can't put your hands on a paper towel that dries as fast, as thoroughly, and in the long run saves you as much money as Nibroc. See for yourself how Nibroc Towels *save as they dry* . . . how they—

Save time because they *dry drier faster!*

Stop waste because *one dries both hands!*

Reduce maintenance because *Nibroc cabinets hold more towels!*

Satisfy everybody because of their *lint-free softness!*

NEW NIBROC SOFWITE AND SOFTAN TOILET TISSUE

Super-Quality Nibroc Tissue is softer because "NIBROCRAFTED."* Costs no more than ordinary tissue. Save money by ordering towels and tissue together. See your classified directory for nearest Nibroc dealer. Or write us at Boston—Dept. BG-9 —for samples.

*A unique combination of fibres, exclusive with Brown Company, produced after years of research.

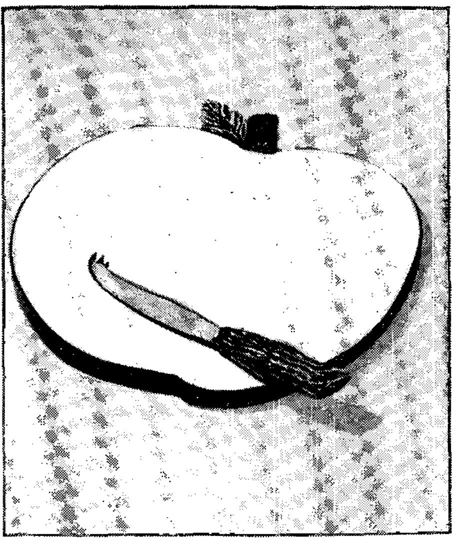
BROWN QUALITY COMPANY, Berlin, New Hampshire
CORPORATION, La Tuque, Quebec

General Sales Offices: 150 Causeway St., Boston 14, Mass.—Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, Que.

ernors," someone said the other day. "We never knew who they were, but we know now." This, it is felt, bodes ill for McCarthy, because what he must be conceded to have done—even by those who maintain that he has served the country well—is a violation of the Websterian canon. He has made the Senate less a hall for mutual consultation and discussion and more an arena for the exhibition of champions, or anyway a champion. He is preëminently an enemy of the club spirit. He has made the Senate a less comfortable place. He has upset the potted palms, defaced the woodwork, placed thumbtacks in the upholstered chairs, embarrassed the members by insulting their guests, and put the house committee to no end of trouble. It may or may not be found that his conduct has, as Senators Flanders, Morse, and Fulbright charge, brought the Senate into disrepute, but it is clear from his behavior as a respondent in this case, as well as from the uncontested record, that he has brought disrepute into the Senate, in unabashed violation of Rule XIX, Section 2, of the Standing Rules of the Senate, in which it is set forth that "no senator in debate shall, directly or indirectly, by any form of words impute to another senator or to other senators any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming a senator." Because of him, it is the Senate now that many people think of as a jungle. And largely because of his cultivation of the mob and the rabble, many people here found themselves unable to believe that a committee of six quiet, inconspicuous men could deal with the challenge he presented. Strength of character has insidiously become equated with extent of fame and volume of publicity; it was felt that because Senator Watkins and his colleagues were peaceful, uncommunicative men who had given to their views no forceful expression, they must either be without views or secretly approve of McCarthy. McCarthy and his followers, indeed, made it all but impossible to believe in the existence of Senator Watkins, a two-hundred-proof Republican who only yesterday, in the course of questioning McCarthy, ventured the opinion that there might be something wrong in describing a man as a Communist simply because he availed himself of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution—a heresy no one ever dreamed would be voiced by a member of the Eighty-third Congress.

"THE hearings," Senator Watkins said on the opening day, "are not to be adversary in character." Yet that

PIROUETTE
A WELL TURNED ANKLE FOR THE WELL TURNED OUT MAN. FOR THE BALLETOMANE OR BURLESQUE FAN —OR GUY WITH AN EYE.
6.50
CATALOGUE ON REQUEST
Dominique France
53 EAST 51ST STREET - N. Y. 22

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

THE BIG APPLE: S.F.A.'s exclusive cheese set imported from France. The wooden board, a red-sided apple slice garnished with a ceramic leaf to match the knife handle. Set, 6.95.
Mail and phone orders.
Also available in our Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills stores.
GUEST AND GIFT SHOP
14 EAST 50th STREET

Pink Beach
COTTAGE COLONY
Tucker's Town
South Shore
Bermuda
This is Bermuda at its best. Fourteen exquisite cottages and central Club House, all facing the sparkling blue water and powdery pink coral beach. A table for the gourmet, a wine cellar for the connoisseur, a refreshing change for the weary. Golf at Mid-Ocean Club, tennis and bathing at your door. A warm welcome awaits you.
Colorful booklet and reservations from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or
Leonard P. Brickett, American Representative
Hotel Roosevelt, New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 9-3967

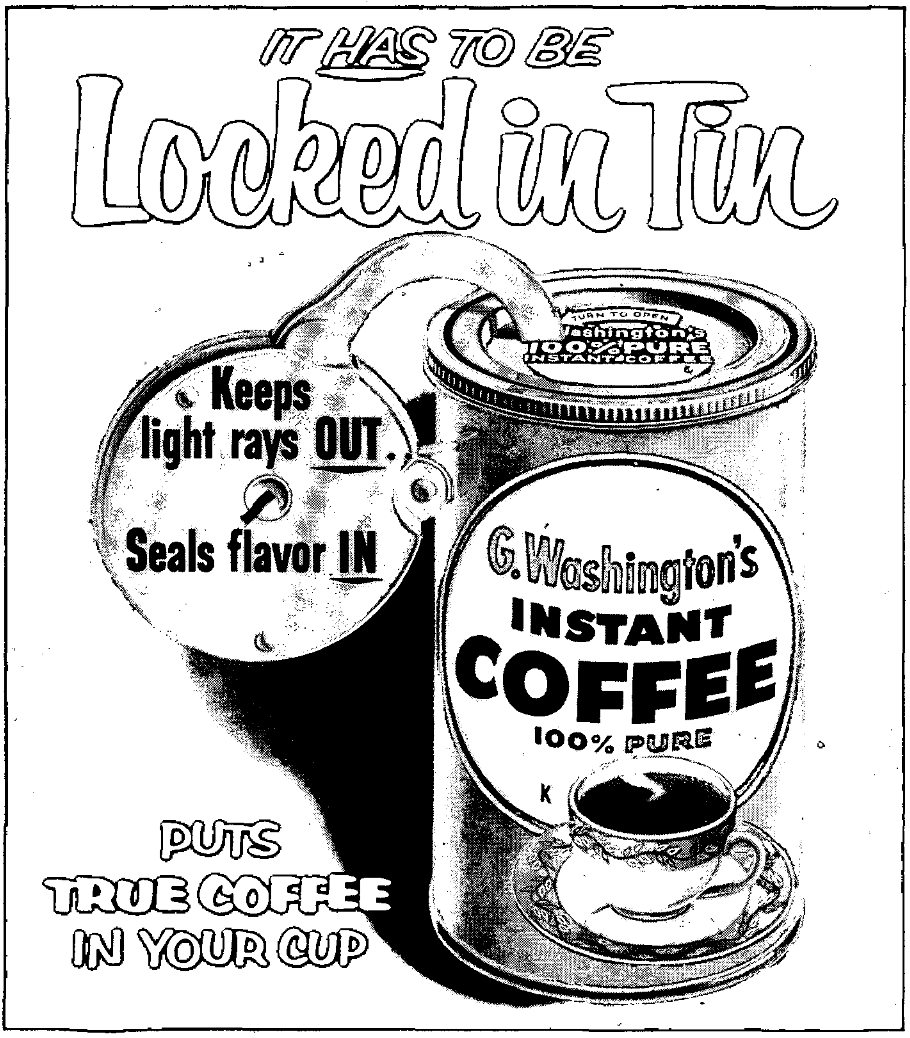
Mothersills
The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children
THE WORLD OVER
MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY
53
AT DRUGGISTS

ENGLISH ANTIQUES
Every piece stamped and guaranteed to be over 100 years old by the British Antique Dealers Association
OGILVY'S ANTIQUE GALLERY
JAS. A. OGILVY'S LTD. DEPARTMENT STORE
Montreal, Canada Established 1866

is what they have been—in substance, if not in form. During the first week, Mr. Chadwick and Mr. de Furia assembled a record no part of which reflected credit on McCarthy. Most observers felt there was merit in Mr. Williams' claim that the committee counsel was sounding more and more like a prosecutor, but there were few who were able to see how the counsel could avoid it, considering the nature of the material he had to work with. The committee's questioning of witnesses, including McCarthy, has not been hostile, but it has inevitably been tendentious. McCarthy is an adversary type, and the mind boggles at trying to picture him being involved in a non-adversary proceeding. Despite the committee's evident lack of sympathy for him, however, it is far from certain that it will report favorably on the Flanders resolution. McCarthy and his counsel have conceived a bristling and in some respects an impressive line of defense. Noting that what the committee is considering is a series of instances of purported misconduct, they are making little effort to defend McCarthy's record as a whole, or even to offer it for examination. Instead, they are taking up the allegations one by one and seeking to establish either that each specific act was justified by circumstances or, failing that, that nothing McCarthy has done in the Senate has been without precedent. Thus General Zwicker's "arrogance" provoked a natural human response in McCarthy, who, as it happened, had had to sit up all the night before with his injured wife. Moreover, if McCarthy is to be censured for his rough handling of General Zwicker, why should not Senator Bush, of Connecticut, also be censured, for allegedly similar discourtesies in a one-man hearing on housing profits held just the other day? Mr. Williams does not deny that McCarthy spoke unkindly of Senator Flanders. He simply points out that Senator Flanders had earlier compared McCarthy with Adolf Hitler. Which is worse—to be senile or to be a Hitler? McCarthy and Mr. Williams know that Rule XIX, Section 2, and the elaborate respect that senators show each other on the floor are strictly hot air. (Former Senator Tom Connally, of Texas, had a way of crouching down in debate and holding the palm of his right hand about six inches above the floor as he addressed himself to "the great, the truly distinguished Senator from ——.") There is no doubt at all that McCarthy, over the years, has given no better than he

G. Washington's

The Only Instant Coffee SO GOOD...



G. Washington's in NEW BEAD FORM

If you are one who can't stand that off-coffee flavor, this is the instant coffee for *you*. A blend of the world's finest coffees—*and nothing but coffee*—G. Washington's is percolated in small batches, extracted, then sealed with all its rich, fresh flavor into light-proof, flavor-lock tins.

Thus you enjoy G. Washington's natural, mellow coffee taste—never harsh or bitter, never flat or wishy-washy. Yet it costs no more.

Try the new Bead-Form G. Washington's Instant Coffee for the sheer pleasure of deep-down *true-coffee* flavor. We think you'll agree it's the best instant coffee you ever tasted.

Yes, the New G. Washington's is the only one flavor-locked in tin...

LIKE PREMIUM QUALITY GROUND COFFEES

ALSO-QUICK 1 CUP "ACES" Sized for purse or pocket, they give you the same fine coffee wherever hot water is available. For home or office, for trips of all kinds, for real *true coffee* anywhere. Strips of 3 or packets of 12.

USHER'S
GREEN STRIPE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

USHER'S
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY

Until 1814 lairds in the Highlands of Scotland had stills for their own use. In 1814, however, stills of less than 500 gallon capacity were prohibited and the distillation of whisky became a commercial proposition which has earned fortunes and peerages for distillers.

In 1853 Andrew Usher introduced an all-important innovation: the blending of Scotch Whisky. This practice was then generally adopted in the trade. It is with this heritage that Usher's has stood in the lead of fine Scotch Whisky for over 100 years.

ESTD. 1779

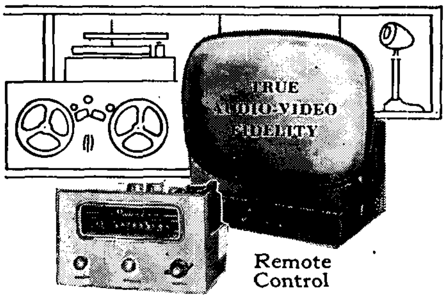
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., New York, N. Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

has got. He has just given more of it.

There will probably be a defense of some sort for everything he has done. Other senators have refused to appear before committees. Other senators have made secret information public. Only a few years ago, one of McCarthy's present judges, Senator Johnson, was widely criticized for giving out, on a television program, information that dealt with our progress on the hydrogen bomb and that was said to be classified. Senator Jenner, of Indiana, once called General Marshall a "living lie," which was a little farther than McCarthy went in his celebrated speech. Besides—and this may well impress the members of the select committee—to censure a man for extravagance of language on the Senate floor might be to inhibit senators in the exercise of the free and unlimited debate they set such store by. Senator Watkins himself recently signed a committee report that urged "employees in the executive branch of the government . . . to turn over to committees of Congress any information which would help the committees in their fight against subversion." Other senators—plenty of them—have made questionable deals with private enterprises. And for none of these things has any senator ever been censured. Senator Watkins, it is true, is limiting McCarthy's use of the *tu quoque*, or "you're another," defense—allowing him to cite the actions of other senators in arguments on the law but, on at least some counts, disallowing these precedents as evidence. Even so, it may be hard for the senators to ignore the precedents when they vote.

THE feeling here is that it will be difficult to sustain any case against McCarthy that is not based on the whole course and meaning of his career—and that would be a sticky problem for a committee, though perhaps not for this select and tough-minded one. But the feeling also is that it does not matter very much what is done, for the career is almost over; the spell, as the hearings themselves show, has been broken. One senses this not only in the behavior of the committee but in the meagre interest of the public. The caucus room has been filled each day, but it has been barely filled. Even when the American Legion came to town, one hundred thousand strong, McCarthy drew no crowds. There has never been a time when more than five people were waiting outside for seats and never a time when any of them had to wait more than five minutes. Not much of

Fleetwood
CUSTOM TELEVISION



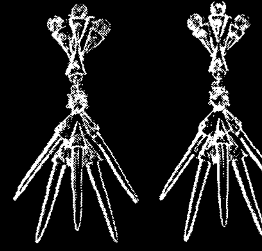
Gives the same sharp clear picture seen only on TV station monitors, such as makers of Fleetwood supply to networks. Equipped with Remote Control Tuner which may be placed 40 feet or more from picture chassis. Distortion-free audio circuit matches fine high fidelity components. A quality set for custom installation in existing sound system. Models for 21", 24" and 27" tubes. Others without remote tuner. Prices start at $199.50. Write us for name of dealer nearest you.

Fleetwood
Manufactured by CONRAC, INC.
Dept. C Glendora, California

Your choice
of today's
foremost
portrait
painters

PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

JEWELS OF THE HOUR



RALPH
SINGER CO.
656 N. Western Ave.
Chicago 12, Ill.

ORA
CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

the audience appears to be sympathetic. When McCarthy goes outside the caucus room, as he frequently does, to address "the great American jury" by way of television, a handful of the faithful leave at the same time and pick their way toward him over the scattered boxes and the tangled wires that Senator Watkins keeps on the wrong side of the door. They are an odd assortment—small children seeking a handshake, teen-agers seeking autographs, gamy-looking men and women seeking a wink or a smile in exchange for their "Give 'em hell, Joe." They are never more than a handful. Everything about the scene here suggests that Senator Flanders was wrong—or at least has been made wrong by events—in his remarks about McCarthy and Hitler, and that Senator Watkins was right in his choice of the proper newspaper page for the record of these proceedings.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

CAPE COD

They sprawled about a driftwood fire, the young
Of the summer town, each half-grown son and daughter,
Drowning the mumble of the tide with song,
Brightening the night with laughter.

But what they fêted was the summer's doom—
A beach fire, and home to winter on the morrow.
Myself, an elder, off on a dune in the gloom,
Perceived their hidden sorrow.

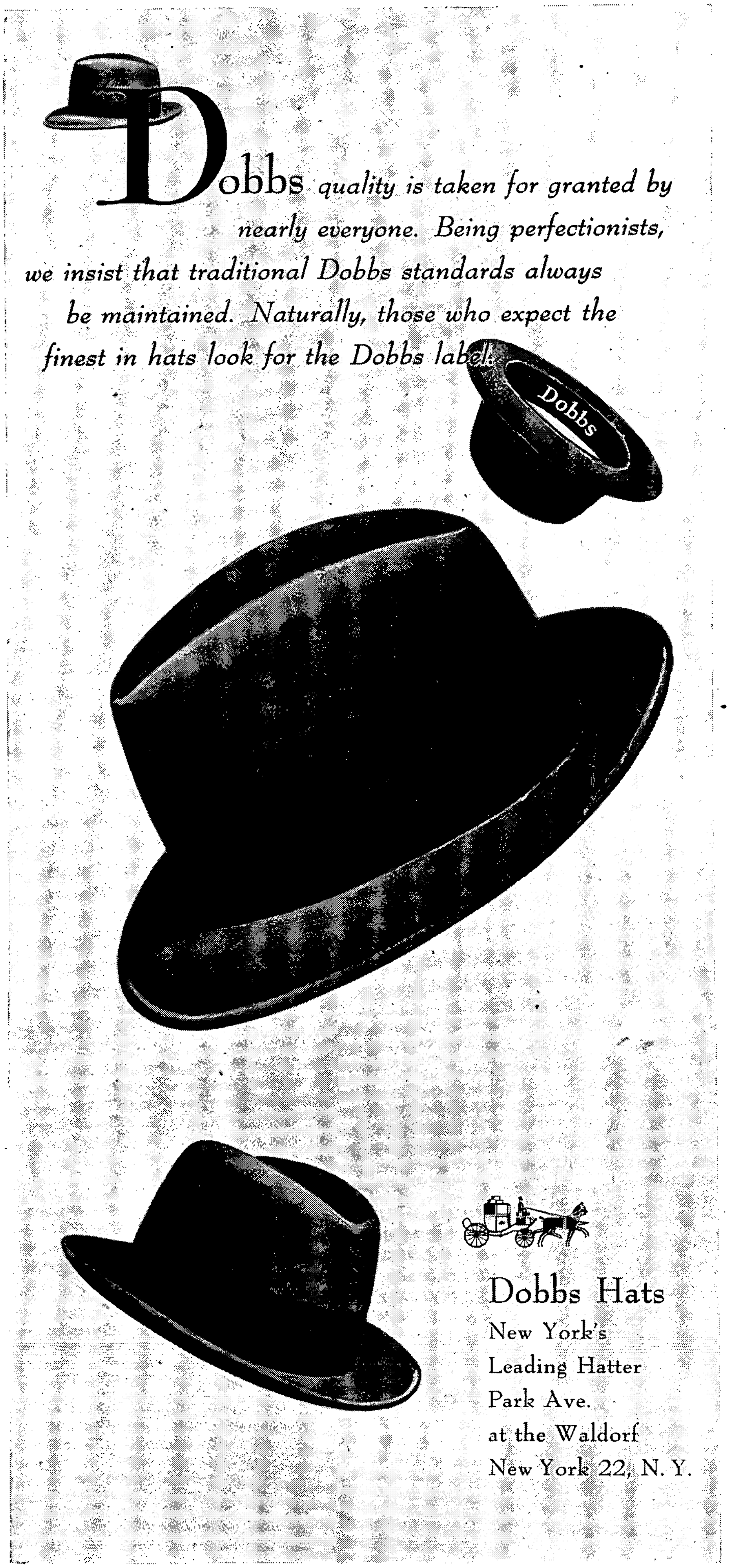
That circle of faces was an enormous rose,
Each face a crimson petal, the fire its heart,
And it blooms in the dark of the memory still, with those
Of which I was once a part.

—LYSANDER KEMP

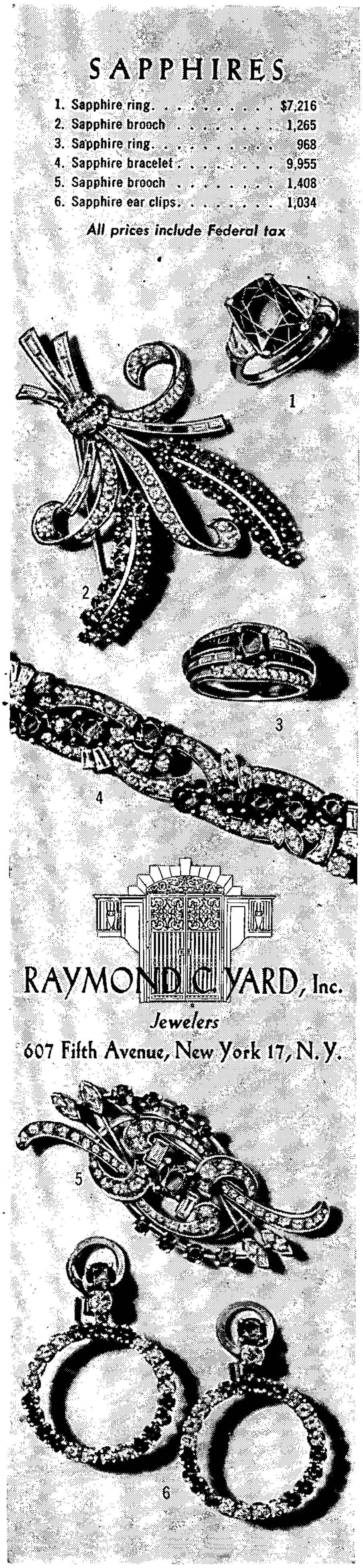
•

Miss Carolyn Ellefson and Mrs. Adolph Carlson received life membership in the Women's Missionary Federation of Our Savior's Lutheran Ladies Aid at the meeting Wednesday. Mrs. Thomas Westley, life membership chairman, who was in charge of the program, presented corsages and pints to the women.—*Moscow (Idaho) Idahonian.*

Ah, the gay Mrs. Westley!


Dobbs quality is taken for granted by nearly everyone. Being perfectionists, we insist that traditional Dobbs standards always be maintained. Naturally, those who expect the finest in hats look for the Dobbs label.

Dobbs Hats
New York's
Leading Hatter
Park Ave.
at the Waldorf
New York 22, N. Y.



SAPPHIRES

1.	Sapphire ring	$7,216
2.	Sapphire brooch	1,265
3.	Sapphire ring	968
4.	Sapphire bracelet	9,955
5.	Sapphire brooch	1,408
6.	Sapphire ear clips	1,034

All prices include Federal tax

RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.
Jewelers
607 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE LITTLE FISHES

WHEN the car our mother was in had driven away from the school of the Anglican Convent of St. Monica's, leaving my sister Ruth and me behind, we were sent upstairs to Sister Irene, the nun in charge of the dormitories. Sister Irene had a very white skin, and the banded white coif she wore showed the hollows in her cheeks and made her gray eyes look big. We had never before seen anyone as tall, as graceful, or as cool. "These are the two little Goddens," said the lay sister who had brought us to her.

Sister Irene looked down at us. "What queer little fishes!" she said.

There is a tinted photograph taken of Ruth and me a few days before we went to the school; the photographer has knocked our heads gently together—in those days that was the way sisters were posed—and we have come out two sallow, thin, small girls, cheek to cheek, with too much hair and wide-open eyes. Ruth's eyes were normally eloquent and sincere; like the spaniel's in the poem, they were "eyes like Mottoes," which impelled you to live up to them. But in the photograph her eyes as well as mine have an appalled look, perhaps because of the swiftness of what had happened to us.

A month before, we had been part of the small, contented world of the Indian town we had lived in all our lives. Our family were the most prominent Europeans there, and our father, in his not very important position as manager of a navigation company, ruled imperially. My mother was queen, and we, quite naturally, princesses. "What shall I call the King when I get to England?" I had asked my mother before we sailed. "Shall I call him 'Your Majesty' or 'George'?"

It was a shock, therefore, when we reached England to find that we did not know the King, that we were just ordinary middle-class children, not special or interesting in any way. And soon Ruth and I, torn—as we regarded it—from Father and Mother, who, to make it worse, seemed to take it as a matter of course, were sent to St. Monica's. It was the end of our childhood. In the photograph, our mouths are slightly open, which gives us the look of two little fishes, gasping. "Queer fishes, out of water," said Sister Irene.

We must have looked very queer. The coats of the school uniforms we had been given were thicker than anything we had ever worn before, and we moved stiffly in them, like marionettes; their dark blue made us look even sallower than we were; it was the first time we had ever worn gloves, and we held our fingers straight out in our new brown kids. "Curl your fingers *round*," said Sister Irene. "Unbend them." Our noses and eyes were swollen and pink with weeping and cold, and our pie-dish hats would not sit down properly on our curly hair. "That hair must be tied *back*," said Sister Irene, and before she took us downstairs, she plaited it for us.

IT was to be one of Ruth's and my disgraces that we did not know how to plait. My hair soon adapted itself, but Ruth's obstinately curled in its braid; it was a real pigtail. Ruth was older, less adaptable than I; she was thirteen and I was twelve, and the school was altogether harder for her than for me.

"Why do we have to go to school?" we had asked desperately when the news was broken to us in India. "Why in England, not India?"

We learned our own answer to that last, at St. Monica's; it was because of the Climate and the Accent. The torrid heat of India had made us undersized, thin, and sickly, we were told. We spoke, it seemed, in a clipped singsong way that the other children called "chichi." Sister Margaret, our form mistress, said it was atrocious.

"In the merry month of May," Sister Margaret would say in smooth, bell-like tones.

"In th-merree-munt-ov-Maiee," we would say after her.

"No! No! No!" Sister Margaret would cry, and the whole form would shout with laughter. Soon, whenever we spoke we were corrected by everyone.

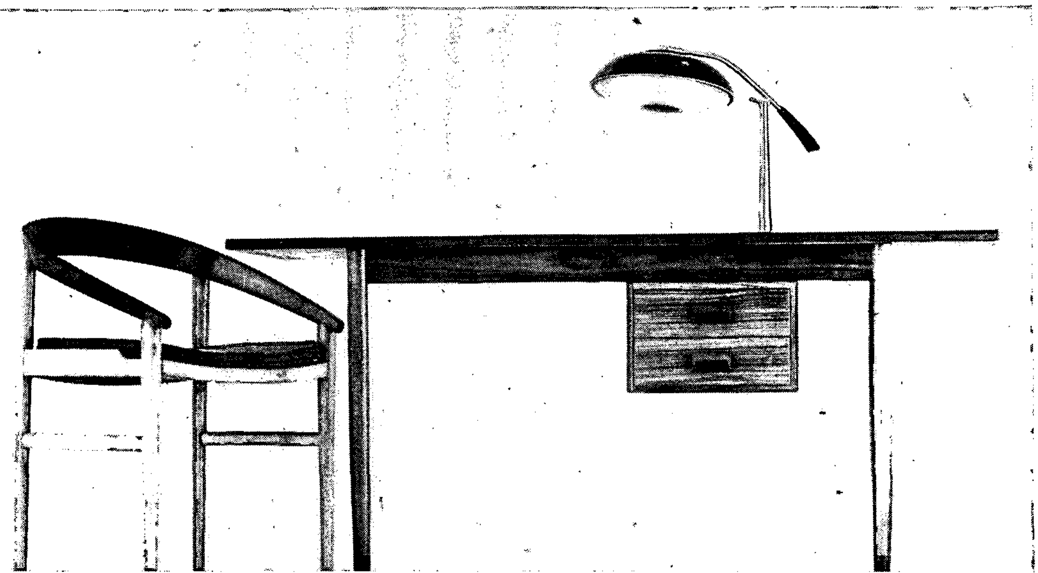
"If you live in a chichi place, no one knows you are chichi," Ruth sometimes said longingly.

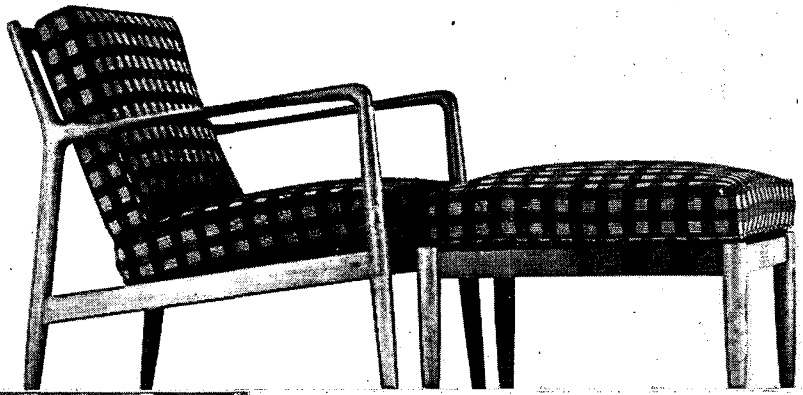
Every day, India seemed farther away, more beautiful and dear—that little town instead of this ugly village, our dear house with the high rooms and stone floors and heavy shutters, instead of this labyrinthine building with its red brick towers and its cross. We thought of our big garden, with the swing under the mango tree, that smelled of honey and sun; we saw the tangles of flowers there—morning-

From our new Scandinavian Furniture Collection . . .

Desk from Denmark . . . in beautifully grained teak with natural oil finish. 26" x 47" x 29" high. Sliding top with drop leaf extends to 63" to give additional space. **$144.** Chair in natural teak and oak, **$66.***

Brass and enamel desk lamp, **$30.**



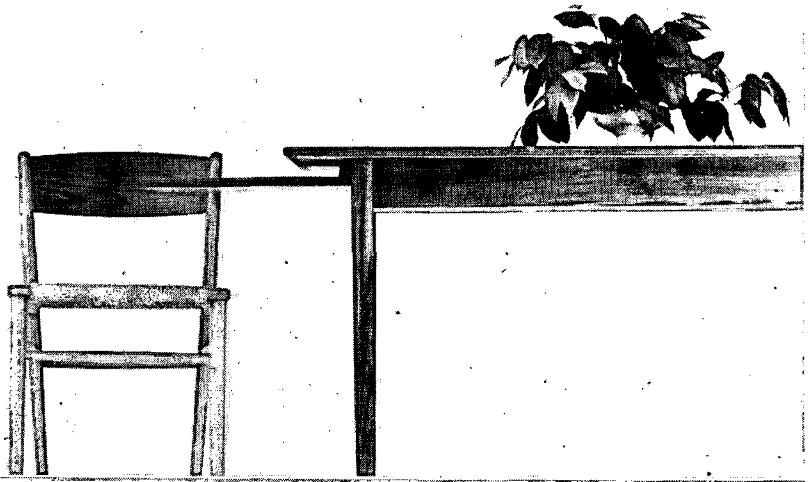


Easy chair and ottoman from Sweden. Beech in natural, sorrel or walnut finish. Foam rubber cushions, brass tip legs. Chair, **$128.***
Ottoman, **$52.***

Dining table from Denmark in natural oil finish teak. 35" x 52" x 29" high. Two 17" extension leaves store within table . . . can also be used as serving shelves. **$225.**

Teak and oak side chair with rush seat, **$45.** Matching arm chair, **$54.**

A complete decorating service is now available through this department. Write for illustrated folder.

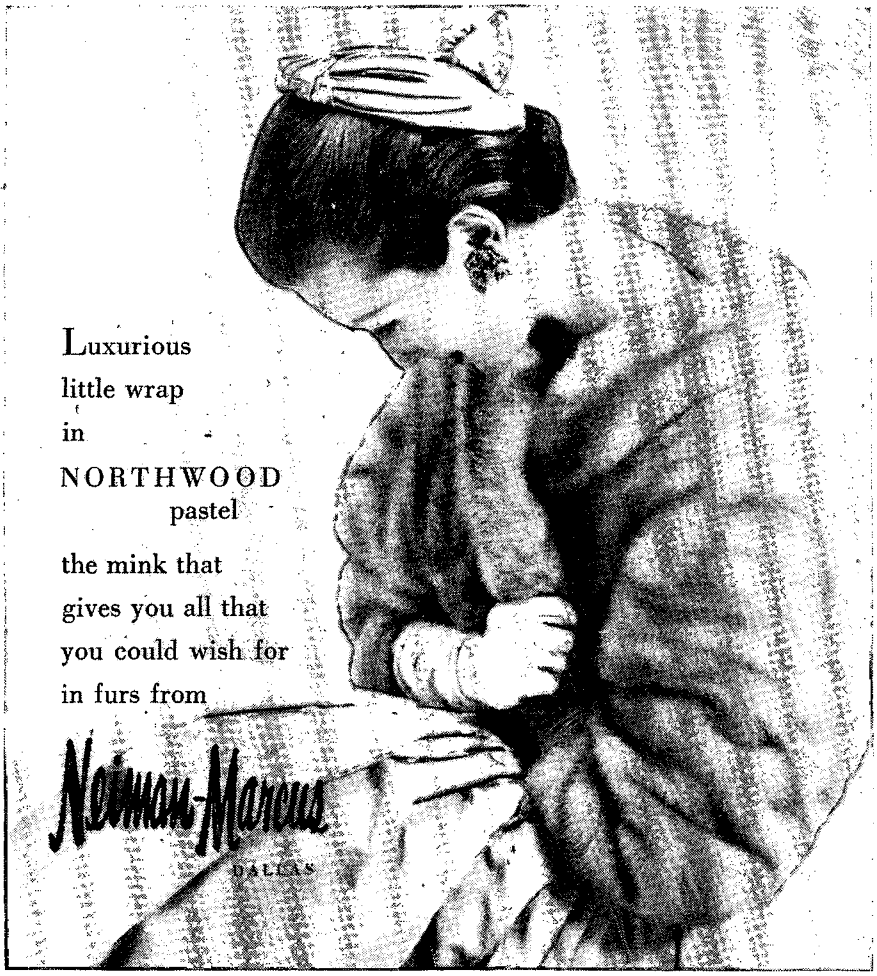


*PRICES QUOTED IN MUSLIN ONLY.

MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED — PL 1-2400

GEORG JENSEN INC.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22

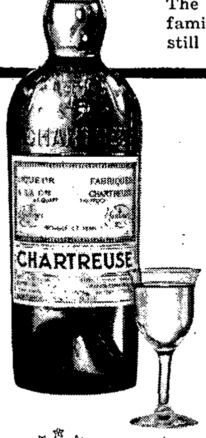

Luxurious
little wrap
in
NORTHWOOD
pastel
the mink that
gives you all that
you could wish for
in furs from
Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

the secret of CHARTREUSE

The Carthusian Monks developed Chartreuse Liqueurs from a treasured family recipe given them by Marshall d'Estrées in 1605. The liqueurs are still made by the Monks who gather the herbs near their Monastery.

In all the world, only four Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France know the secret formula of Chartreuse Liqueur. But connoisseurs the world over know its distinctive taste and its reputation as the "Queen of Liqueurs."

Chartreuse is versatile, too. Serve it over ice cream or fruit for an unusual dessert. Serve Yellow Chartreuse half-and-half with Scotch whisky for a Scotch fancier's liqueur. Chartreuse is available at your retailer in both fifth and tenth sizes.


LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE
Yellow—86 Proof Green—110 Proof

For a beautifully illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write—
Schieffelin & Co., Dept. F, 30 Cooper Square, New York, N. Y.

glory and quisqualis and jasmine and hibiscus and bamboo—instead of bare games-fields and gravelled walks and an asphalt playground. In India, we had had animals—the ponies and Sadie, the mongoose. We had had servants—our fat, useless, kind nurse, Moti Ayah, and Ram Prasad, the gateman, who was our best friend. Here there was no one for us to pet, no one to pet us.

St. Monica's was big, up-to-date, ugly, cheerful, and prosaic; it seemed unutterably chill and stark to us. It was a big block of a building, in which there were classrooms with long windows and deal furniture; a gymnasium, where we spent our recreation periods; a refectory with a red-tiled floor, white-washed walls, and a macabre picture of the Last Supper. There was a library, where only the big girls were allowed, which meant Ruth and I were shut out; a cloakroom with lockers, hooks, basins; and a drove of lavatories, where the doors did not quite come down to the floor. If you lingered in one to shed a few tears, a girl was sure to look underneath the door and see your tears and make fun of them. The dormitories were on the first and second floors, and were divided into cubicles by iron rails on which hung ghostly white curtains that we were allowed to draw only when we washed. This we did in the basin that was kept on a stand beside each bed. There was no privacy anywhere. A lay sister even sat in the bathroom while we had our twice-weekly baths.

The corridors had pale, green, distempered walls, along which stood marble statues of the saints. We were required to be silent in the corridors, and if we met a nun, we had to stand still until she had passed.

There were many niceties of behavior and attitude, all difficult to remember, and Ruth and I committed many solecisms. We did not know, for instance, whether we favored Oxford or Cambridge, or were Liberal or Conservative, or even whether we liked Winnie, the head girl, more than Cynthia, the games captain. "I don't like either of them," said Ruth to anyone who asked which she liked the better.

This was heresy. The whole school was divided into two factions over Winnie and Cynthia. Queues formed to kiss them good night. I would have liked to kiss Winnie, but I was too shy. "Winnie has pimples," Ruth said.

The school, peopled by black-and-white-robed nuns and blue-uniformed girls, was a world in itself, and anyone

in his hand

Wrap the big hand around the little hand . . . for now begins a little heart's journey into prayer. . . . the guide is Dad, the goal is a security not even he can provide.

But the pattern is security, and it is Dad's privilege to supply his part of it for the little hearts in his care.

In this binding, enclosing love life finds its finest answer.

The security of our homes is our worthiest goal. And providing it is a privilege unique in a country like ours, where each of us is free to choose his way.

And, think: The security that begins in *your* home, joined to that of other homes, builds the strength of America.

Saving for security is easy!
Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

Custom Tailors Chipp *Furnishers*

CHIPP TRAVELLERS ON THE ROAD

Periodically, during the year, Chipp representatives visit many cities to exhibit distinctive Custom Tailored and Special Cut Clothing for Men and Custom Made Clothing for Women. Also, at this time, Chipp carries a complete sample range of exclusive accessories for men. Listed below are the names of the cities, hotels and dates of our Fall showing up to and including our Christmas trip. Schedule for 1955 will be sent upon request.

CITIES • HOTELS • DATES
Atlanta • Dinkler Plaza • Sept. 18, Oct. 15-16, Nov. 12-13.
Baltimore • Southern • Oct. 9, Nov. 6.
Beverly Hills • Beverly Hills • Sept. 25, Oct. 30.
Buffalo • Statler • Sept. 27, Nov. 8, Dec. 20.
Charleston • Daniel Boone • Oct. 11, Nov. 8.
Charlotte • Charlotte • Oct. 21, Dec. 2.
Charlottesville • Univ. of Va. • Sept. 22-23, Oct. 27-28, Dec. 8-9.
Chicago • La Salle • Oct. 25-26-27, Dec. 6-7-8.
Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza • Oct. 20-21, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.
Cleveland • Statler • Sept. 23-24-25, Nov. 4-5-6, Dec. 16-17-18.
Columbia • Jefferson • Oct. 20, Dec. 1.
Dallas • Adolphus • Oct. 18-19, Dec. 6-7.
Danville • Danville • Sept. 20, Oct. 25, Dec. 6.
Denver • Albany • Oct. 21-22, Dec. 2-3-4.
Detroit • Sheraton Cadillac • Sept. 20-21, Nov. 1-2, Dec. 13-14.
Evansville • McCurdy • Oct. 28, Dec. 9.
Greensboro • O'Henry • Sept. 18, Oct. 23, Dec. 4.
Houston • Rice • Oct. 13-14, Nov. 26-27.
Indianapolis • Lincoln • Oct. 29-30, Dec. 10-11.
Los Angeles • Biltmore • Sept. 23-24, Oct. 28-29.
Louisville • Brown • Oct. 12-13, Nov. 9-10.
Lynchburg • Virginian • Sept. 21, Oct. 26, Dec. 7.
Memphis • Peabody • Oct. 14, Nov. 11.
Midland • Scharbaur • Sept. 27, Nov. 1.
Minneapolis • Radison • Oct. 4-5, Nov. 23-24, Dec. 13-14.
New Orleans • Roosevelt • Sept. 20-21, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 15-16.
Oklahoma City • Baltimore • Sept. 29-30, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 8-9.
Philadelphia • Bellevue-Stratford • Oct. 4-5, Nov. 1-2.
Philadelphia • Univ. of Penna. • Sept. 27-28, Nov. 1-2, Dec. 13-14.
Pittsburgh • William Penn • Oct. 18-19, Nov. 26-27 and 29.
Princeton • Princeton Inn • Sept. 29-30, Nov. 3-4, Dec. 15-16.
Richmond • Jefferson • Sept. 24, Oct. 29, Dec. 10.
Rochester • Sheraton • Sept. 28, Nov. 9, Dec. 21.
San Antonio • Gunter • Oct. 15-16, Nov. 29-30.
San Francisco • St. Francis • Sept. 20-21-22, Oct. 25-26-27.
Savannah • De Sota • Oct. 18-19, Nov. 29-30.
St. Louis • Chase • Sept. 18, Oct. 22-23, Dec. 2-3-4.
Toledo • Commodore Perry • Sept. 22, Nov. 3, Dec. 15.
Tulsa • Mayo • Oct. 1-2, Nov. 5-6, Dec. 10-11.
Washington, D. C. • Willard • Oct. 7-8, Nov. 4-5.
Wilmington • Du Pont • Oct. 6, Nov. 3.
Winston-Salem • Robert E. Lee • Oct. 22, Dec. 3.

In addition to our Custom Clothing and our Special Order Department, Chipp now offers Ready-Cut Clothing.

The Chipp Ready-Cut is designed with soft natural fronts, shoulders without padding and small lapels. All important details of the conservative styling for which we are well-known. A special selection of patterns will be maintained for this department. Model sizes will be available for try-on to determine proper fit. Ready-Cut Coat and Trousers from $85.00. Ready-Cut Jackets from $65.00. Also Special Order Coat and Trousers from $125.00. Special Order Odd Coat from $85.00. Custom Made Coat and Trousers from $160.00. Custom Made *Odd Jacket from $115.00.*

Chipp
14 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

who came from outside it—a mother or a workman—looked quite funny. The day was measured by a bell. Sister Irene rang it at intervals, up and down the corridors, starting at seven in the morning. Each morning, we had to get up, strip our beds, and be standing beside them before the seven-o'clock bell had finished ringing. That sudden impact with the morning—the cold and the dark and the noise—was like a nightmare to Ruth and me. It stunned us for the rest of the day. Having exposed ourselves, we were allowed to get water in our basins, go into our cubicles and pull our curtains, and wash and dress.

Our fingers were always stiff and cold, and we were not used to wearing so many clothes, so when the ten-minute dressing period was over and the girls lined up, in the corridor outside our dormitory, Ruth and I were usually late. We were buttoned wrongly and our hair was not done. "I suppose you had an ayah to help you dress," Sister Irene would say, twisting us around and plaiting our hair with her quick fingers, while the Juniors, little girls of nine and ten, giggled.

"We had an ayah," Ruth would answer, "but she didn't help us dress. She didn't have to. In India, people are not in a hurry. There is time to dress, and it is warm."

Warm! Under Sister Irene's hands I would shut my eyes and think of home. I felt sun, warm in the puffs of wind that brought a hot, sweet scent of the flowers, like yellow fuzzballs, growing on the thorn trees in our garden. I smelled sun on grass and leaves. I felt warm dust under my bare feet, and the house stones hot with sun.

I HAVE seen many headmistresses, some of them awe-inspiring, since those days, but I have never seen one as awful, in the literal sense of the word, as the Sister Superior of St. Monica's, Sister Laura Mary. It is strange to think of a nun's being arrogant and unkind, but she was both. I suppose she was chosen as a disciplinarian and the Order thought her good at heart. She was not good at heart. Even to look at her made one afraid. She was a big, choleric woman with a red face. She had curiously soft and puffy cheeks, which, when she was angry—and she was often angry—seemed to swell. Fortunately, she was usually remote, like God; she read prayers, and at the midday meal she sat in a chair with a high back, like a throne, at the center of one side of the head table. The rest of the time, she stayed in her study, and at

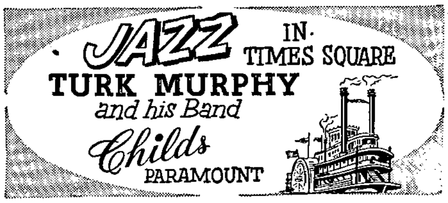
EXTRA LARGE
FURNISHED APARTMENTS
in the Lombardy Hotel

AIR-CONDITIONING AVAILABLE
MAID AND LINEN SERVICE
SERVING PANTRIES
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
DECORATOR DESIGNED FURNITURE
THE LAURENT RESTAURANT
•
Several choice apartments available for immediate occupancy and others for Oct. 1 on annual lease. 1 room apts. from $300, 2 rooms from $475 per month.

111 East 56 St.
off Park Ave. N.Y.C.
Please call Miss Taylor
PLaza 3-8600

"ON THE WAY" at Grand Central
Rough Rider Room
Cocktail Lounge
Famous for "OVERSIZE" COCKTAILS
Luncheon • Dinner
Late Snacks
Hotel ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET

India House
Long Island's Foremost Restaurant
Lunch • Dinner • Supper
Private Banquet Facilities
2 MERRICK RD.
COR. BELLMORE AVE.
BELLMORE, L.I. SUNSET 5-1929



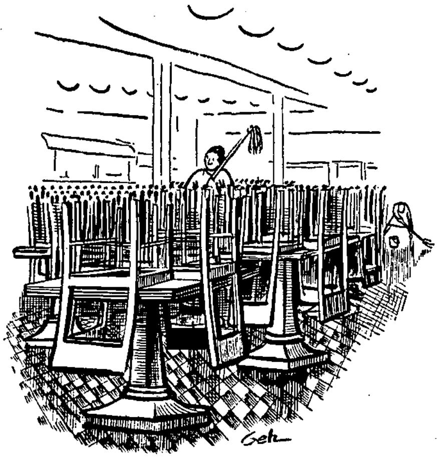
JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
TURK MURPHY
and his Band
Childs
PARAMOUNT

four o'clock one of the prefects carried her a tray of tea. Sister Laura Mary's might could be measured by the fact that these dazzling great girls, the prefects, waited on her. When she made announcements at prayers, Winnie stood at her right side, handing her papers, and Cynthia stood at her left with the games lists. If, in those days, I ever pictured God with the Archangels Gabriel and Michael, I am sure I saw them as Sister Laura Mary and Cynthia and Winnie.

From the very first, there was trouble between Sister Laura Mary and Ruth. "There is a time and a place for everything," the Sister once said to Ruth, in reproof.

Ruth looked at her with sincere and thoughtful eyes. "But it takes time to learn the places," Ruth said gently.

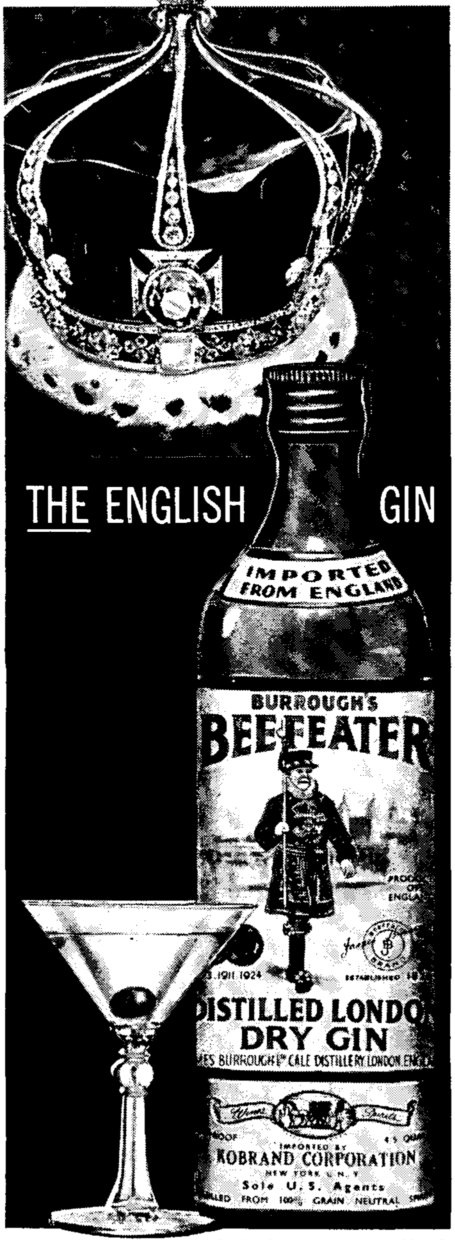
Ruth had more order marks—more demerits—than I, chiefly because she was more loyal to our upbringing, and more honest. I found ways of avoiding trouble, and I tried to help her avoid it, too, but this was not allowed; the slow, the weak, the timid had to be left as victims of themselves. St. Monica's was a convent school, founded on religion. Twice a day we went to chapel, three times a day the Angelus sounded through the school, and we also had prayers in the big gymnasium every day. Sister Laura Mary read the lessons. "Blessed are the meek," read Sister Laura Mary. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise . . . God hath chosen the weak . . . things which are despised, hath God chosen. . . ." Florence, a little, feeble-minded, weak girl, was very much despised by the whole school, and Sister Laura Mary treated her with heart-rending coldness. "But many that are first shall be last; and the last first," read Sister Laura Mary, yet the work and life of the school, its conduct and lessons and games, followed quite opposite precepts. There was a scramble to be first, to be best, to be successful, and it was



THE MAN FROM "BRIGADOON" IS HERE . . . He's no relation to that other soft-drinking bearded chap you've seen in the ads. His name is Commander K. D. Iain Murray, of the ancient Scottish Murray clan. He's the technical adviser to M-G-M on the spectacular new musical about love in the Highlands, BRIGADOON. He's casting a technical eye on Cyd Charisse, as who wouldn't. BRIGADOON was a big Broadway hit. Now, in CinemaScope and Color, and from the same producer-director-writer team that gave you the Academy Award winner, "An American In Paris", it's the very best in entertainment. Watch for New York Premiere.

M-G-M presents in Color and CinemaScope "BRIGADOON" starring GENE KELLY VAN JOHNSON • CYD CHARISSE with Elaine Stewart • Barry Jones • Albert Sharpe Screen Play, Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner • Music by Frederick Loewe • Color by Ansco • Directed by Vincente Minnelli • Produced by Arthur Freed • An M-G-M Picture

CROWN JEWELS..and



BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER GIN

Beefeaters are the very special guardians of Britain's Crown Jewels in the Tower of London—for over 700 years, a British emblem of distinction.
Beefeaters are also very special Martinis—uncommonly dry, clear Martinis made with brilliant Beefeater Gin (Produced in London, appreciated the world over, since 1820.)

Imported from England
by Kobrand Corporation, N. Y. 1, N. Y.
94 Proof, Distilled from Grain

shameful to be last, to be slow, to be weak, to be little. "What, Ruth, last *again!*" Sister Margaret would say, and, "Do you want to be like a *Junior?*"

Life at St. Monica's was like the game of musical chairs we played on feast days; when the music stopped, you had at all costs to get yourself a chair. Ruth and I were quite hopeless at it, especially Ruth. She would stand politely and let anyone take her chair, even a Junior. "But she is little," Ruth would say, and the other girls would tell her angrily not to be a fool.

Still, there was something, we began to learn, that reconciled the extremes of Biblical injunction and common practice; it was called "being a sport." "You and your sister really must learn to be sports," said the mighty Cynthia to me.

Probably no two children who ever went to school were less of sports than we. To begin with, we were shocking cowards. The first day I was on the hockey field, a ball hit me on the chin and I cried. After that, I would not play. It did not seem sense to me. "The ball's too hard," I said.

"You mustn't say that," said Cynthia, appalled.

"But it *is* too hard," I said.

"It's hard, but you mustn't *say* it," said Cynthia. "You must be a sport."

It was hopeless. Ruth and I were not sports, and we were telltales. When Sister Margaret asked who had overturned an inkpot or scribbled on the blackboard, Ruth or I answered obligingly, "Greta Robinson," or "Mary Smith." How were we to know that Greta or Mary would be made to stand on the rostrum in the gymnasium in front of everybody, or be sent to bed with the Juniors, or have dry bread for tea? When, in India, my father had asked "Who did this?" and the answer was "Ruth," or "Rumer," as the case might be, nothing ever happened. The Indian way of bringing up children could be summed up as "Love them and leave them alone." Perhaps, through living in India, our parents had adopted a little of that, but here nobody loved us and nobody left us alone.

We were not even allowed to walk alone. When the school went out walking, it went two by two, and as no one else ever chose to walk with Ruth or me, we would wait with the other rejects until a nun paired us off. Ruth walked either with the nun or with a Chinese girl, Ansie, who spoke very little English and was even more sullen and silent than Ruth and I. I usually had Florence, who never spoke. I grew

MR. WILLIAM B. LEWIS, PRESIDENT OF KENYON & ECKHARDT, INC., USES OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY DESIGN FOR THE "MODERN LIVING" ADVERTISEMENTS FOR LINCOLN MOTOR CARS. FOR HIS OWN OFFICE HE SELECTS FURNITURE BY LEHIGH.

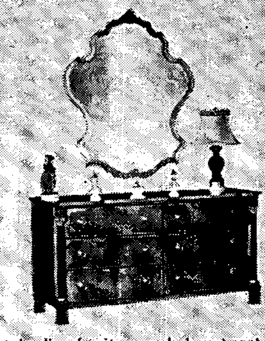
SEE THE
LEHIGH MODULAR GROUP
AT THE FOLLOWING DEALERS:

Baltimore, Lucas Brothers
Boston, C. B. Swift Co.
Boston, L. J. Peabody Office Furniture
Brockton, South Shore Office Supply & Equipment
Chicago, Interior Design, Inc.
Chicago, Mandel Bros., (Contract Dept.)
Dallas & Houston, Finger Office Equipment Co.
Denver, The W. H. Kistler Stationery Co.
Detroit, Ideas, Inc.
Montreal & Toronto, Mitchell, Houghton, Ltd.
New York, Business Equipment Sales
New York, Desks, Inc.
New York, Itkin Bros.
New York, Samuel Lakow & Sons
Toledo, Lewis Business Furniture Co.
Washington, D. C., Stern Office Furniture

LEHIGH
FURNITURE CORPORATION
16 EAST 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22
ALSO SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 67

happy choice in BERMUDA
THE Castle Harbour
HOTEL . . . Golf, Beach and Yacht Club
Bermuda's largest seaside resort, 180-acre estate . . . largest private beach, pool, all sports . . . adjoins championship Mid-Ocean golf course . . . 300 outside rooms with sweeping views . . . shops.
Howard F. Hohl, *Gen. Mgr.*
Beautiful color folders are available
See your ***Travel Agent*** *or*
William P. Wolfe Organization, Rep.
Dept. N.Y., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36, N.Y.
Also Boston, Phila., Cleveland, Chi. & Toronto

CONSULATE *bedroom*



At leading furniture and department stores.
Send 3-cent stamp to Dept. N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

quite fond of her; I could tell her stories and, because she was silent, the stories were not interrupted.

The girls in front of us or the girls behind us must have listened to my stories, and soon I was being asked to tell them—especially stories about India—at recreation time, in the garden breaks, and during the sewing hour. It was so intoxicating to be suddenly interesting that success went to my head. I said everything the other girls wanted to hear about India—I told about rajahs, elephants, howdahs, faithful brown servants, curries, tigers, and snakes. It led to trouble. "With his foot on the python, my father looked up," I was saying one day. "He looked up and saw not one but *three* tigers. . . ."

"That's not true," said a girl with some sense.

"I swear it's true," I said, and there was Sister Irene and she beckoned me.

"Come with me," said Sister Irene.

Feeling very small and chilled, I went. The nuns used public opinion as a rod. As a branded liar, I was told to wear my class badge upside down.

"All people are liars," said Ruth when she saw it, and turned her badge upside down, too. She was told she must not, but she still did it, and she was sent to Sister Laura Mary.

"This spirit must be broken," Sister Laura Mary told her. Ruth was sent to bed with the Juniors, and, as an extra punishment, neither of us was allowed to take part in the school operetta, "H.M.S. Pinafore." We and Florence and Ansie spent rehearsal time in a classroom, with a lay sister called Boots in charge. I had at first thought it was her real name, and had called her by it until Sister Irene heard me and reproved me. But Boots never minded being called Boots. Almost like Moti Ayah, at home, she never minded what we said or did, and these were the most peaceful times of the week. The sounds of "Little Buttercup" or "His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!" came only dimly to our ears. Boots let us sit, warm and quiet and peaceful, near the fire, and we could read, or make Christmas cards.

THAT first school term was only eleven weeks long, but if it had been eleven years Ruth and I could not have learned more of sadness and duplicity. It was autumn, and as we slowly blackened our characters, the English weather grew more colorless and more wintry. At first there were October days when, with the leaves turning and the air clear, England had

NEW . . . Dacron and Egyptian Cotton
All-Weather Coat **by ALLIGATOR**

50% Dacron
plus
50% Egyptian Cotton
equals
100% SMART
PROTECTION

See the new, all new, Alligator Galecloth . . . never before a fabric like this!

Set your sights high and you'll still be agreeably surprised . . . for here's the most luxurious, smoothest, nicest fabric you've ever seen for a raincoat. Dacron* and fine combed Egyptian Cotton are combined to get the best performance from each. New lightweight luxury for rain, wind, chill!

And the coat *looks* so smart . . . *feels* so comfortable . . . and gives *real* rain protection! It's the kind of coat you'll be *eager* to wear in *any* weather.

Durable Water Repellency!
Delightfully Lightweight!
Exceptional Wrinkle Resistance!
Amazing Strength! Holds Its Shape!
All Dacron and Cotton, Including Sleeve Linings and Yoke!
Can be Dry Cleaned or Washed!

$24.75
Coacher Model $25.75
Trench Model $28.75
Other Alligator Coats from $8.50

BETTER STORES FEATURE:
Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS
THE BEST NAME IN RAINWEAR

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

*DuPont's Polyester Fiber

"I drink all the coffee I want...

I get all the sleep I need!"

DON'T STOP DRINKING COFFEE... JUST STOP DRINKING CAFFEIN!

IF you've been losing precious sleep at night, don't give up coffee. Just give up *caffein*—for it's the nerve-jangling caffein in ordinary coffee that can keep you tossing and turning.

Make the wise move millions have made. Switch to New Extra-Rich Sanka Coffee. It's one of today's most flavorful coffees, and it's 97% caffein-free—gives you all the *goodness* of fine coffee, yet *can't* keep you awake. Try it!

Products of General Foods

DELICIOUS IN EITHER INSTANT OR REGULAR FORM

INSTANT SANKA COFFEE
SANKA COFFEE

NEW EXTRA-RICH

SANKA COFFEE

It's delicious! It's 97% caffein-free!
It lets you sleep!

seemed, though cold, beautiful to us. But November was gray; the rain beat down in long, hard needles, or else there was fog and damp. Before long, it was December, and winter.

A good deal of our misery was physical. Ruth had a cough, and we both had head colds and chilblains. We looked at our swollen purple hands in horror. I had piano lessons with Sister Loyola, and when she made me stretch my hands, the chilblains cracked and bled. Sister Irene tried to make us hardy. She gave us malt and cod-liver oil, but the mixture was as difficult to get down as the school food, and the taste stayed in our throats.

From the beginning, we had disliked the food. "What *is* it?" we asked, the first time we saw one of the puddings—suet encasing rhubarb, or suet with raisins. We were not being captious; we really wanted to know, and though we did not believe the answers the other girls gave us—"Dead baby," "Spotted dog"—they made it harder to eat the puddings.

Perhaps the cold made us stupid as well as miserable. St. Monica's was noted for its thorough teaching and good examination results, and we toiled at our lessons most of the day. If I was backward, Ruth was more backward still. I burned with pity for Ruth; everyone's marks and class position were read out at prayers every Monday morning. The bottom of our class was always the same: Florence was the lowest, then Ansie, then Ruth, and then me. "And Florence is mentally deficient," Sister Margaret pointed out to us. "And Ansie cannot speak English."

Ruth seemed to have fallen into a paralysis. In India, taught by Father, she had been good at lessons; now, listening to her stumbling, frightened replies, I could not believe that this was Ruth. I did not wonder that Sister Margaret grew impatient. I managed a little better than Ruth. I had a parrot quickness that she, who was more honest, did not possess. I found that the way to cope with literature was to learn it by heart. I could gabble,

You-all-do-know-this-mantle-I-remember-
The-first-time-ever-Caesar-put-it-on.
'Twas-on-a-summer's-evening-in-his-tent-
That-day-he-over-came-the-Nervii.

"Who are the Nervii?" Ruth would ask.

"It doesn't matter," I would say.

I also learned, very artfully and cleverly, to cheat. I used to look at the

A TRULY DISTINGUISHED ADDRESS

Beautifully furnished 2 & 3 room suites now available—complete hotel service—monthly or yearly lease. In the heart of the most fashionable residential area of Manhattan.

HOTEL Westbury

Famous Polo Bar & Restaurant

MADISON AVE. AT 69TH ST.

KNOTT HOTEL

John C. Sandham, Mgr.
Phone LEhigh 5-2000

WIDMER'S
WIDMER'S New York State Cocktail Sherry
VERY PALE & DRY
Widmer's Wine Cellars Inc. Naples, New York

ONE OF 40 FINE WINES from the famous Widmer Cellars

serving cocktails?

... don't overlook

COCKTAIL SHERRY

VERY PALE and DRY

WIDMER'S New York State WINES

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

MEN! WE FIT W-I-D-E FEET!

E to EEEE Only Sizes 5 to 13

Real comfort at last for w-i-d-e feet! We specialize in wide sizes and offer you styles you like to wear but can't find in the width you need. Fine dress shoes, work shoes, casuals, smart hand-sewn genuine moccasins. Top quality. Popular prices.

Hitchcock
WIDE SIZE SHOES
FALL 1954

FREE CATALOG Write Today

Money Back Guarantee

Not sold in stores. Write for FREE catalog today. No obligation!

HITCHCOCK SHOES, Hingham 4, Mass.

BEGIN YOUR DANCING FUN *now!*

Join a FRED ASTAIRE DANCE CLUB

$2

Send in your $2 membership fee with this ad for two free private lessons, dance party and special privileges.

▶ FRED ASTAIRE DANCE STUDIOS ◀
Fred Astaire, Pres. Charles L. Casanave, V.P.
487 PARK AVE. AT 59TH, N. Y. PL 9-5800

work of the girls next to me and copy. Sister Margaret was taken in and thought I was improving. "That's the way," she once said encouragingly.

But Ruth said afterward, "One day you'll be found out."

It seemed all too probable, but I was so unhappy already I did not think it would make any difference. All the same, I worried about it. For the first time, I learned what it was to lie awake at night. There was a big clock down in the gymnasium, which chimed every quarter hour. I used to lie and listen to quarter after quarter, and then to the slow striking of the hour: One o'clock, and then another long, long waste of quarters; two, and sometimes I heard a little sound from Ruth, but we dared not speak to one another. All around us, girls were sleeping and breathing lustily; far away on the meaningless map were Father and Mother, Moti Ayah, Ram Prasad—India. Tears used to trickle down my nose and soak the pillow. "Sick for home"—I was only twelve, but to the depths of my being I found out what those words meant.

PERHAPS the greatest shock to Ruth and me was that Father and Mother seemed to take it for granted we should be unhappy. "School is always like that at first," wrote Mother blithely.

"You will get used to it, then you will like it," wrote Father.

"Like it!" said Ruth, as if she had been stung. "I shall never forgive them for this. Never!"

It was the first time we had believed that your father and mother could be against you. And then, with great love and tenderness, they made things worse.

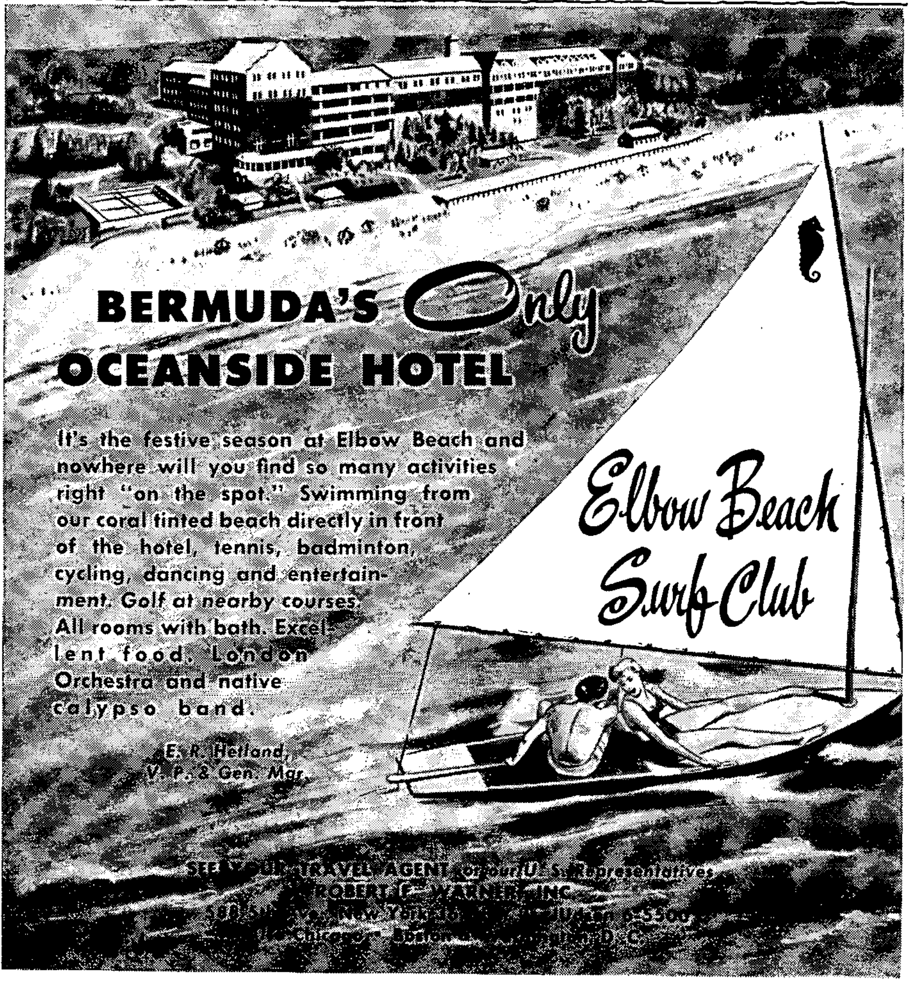
They decided that perhaps the religious life of the school was a little too strict—that this was what made us unhappy. As a matter of fact, the religion was one of the few things there we really understood. There had been no Christian church near us in India, but we had seen plenty of religion and it seemed to us entirely natural. In the general austerity and chill of St. Monica's, the color and warmth of its chapel were beautiful; there were stained glass and lace, deep-crimson carpets, lighted candles, and music. The nuns and choir sang, we thought, like angels, and the religion itself was romantic. For chapel, all the girls wore little round blue caps, like medieval pages', and, on Sundays, black net veils, which made us feel like madonnas or nuns. Feast days were especially glorious; lessons were interrupted and there were processions and chapel at odd times. Now our mother wrote

we found the lost cord...

Fallcord, to warm an old or under grad through a game and through the winter. Corduroy, of course, but like none other: an exceptional fabric, cut naturally. Proper on campus, in the country and for week-end wear. Eight shades, including new black green, black grey, khaki and autumn brown. Colorfully lined with repp cotton. Suit, **$37.50**; Jacket, **$25**; Slacks, **$12.50**; Walking Shorts, **$10.50**.

MINIMUM WEIGHT MAXIMUM COMFORT
GORDON OF PHILADELPHIA

N. Y.....Lord & Taylor, College Shop
Atlanta .....Rich's
Chicago .....Baskin
Dallas .....Neiman-Marcus
Indianapolis.....L. S. Ayres
Madison.....MacNeil & Moore
Philadelphia.....Jacob Reed's Sons
Pittsburgh.....Hughes & Hatcher
San Francisco...Robert Kirk, Ltd.
St. Louis.....Boyd's
Washington.....Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Williamstown.....House of Walsh
For other stores write: Norbert M. Ford, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.


BERMUDA'S Only OCEANSIDE HOTEL

It's the festive season at Elbow Beach and nowhere will you find so many activities right "on the spot." Swimming from our coral tinted beach directly in front of the hotel, tennis, badminton, cycling, dancing and entertainment. Golf at nearby courses. All rooms with bath. Excellent food. London Orchestra and native calypso band.

E. R. Hetland,
V. P. & Gen. Mgr.

Elbow Beach Surf Club

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or our U. S. Representatives
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
588 5th Ave., New York 36 [illegible] JUdson 6-5500
[illegible] Chicago • Boston • [illegible] D. C.

Peregrinations OF A Gourmette★

Husband Jim and I were recently reminded what a distinct charm the serving of more imaginative legumes lends to a thoughtful table as side courses. Our hostess at dinner had served a veritable round of the most delectable imported vegetables . . . Petit Pois à la Rochambeau, sweet tiny peas which Cresca delicately flavors with onions and herbs. Then, remarkable French Asparagus by Cresca . . . thick wonderful white stalks that reminded me so much of my days in Provence. Forgot to mention that another delight in the meal was our soup course . . . Cresca's Knorr-Swiss Consommé Célestine—a rich clear broth with tiny tender crêpes. And the highlight of all was Cresca's Escargot de Bourgogne . . . those heavenly little snails from France . . . tucked away with garlic in their own shells. It's the kind of dish you'll find as much a part of gracious dining as candlelight, silver and fine linen . . . and another Cresca treat.

★*Never heard of a Gourmette? Well, it's our designation for a lady who knows good taste . . . and where to find it . . .*

Cresca OF COURSE!

IMPORTERS • CRESCA • 111 EIGHTH AVE., NEW YORK 11

to Sister Laura Mary asking for us to be excused from the services.

For the nuns, this was the last straw. Offended and shocked, they shut us out. Now we were really outcast; even the Juniors went to chapel, even Florence. And Ansie, missionary trained, was devout; she had a Chinese Bible that she read from the back to the front. Ruth and I were horribly and conspicuously alone. Sister Laura Mary would announce, "Tomorrow is the second Sunday in Advent. The whole school will attend Matins at eleven—except the Goddens," or "There will be Vespers after tea tonight for everyone except the Juniors—the Juniors and the *Goddens*." If she had said "the *barbarians*," she could not have sounded more scornful, and we burned in our heathen shame.

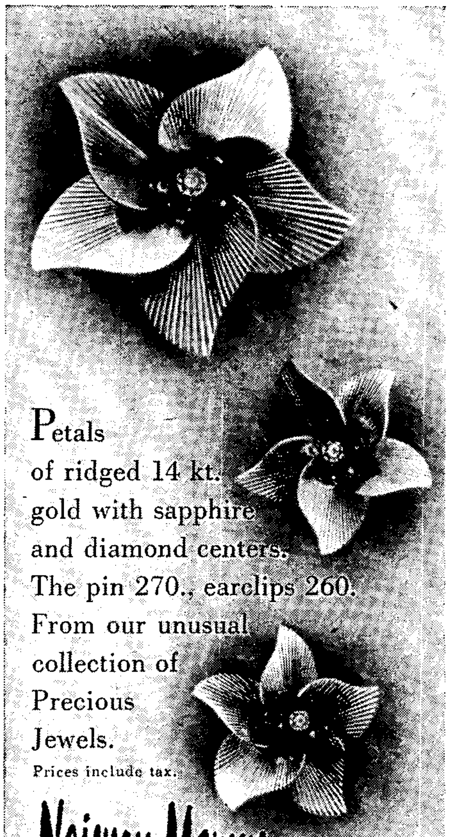
WILLY-NILLY, we spent more and more time with Boots. With the foreign girl and the deficient one, we were beginning to sink down under a weight of degradation when there came the day Ruth had her famous battle with Sister Laura Mary.

One afternoon of a rehearsal day, the five of us were in a big, empty classroom when the door opened and in swept Sister Laura Mary. Like rabbits on springs, Boots, Ansie, Ruth, and I shot to our feet and stood; Florence gave her silly, slow smile but sat still. "Stand up!" Sister Laura Mary snapped at her. Florence looked bewildered, and Boots pulled her up.

Sister Laura Mary had a visitor with her—an old priest, who seemed very small and frail beside the big nun. He was dressed in a black cassock and biretta; he wore pince-nez and black woollen gloves; and when he spoke, his voice sounded as if it rustled. He smiled at us and said faintly, "So these are some of the dear girls?"

Sister Laura Mary's glance swept over us (nothing of Sister Laura Mary's ever moved, it swept); her eyes swept over the humble Boots, the glowering Chinese, over Florence and Ruth and me. Perhaps Florence, with her smile, her chin that was always a little wet with saliva, her round blue eyes and stringy hair, exasperated her. "These are the scum of the school," said Sister Laura Mary.

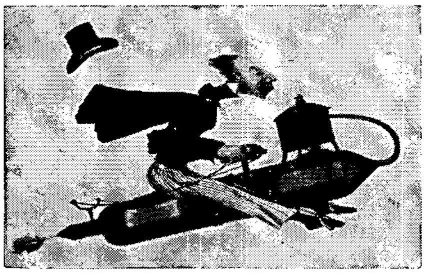
Boots looked at the floor, Ansie did not understand, Florence smiled, I went scarlet, as I always did, but Ruth put up her hand. She held it up unwaveringly. Sister Laura Mary did not take any notice, but the old priest did. He looked at the Sister and then at



Petals of ridged 14 kt. gold with sapphire and diamond centers. The pin 270., earclips 260. From our unusual collection of Precious Jewels.
Prices include tax.

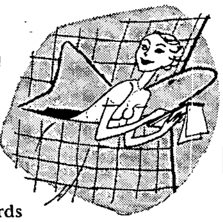
Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

THIS OLD PRINT SHOP



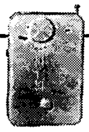
is like no other. Visit us to find old prints, one of a kind, of hundreds of subjects, amusing, colorful, charming, delightful.
Send 25c for September PORTFOLIO
The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

minifon
lives in your pocket



Goes anywhere unseen. Hears everything. Records and plays back dictation, conversation, notes, interviews, etc. 2½-hour recordings may be mailed as letters, edited, or erased and used over. For details, write to Dept. N, GEISS-AMERICA Chicago 45, Ill.

WORLD'S ONLY POCKET RECORDER complete $289.50



Ruth. There was a pause. Ruth continued to hold up her hand. At last, Sister Laura Mary said, "Well?"

"Please, Sister," said Ruth, breathing very quickly, "we are not scum."

There was silence. Sister Laura Mary's cheeks had swelled; I could see white patches round Ruth's nostrils, and she quivered. Though my own cheeks were hot, I was cold with fear. I think Sister Laura Mary would have gone out, but the priest was standing between her and the door. He stood there looking at her. He looked steadily, without speaking. The silence went on, and presently Sister Laura Mary said to Ruth, in a voice like any schoolgirl, "I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have said that. No one is scum."

"Thank you, my daughter," said the priest, and they went out.

A YEAR later, another photograph was taken of Ruth and me. It was taken outdoors, and we were in our school clothes. In this picture, we are wearing our coats and gloves as if they fitted us easily, and our hats sit neatly on our pigtailed heads—plaited by ourselves—though Ruth's pigtail still curls. At that time, Ruth was Oxford, I was Cambridge. We were both Liberals. I liked Winnie, while Ruth, if she had ever admitted it, would most certainly have chosen Cynthia. The picture shows that we have grown taller and fatter, perhaps from Sister Irene's malt, and our mouths are firmly shut—two little fishes, breathing naturally through our gills and swimming in the sea.

—RUMER GODDEN

•

"There has been a sleight of hand performance by word of mouth from the beginning of this matter," Pollock charged. —*Monterey (Calif.) Peninsula Herald.*

One of these sleight-of-hand-to-mouth situations.

•

Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, announced it will construct a new shoe plant at Booneville, Miss.

The new facility, to be ready for production by spring of 1955, will have about 50,000 square feet.—*Wall Street Journal.*

That's a damn awkward beginning.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

KOZAK
AUTO DRY WASH
BATAVIA, N. Y.

(You will be glad this letter came, I feel sure.)

Attach $2.00 in bills . . . .

J&B
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

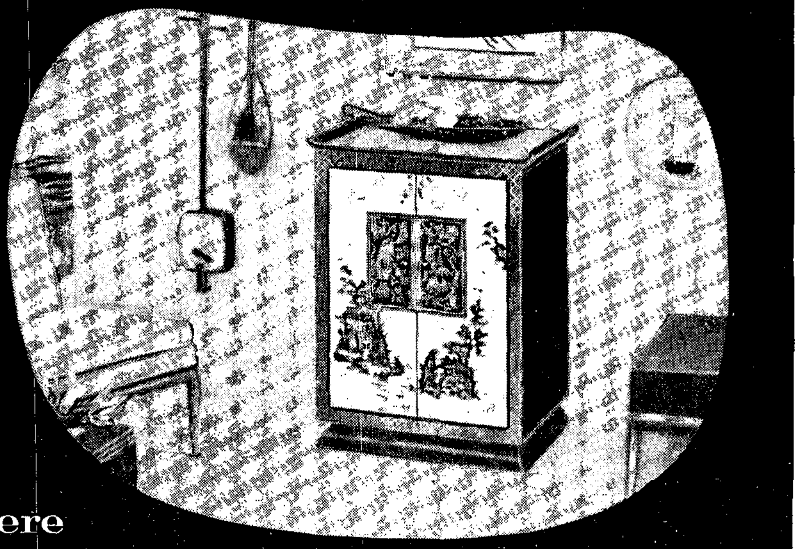
JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20



with exclusive PANORAMIC VISION...

"there is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON®"

THE CLASSIC—21 inch Panoramic Vision widest-view picture. Cabinet has hand painted Chinese legend design on ivory, red or ebony lacquer. The ultimate in fine television performance and decorator design.

Television models from $199.95 including excise tax and warranty. (Slightly higher in South and West) • STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

ANTIQUES
LASZLO

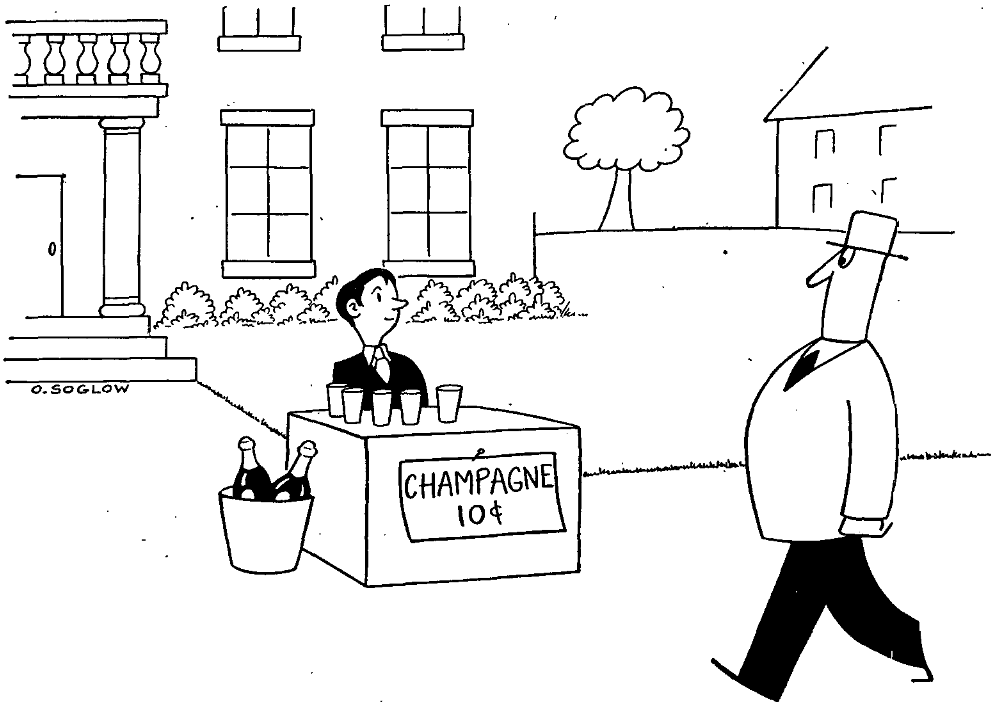
UNTIL recently, I fear, I have been sadly out of step with all those efficient women who have presumably laid the spectre of domestic drudgery for all time by turning things over to what are known as the major household appliances. Now, however, I have done some intensive investigating of new electrical contrivances, and, far from being bashful about speaking up for the good life on such short acquaintance, I am positively eager to testify, like the reformed sinner at a revival meeting, to the blessings I so stubbornly overlooked.

My first step on the road to progress was a call at the General Electric offices on East Forty-second Street, to see the company's most recent achievement—a portable dishwasher called the Mobile Maid—put through its paces. Since the only electric dishwasher I had been on any sort of terms with up to that time was an antique used mostly for keeping dishes out of the way until the cook could get around to washing them by hand, I had a certain skepticism about the Mobile Maid's performance, and this had prompted me to bring along, as a test case, an unwashed earthenware pudding dish that in my own, unmechanized kitchen would have required overnight soaking and the energetic application of steel wool. After reproving me with the warning that *no* automatic dishwasher should be expected to take on such a heavily encrusted utensil without a preliminary soaking, General Electric obligingly accepted my pudding dish, which was thereupon loaded into the Mobile Maid along with some less revolting crockery and cutlery, collected from the company's home-economics kitchen—glasses that had held milk, plates on which a salad had been eaten, a buttery meat platter, and some egg-spotted knives and forks. The dishwasher was then attached to the hot-water faucet of the sink, a double dose of detergent was fed into it, and the rinsing and washing cycle, which takes twenty minutes, began. After the last rinsing water had drained away and the washer's top had automatically opened, so that the dishes could dry in their own heat, my pudding dish was as immaculately clean as a teacup (I think even the G.E. demonstrator was surprised at this), the ten-cent-store glasses shone like crystal, and the silverware was bright and unspotted.

Having thus got my foot in the door by announcing what the Mobile Maid so dramatically does, I now propose to tell how it does it. Before I start on that, though, I had better explain that the machine's being portable, or at least rollable (it has large, ball-bearing rubber casters, and is easy to move around), and without fixed plumbing connections does not mean that it is not a full-size, standard-capacity dishwasher; it is. Its mobility merely allows it to be rolled to the table for loading, to cupboards for unloading, and, finally, to its allotted storage space beneath sink or work counter. Incidentally, doing away with a permanent plumbing connection saves a little matter of between $75 and $125 on installation charges, not to mention the fact that it gives a tenant the incontestable right to take the dishwasher along with him when he moves.

Two brand-new features of the dishwasher are an absolutely leakproof faucet connector, which snaps on or off the hot-water tap in a second, and a cup for the detergent that not only releases the required amount when the washing starts but, if heavily soiled dishes are involved and the operator has furnished enough detergent, automatically feeds in a second dose just when it is needed. This double helping of cleanser, together with the powerful action of the water (it pours across the dishes at the rate of fifty gallons per minute, although only six gallons are consumed during the entire process), is largely responsible for what is a highly satisfactory job of dishwashing, judged by any standards.

No supervision is necessary at any time during the operation, but to give you a clearer idea of what's going on in the machine, perhaps you had better follow, as I did, the complete washing cycle. First, there is a preliminary rinse, with or without the addition of some detergent, to loosen food particles. This lasts two and a half minutes. At the end of that time, and after the rinsing water has emptied into the sink, there is a second two-and-a-half-minute rinse. Then comes the vigorous detergent washing, which removes the more stubborn stuff; this takes six and a half minutes, and after that there are two more rinses in fresh water, each lasting four and a quarter minutes. In watching all this, I noticed only one circumstance that might give the G.E. demonstrator an edge over anybody using the washer at home: the water from the G.E. tap was rather hotter than that found in the average kitchen. The directions that come with the Mobile Maid say that the water temperature should not be below a hundred and forty degrees, and I should guess that the water used in



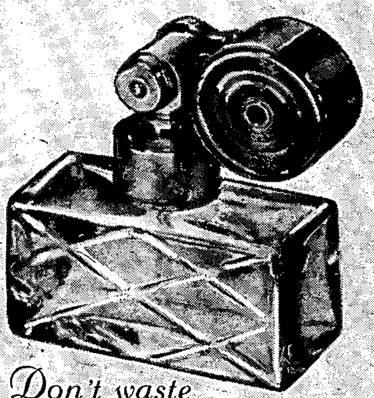
EAU
DE
COLOGNE
N°5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
N° 5 GARDENIA RUSSIA LEATHER N° 22 BOIS DES ILES
CHANEL

the demonstration was well above that. If you can't count on your hot-water supply, maybe you had just better keep on washing dishes by hand. It's true that G.E. prevents water from cooling in the machine by providing a circular heating unit at the bottom of the tub; this keeps the water as hot as it was when it came from the faucet, but isn't powerful enough to actually heat it. I might also mention that when the water hose isn't attached and the current is turned on, this coil makes the dishwasher an ideal plate warmer.

I shan't go into General Electric's claim that the portable can almost always clean such uncoöperative equipment as stove broilers and oven racks without a preliminary hand scrubbing. For all I know, the claim is perfectly valid; it's just that my fact-finding zeal stopped somewhere short of transporting such objects to East Forty-second Street, and, you understand, I am reporting only on what I saw. The dishwasher measures thirty-four inches high, twenty-two and a half inches wide, and twenty-three and a half inches from front to back, and it plugs into any hundred-and-fifteen-volt A.C. outlet. It costs $269.95 at Macy; the Harbek Company, 119 East 34th Street; the American Home Center, 616 Third Avenue (40th); the Hampton Sales Company, 108 East 28th Street; and, of course, at all other shops franchised to sell major General Electric appliances.

If you have recently had occasion to investigate, out of all the subjects calling for investigation in this investigation-happy world, the field of the home deep freeze, you must have observed that there is a definite trend toward the upright model and away from the original, chestlike freezer. It will be pointed out (at least by manufacturers of the uprights) that not only does the upright cabinet take up a good deal less floor space than the old chest but, because in many cases it is furnished with horizontal shelves that are provided with their own refrigerant coils, it offers the maximum amount of direct contact between the food and the freezing surface—an advantage that insures the rapid reduction of temperature essential in freezing any food successfully.

The Amana Society, which is a hundred-year-old religious community in Iowa and the largest producer of home freezers in the world, introduced the first uprights on the market, and has now brought out a model that not only includes all the usual attributes of the



Marcel Franck
THE FINEST ATOMIZERS IN THE WORLD

Don't waste your precious perfume!

Spray it on. Smart women always do. It is *the* way to get more pleasure — and actually more fragrance—from every drop.

The atomizer to use is a Marcel Franck. Leak-proof and evaporation-proof, it is the perfect traveling companion or dressing table jewel.

MADE IN FRANCE 10.00-37.50

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

VELVET IS SO FLATTERING!

Smart too, for the cocktail hour and dining, with its long sleeves, slim waist, and scoop neck edged in white. In black and navy.

Sizes 8 to 10.

$69.95

Kathleen Inc.
118 East 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

Perfect tailoring plus superb imported flannel makes these Bermuda shorts something special! 100% wool in Charcoal Grey. Sizes 10 to 18. $18.95

The Bermuda Shop

554 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

JEWELS OF THE HOUR

RALPH SINGER CO.
656 N. Western Ave.
Chicago 12, Ill.

CORA CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

The Gentleman's Knize Ten Toilet Water

The Essence of Good Grooming

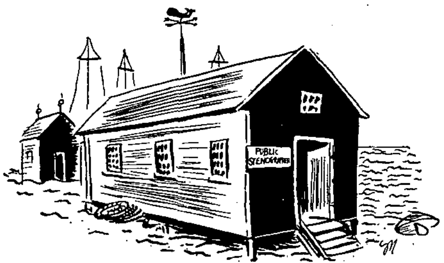
Toilet Water
3½ oz. $6.75
7 oz. $10.00
plus tax

The Gentleman's Knize Ten Toiletries

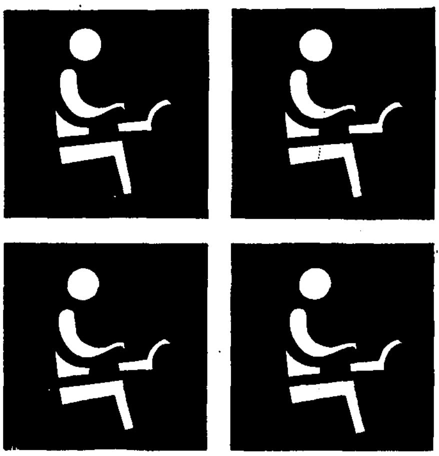
At fine stores
Mauvel Ltd. N.Y.C. Distributor

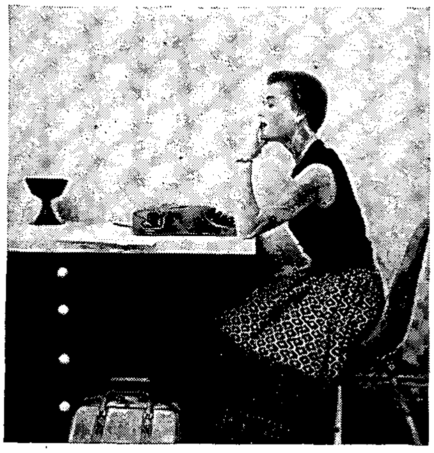
horizontal-shelf freezer but provides what must be one of the neatest and most practical arrangements for storing frozen food so far contrived. It consists of several vertical racks attached to the freezer door, in which food packages can be stored, one on top of another, as in vending machines for candy or cigarettes. When the bottom package is removed, the remaining packages drop a notch, making it certain that the first article put in is the first one used. This arrangement, in which all the stored items are completely visible, obviously does away at one ingenious stroke with the two inconveniences that have most often plagued users of home freezers—the necessity of dating and recording packages and the inability to find a particular one quickly.

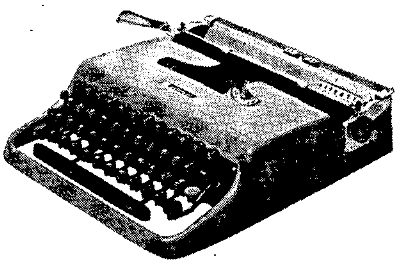
The 1954 Amana freezer I inspected the other day at the showrooms of the Amana Products Corporation, in Long Island City, was a fifteen-and-four-tenths-cubic-foot model, which holds five hundred and forty pounds of food. There is also a larger freezer (nineteen and six-tenths cubic feet), but because I didn't see it in operation, I shall confine my report to the smaller cabinet, which costs $599, at Gimbel. It has four freezing shelves, each equipped with coils, and additional coils at the top and bottom of the cabinet, to make six freezing surfaces, which provide a constant subzero temperature throughout the box. The door is fitted with six of the vertical racks, which will hold forty-eight of the standard-size frozen-food parcels sold in the stores, but the width of the racks is adjustable, so they can accommodate food packages of almost any size. Less sensational are two horizontal door racks—a shallow one for fruit juices and other small cans, and a deeper one for miscellaneous items. Besides all this admirable convenience, the design of the new Amana freezer has more grace than you might expect to find in so utilitarian an appliance, and I hate to introduce a carping note by complaining of some little rhinestonelike jewels that decorate a good-looking broad brass band across the front. This may be a worldly touch added by the Iowa religious community, against its



The portable portable, experienced travellers call it—yet the Olivetti "Lettera 22" is so sturdy, with so many big-typewriter features, that professional writers as well as students and business men choose it. (And personal correspondence in the unique "Lettera" type is as chic as it is distinctive!) The "Lettera 22", priced at $88 plus taxes including the smart two-tone carrying case, is available at Olivetti's own stores in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and at dealers in principal cities.







Olivetti Corporation of America
580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Dear OCA: Tell me more about your portable portable. Exactly what big-typewriter features? What's the Correcto-Space feature good for? Why an extra key? And where's my nearest Olivetti dealer? Sincerely,

Name............................

Street Address....................

City...............State.........

My occupation....................

For Only a Few

There is a priceless experience in store for a few . . . for only a few have, or will take time to enjoy it.

The experience is free; much like the inspiration of a lingering sunset, the first star at evening, or the laughter of children. To enjoy takes but the time and the mood.

The other day we talked with a man who had enjoyed this experience. Taking a boat from Sandusky, Ohio, he journeyed to the northernmost point of the U. S. in Lake Erie—Isle St. George. He found leaving the mainland much like departing a busy street and wandering into the virgin stillness of the forest. His introduction to the Isle St. George was similar to meeting a plain, honest face . . . nothing striking or magnificent—yet, the calmness of the lake waters and life itself on the island, told him here was balm for the excited brain . . . the security of being home after a long and tiresome journey.

Here, on this island, the finest Catawba grapes known to the wine industry are tenderly cultured and harvested. Here, something wonderful happens to grapes. Ideal climate and soil conditions conspire to create a longer-than-mainland growing season and draw life-giving moisture up through the island's sub-structure. From the Catawbas originating in this paradise, juice is taken to create the Prince of Wines—Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne.

You and I may never visit this island. But, we can sip of its romance and enchantment. We can create a mood of lasting good taste, in excellent taste, when we proudly pour Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne.

Always in good taste

The unforgettable good taste of Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne is always in *good taste*. There is no such thing as the "wrong" wine to serve. The enjoyment and ceremony of wine should be fun and not fancy. Just remember that *in* good company, serve Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne *for* good company. Normally, white table wines, like Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne, are served with seafood, chicken and other white meats . . . but you won't be off the good-taste-base to serve it with heavier and darker foods. "Which wine" is a matter of choice and taste—with Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne it's bound to be good taste! Another Meier's wine, Wild Mountain Blackberry. Have you tried it?

MEIER'S WINE CELLARS, INC.
SILVERTON, OHIO

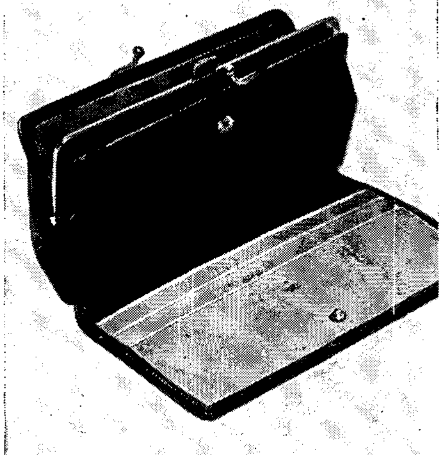
Owners of the World Famous Isle St. George Vineyards

(*Advertisement*)

better judgment, as a concession to what it conceives to be urban taste. In any case, it's certainly nothing that would put off any but the most finicky of aesthetes—assuming that finicky aesthetes shop for home freezers.

WHEN I first read the publicity releases about the 1954 Philco automatic refrigerator, the point that was stressed the most—a door opening two ways—seemed to me something dreamed up by a lively press agent eager for a talking point. I told myself that if a woman found it too onerous to reach around to the right—or the left—to open her refrigerator door, she might as well give up housekeeping altogether. I must admit, though, that when I saw the box, I was considerably impressed by its door, and now, after talking with several owners of the new Philco—women possessed of a wholesome skepticism in such matters—I am coming to believe that if a two-way refrigerator door is not of the first necessity in the home, it is at least a mighty handy thing. Not until you have lived with such a door—or at least visited with one—can you realize how many dozen times a day you are nearer to one side of the refrigerator than to the other when you want to open it, and how many steps are saved by being able to open it from either side. The handle of this ambidextrous wonder is ten and a half inches long, and V-shaped; it is set in the center front, and a slight pressure at either end of it opens the door on that side. With all this emphasis on a trick door, you might get the idea that I wasn't taken with what goes on inside the Philco automatic. To clear up any such misapprehension, I had better report on some of the refrigerator's more basic virtues. Well, for one thing, it automatically keeps its temperature between thirty-eight and forty-two degrees, regardless of the weather. Then, there is a new, automatic method of defrosting—or, rather, of preventing the accumulation of frost. This is accomplished by the continuous removal of excess moisture, and as far as I was able to judge, the process solves that vexing problem without making the air inside the box unduly dry. There is also a separately sealed and insulated freezing compartment, which quick-freezes at a temperature of twenty degrees below zero and has space for storing seventy pounds of frozen food at zero. The storage capacity of the whole box is ten and six-tenths cubic feet; it measures sixty and seven-eighths inches high, thirty inches wide, and thirty and a

MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th, N.Y. 22, N.Y.



On-The-Go Clutch Purse

Everything present and accounted for: money, cards, license (even lipstick and keys)—all in one place. Double frame with two compartments, three flat pockets (6½ x 3½"). Polished calfskin in red, green, black, brown, navy. Or tan pigskin. At $12.50 plus 10% excise tax.

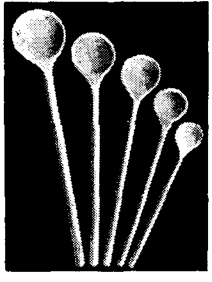
The Grosvenor
An Hotel . . .
of Quiet Distinction

Completely modern yet redolent of the gracious charm of "Little Old New York".

Singles from $6
Doubles from $9
Brochure on Request

E. D. Fowler, Mgr.
Transients Invited
35 Fifth Avenue
10th Street

New York 3, N. Y.
GRamercy 3-6000



5 HARD MAPLE COOKING SPOONS

5 beautiful, satin-smooth, wooden spoons from Black Forest district of Germany. Ideal for chafing dish, barbecue, all kitchen cooking. Won't scratch pans . . . their handles never get hot. Sizes range in steps approx. 9½ to 16 inches, with round bowls 1½ to 3 inches in diameter. Easy to wash. $2.00 for set, attractively banded together. Price includes tax and postage. An ideal gift.

OHCO, Dept. N., 825 Washington St., Oakland 7, Calif.

The Homestead
Greenwich, Conn.
"A Duncan Hines Recommendation"

Enjoy Fall Foliage in near-by Greenwich. Sept. and Oct. are ideal months for late vacations and week-ends. The finest in rooms, suites and food. Tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, etc. Opened April 1 to December 1. Philip A. Waldron—Owner. Phone Greenwich 8-7500.

quarter inches deep; it has four ice trays, which hold eight pounds of ice cubes; and the price is $459.95 at Rabsons, 111 West 52nd Street, at the Davega stores, and at the shops of the various Philco dealers.

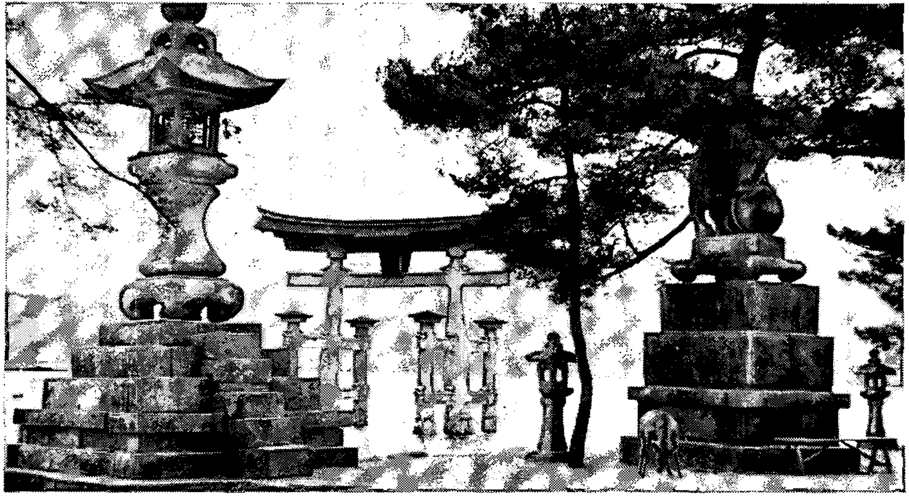
OVER the years, I have hopefully experimented with a good many portable electric ovens, for which there is always an urgent demand from ambitious cooks stranded in kitchenettes, and what I have usually found is that while these appliances cope successfully with a braised meat or a slow-cooking casserole, they rarely turn out a well-baked batch of biscuits or an acceptably delicate piecrust. Having put in some time lately with the Westinghouse portable oven—an old standby that has recently been beautified to make it worthy of our beautiful new kitchens—I can authoritatively pass along the heartening news that an angel-food cake, some *croissants*, blueberry muffins, and macaroons, and a *crème renversée* were baked in it to the satisfaction of all concerned. The modernized Westinghouse will be on sale any day now in many housefurnishings stores, at $43.95.
—S. H.

•

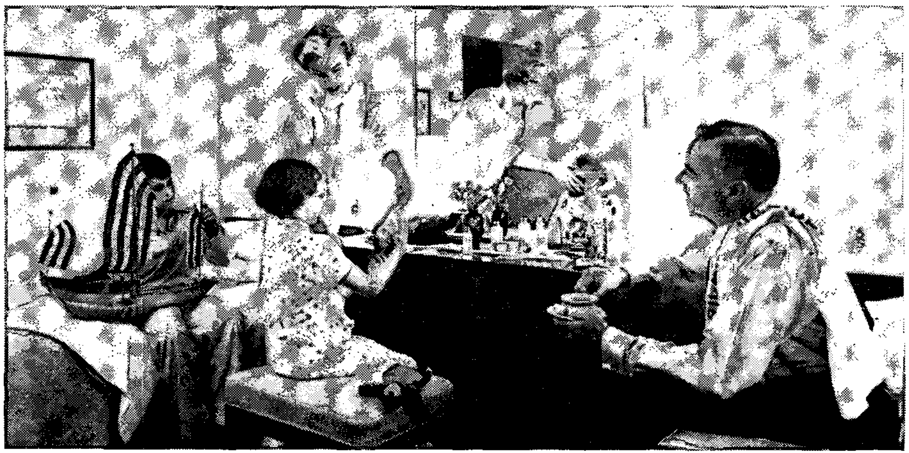
Harold de Lisser, Half Moon's director, and I have been having great sport with a gag. He'll bring some unsuspecting American couple up to us on the beach or in the dining room or out on the terrace and he'll open with, "I'd like to have you meet the Duke and Duchess of Magnolia." I rise, bow very stiffly and give them a crisp, "Howja do?" Titled persons do visit Jamaica from Britain and the continent, and Americans, for some reason or other, usually are impressed by such rank. We've had a million laughs with the thing. Several women, shortly after the introduction, have started the conversation with, "And how are things in Mongolia?" Immediately I have to make the correction from Mongolia to Magnolia. Once in awhile someone is brave enough to admit his or her ignorance about the location of Magnolia. I have several answers for that which don't tip my mitt. I say it's just south of Hardwick in the County of Rock or west of Worthington, or east of Luverne or just north of Kanaranzi. "It's a small duchy," I tell them, "but a good one." One woman from Colorado pointed out my American accent. I had to tell her that we had so many Americans going through Magnolia recently that I probably had come to talk like them. I also pointed out that I hadn't been in Britain since the coronation, that we'd been doing considerable traveling in America, which undoubtedly was having its effect. The prank has been one of the highlights of this year's vacation.—*Cedric Adams in the Minneapolis Tribune.*

It's a small highlight, perhaps, but a good one.

there's only one way to see the Orient—and come home at the end of each day!



Exciting days of sightseeing await you in Tokyo, Manila, and Hong Kong. The mystery, contrast, and beauty of the Orient will enchant you.



Day's end—back "home" aboard your "President" Liner for a snack, a chat—then off to sleep in your comfortable air-conditioned stateroom.

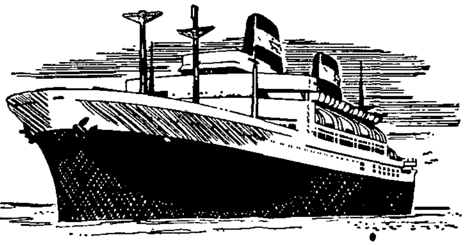
Cruise to the Orient via Hawaii in the atmosphere of your favorite country club. The food—the people—the service—so wonderful you feel like spending the rest of your life aboard a President Liner!

Outdoor swimming, deck sports, movies, dancing. Room service, barber, beauty salon, children's playroom. *350 lb. baggage allowance*—low rates on excess baggage. The *S.S. President Cleveland* or *S.S. President Wilson* sails from California every three weeks. Cruise fares from $1278 round trip with private bath. *(Tax added on California-Hawaii portions only.)*

Ask Your Travel Agent For Descriptive Folders

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

CRUISE TO CALIFORNIA
in 16 or 18 days via Havana and the Panama Canal. World Cruise Liners. Low auto rates.



General Offices: 311 California St., San Francisco 4, California

SULKA SILKS USHER IN AUTUMN

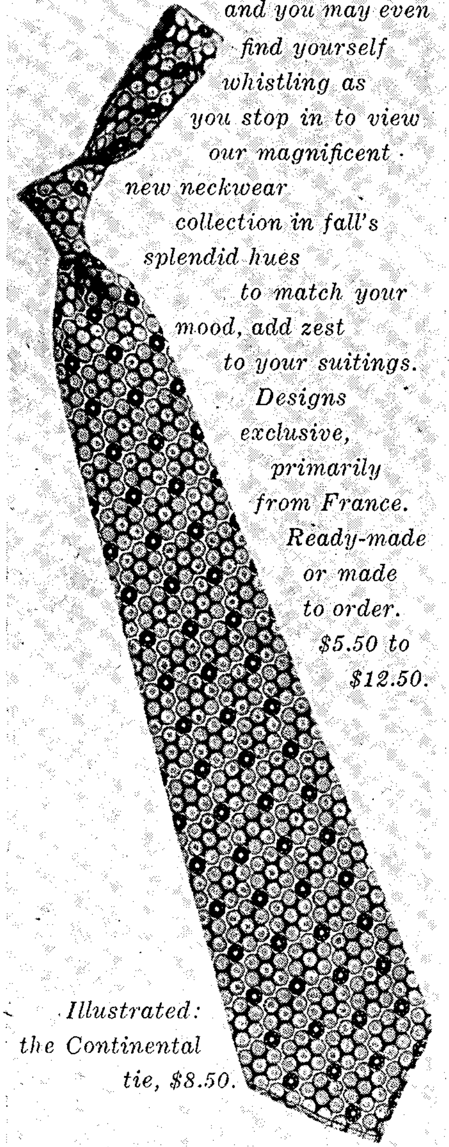
The air is expectant. Your step is brisker... and you may even find yourself whistling as you stop in to view our magnificent new neckwear collection in fall's splendid hues to match your mood, add zest to your suitings. Designs exclusive, primarily from France. Ready-made or made to order. $5.50 to $12.50.

Illustrated: the Continental tie, $8.50.

A. Sulka & Company

661 FIFTH AVE., AT 52 ST., NEW YORK 22
2 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., AT MADISON, CHICAGO 3
PARIS, LONDON

SELECTION SENT UPON REQUEST



MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

"CARMINA BURANA," a song cycle put together in 1937 by the German composer Carl Orff and meant for presentation on a stage, with a certain amount of scenery, has been made available in this country, for the first time, on a Deutsche Grammophon record recently released under the Decca label. Since it is both an eloquent work and a fine example of creative scholarship, and since it isn't too demanding of the performers—four vocal soloists, a large chorus, frequently used in small sections, and an orchestra—its neglect during all these years would seem unaccountable if it were not for the Nazi eclipse that set in about the time Orff was reaching maturity as a composer; he's pushing sixty now. Since the war, his reputation has grown, and last year "Carmina Burana" attracted considerable attention when Orff used it as the first part of a stage work of his, "Trionfi," which was presented at La Scala.

Essentially, "Carmina Burana" is a special arrangement of a couple of dozen pieces that Orff, who knows a good deal about the poetry of the Middle Ages, selected from a group of thirteenth-century song manuscripts discovered in 1803 in a Bavarian monastery named Benediktbeuern. They were written by anonymous goliards—wandering students who sometimes earned their keep by entertaining. The texts are mostly in a vulgar form of Latin, with a few in German, and deal with springtime, coquetry, debauchery, love, and fate. (An English translation appears on the back of the record envelope.) The tunes are simple, but Orff, being gifted with enormous skill and sensitivity, has worked them into a rich and varied musical fabric. The finished product, thanks to the choice and sequence of the songs, and their masterly handling, has a curious quality—urgent but not at all strained—of timeless drama. The instrumentation is spare but stunning, the voices are used with superb versatility, and Orff has taken quite a few liberties with the tunes, harmonizing them subtly and changing the values of the notes at will.

Hearing "Carmina Burana" is like

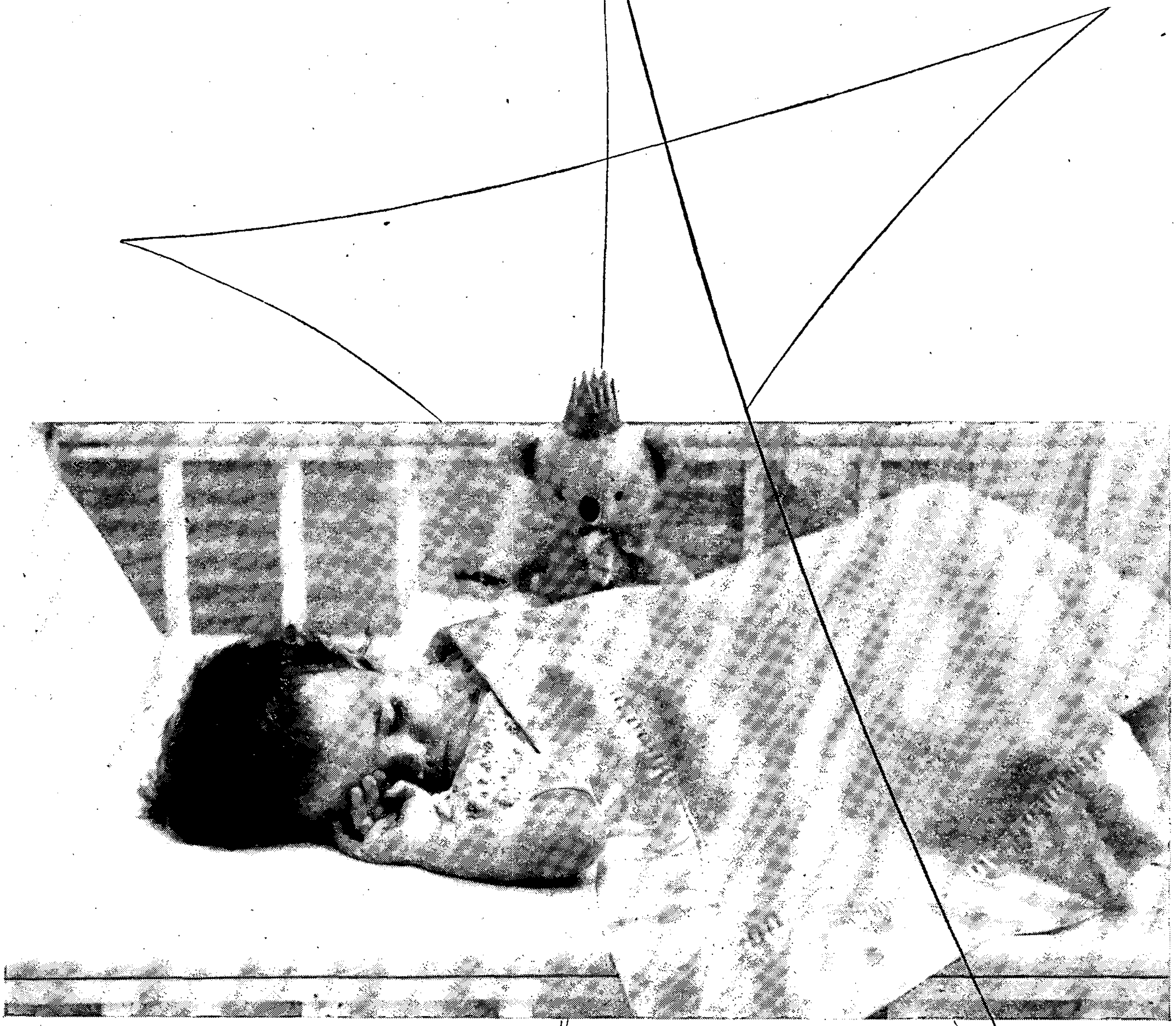
BABY BLANKETS

(and matching BEAR-HUGS)

available at the following stores

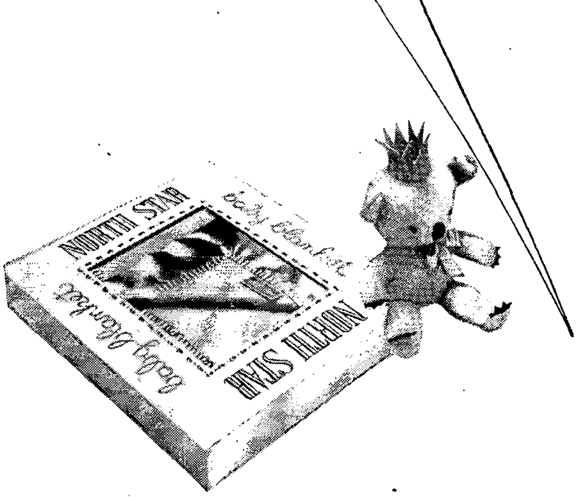
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison Paxon Co. Rich's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's Hochschild Kohn
Berkeley, Cal.	J. F. Hink & Son
Boston, Mass.	Filene's Jordan Marsh Company
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus and branches Martin's
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Chicago, Ill.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co. The Fair Mandel's Wieboldt's
Cincinnati, O.	H. & S. Pogue Co. Shillito's
Cleveland, O.	Halle Brothers
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger Bros.
Dayton, O.	Rike Kumler & Co.
Denver, Col.	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Des Moines, Ia.	Younker Brothers
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Tex.	Foley Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Jamaica, L. I.	B. Gertz
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird & Thayer
Long Beach, Cal.	Buffum's
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Broadway—Southern California Bullock's—Downtown May Co. J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.	Gimbel's
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Dayton Co.
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's Hahne's Kresge's
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes
New York, N. Y.	B. Altman and branches Arnold Constable and branches Bloomingdale's and branches Gimbel's Lord & Taylor and branches Macy's and branches Stern Bros. Wanamaker's
Oakland, Cal.	H. C. Capwell Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier Lit Bros. Wanamaker's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Jos. Horne
Portland, Oreg.	Meier & Frank Co.
Providence, R. I.	Gladding's, Inc.
San Diego, Cal.	The Marston Co.
San Francisco, Cal.	City of Paris and branches Emporium Raphael Weill
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney Stix, Baer & Fuller
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marché
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Syracuse, N. Y.	Dey Bros. & Co.
Toledo, O.	LaSalle & Koch Company
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co. Woodward & Lothrop

North Star

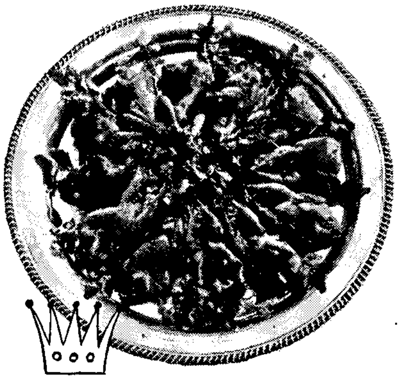


BY APPOINTMENT...
TO ALL THE NICEST BABIES

the most heavenly pure wool blankets made . . . our baby North Stars! Blissfully warm and light, they come through every washing soft and sweet as clover. In pink, blue, mint, buttercup or white, all prettily gift-boxed. Adorable "extra" bedtime present, our real *little* Bear-Hugs in cuddly North Star fleece. North Star Woolen Mill Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.


NORTH STAR
baby blankets
baby blankets
NORTH STAR

BABY BLANKETS



DINE ROYALLY
Serve Quail Dinners
Any Week In The Year!

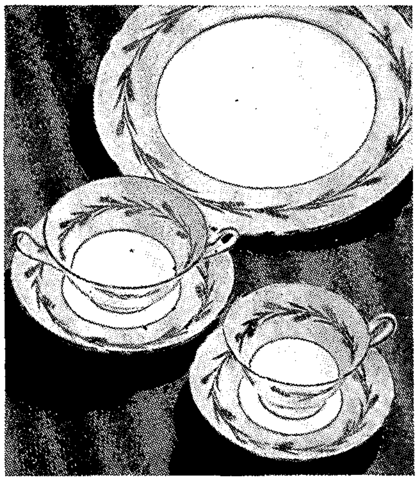
Treat your guests royally . . . with the dish that's fit for a king—plump, juicy quail, prepared according to your favorite gourmet recipe. Serve them a meal they'll never forget—and one you'll want to repeat over and over again!

We'll deliver one dozen of these young, tender birds to you, oven dressed and frozen, for just $28.00. This is enough for 3 gourmet meals for four people. It's the dish you've been seeking for those *special* occasions—and now it can be yours, any week in the year.

Terms: Cash with Order

Order Your Quail Dinner Now—From

LOWRANCE QUAIL FARM
Expressed in Dry Ice
1730N Picher Joplin, Mo.



Golden Harvest created by the Shelley artists to perpetuate the beauty of ripening wheat. This superb pattern will grace your dining table and bring to it dignity and charm. This design is executed in burnished gold on a wide ivory shoulder, and handles, feet and edges are hand traced by highly skilled craftsmen.

Shelley
ENGLISH FINE BONE CHINA

IMPORTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY:—
THE EDWARD WALKER COMPANY,
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

hearing the musical numbers from some wonderful operetta; the details of the plot are lost, but the characters and their emotions are startlingly clear. As it begins, with the chorus lamenting the vagaries of fate (the work ends with a similar lament), the mists of the past dissolve and we are among that strange, incontinent group of social outcasts that roamed the countryside during the Middle Ages, its members now and then turning their talents to songs like these. There is the Abbot of Cucany, a pompous libertine, who mourns his defection in cathedral tones; a weakling, who bitterly berates himself; and a nubile young woman, who bends to temptation with exquisite grace. There is also a crew of unbridled drinkers, whose frenzied song fills the air like fumes, and swirling about these and the other figures are the uncertain, gusty winds of fortune. Through it all, Orff reveals himself as a composer of wit, charm, and depth, and one who is refreshingly unpretentious. While the performance, by two baritones, a tenor, a soprano, and the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus, is deft, the technical quality of the recording, unfortunately, is not up to today's highest standards.

THE widely different techniques of Zoltán Kodály and the late Béla Bartók, Hungarian composers who were born within about a year of each other and were both intensely devoted to the creation of a national body of music based on their country's folk tunes, are effectively contrasted in a new Mercury recording that offers readings by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Antal Dorati, of Kodály's "Peacock Variations" and Bartók's suite from his score for the ballet "The Miraculous Mandarin." Although the nature of the two compositions is so dissimilar, Kodály's being purely a concert piece and Bartók's setting forth the characters and action of a story that is, to say the least, rather lurid, it is easy for the listener to compare the musical personalities of the two men. Kodály's variations, a fetching elaboration of a Hungarian folk song, are resourceful both in development and in orchestration. Bartók's music is disturbing—possessed not only of a wild beauty but also of a neuroticism that, I'm afraid, makes it sound much more modern than the Kodály suite, which was written some twenty years later. Bartók's work is a good deal less agreeable than Kodály's, but a good deal more stimulating. The perform-

ROCK & RYE
. . . and right!

NUYENS
NUYENS
ROCK & RYE
ARTIFICIALLY COLORED

made in U.S.A. from an original French formula—70 proof

NUYENS
CORDIALS

A choice selection of 25 fine cordials, liqueurs and flavored brandies.
Write for Nuyens Royal Recipe Book.
Sole Distributor:
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Feed your dog like this Dash-fed champion!

Champion Gus Gus, a beautifully conditioned Kerry Blue Terrier, poses with handler Doug McClain after winning all his championship points. Your dog, too, deserves Dash—to *look* and *feel* his best!

FORTIFIED WITH LIVER
Dash
ARMOUR
DOG FOOD
WITH CHLOROPHYLLIN

Dash is fortified with LIVER!
CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLLIN—Stops Doggy Odors

ances are first-rate. . . . On a couple of other Mercury records, compositions by two Americans are heard, both ably performed by the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, with Howard Hanson conducting. One is Edward MacDowell's lengthy "Second Indian Suite." Based on authentic Indian melodies, the work dissipates itself by developing along the lines of nineteenth-century European romanticism, and ends up as tame stuff. On the other record is Deems Taylor's suite "Through the Looking Glass," an engaging and craftsmanlike piece, consisting of five sketches, that shows an agreeable sense of humor and nice touches of sentiment. The opening section, "Dedication," is really quite lovely, in its way, but the mood it expresses is that of a mature man picking up Carroll's work and finding in it a bit more old-fashioned charm and a good deal less astringency than it actually has. The other parts of the suite are concerned with the garden of live flowers, the Jabberwock, the various looking-glass insects, and the White Knight, and these, as you might expect, are more explicit. The manner in which Taylor has captured some of the sweetly haunting quality of the White Knight episode is especially pleasing.

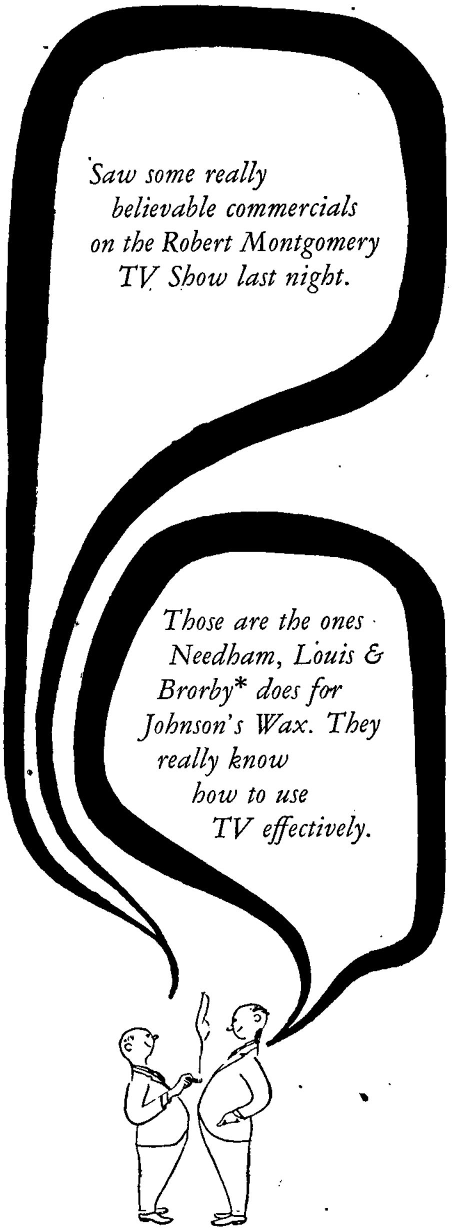
DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH's Symphony No. 5, a long, well-constructed composition that makes consistently enjoyable listening, is smartly played, on a new Capitol record, by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann conducting. The Russian's popularity in this country has waned in the last decade, but this vigorous work, with its passages of affecting lyricism, leaves little room for doubt that he is among the foremost modern composers. . . . The coloratura soprano Mattiwilda Dobbs, who made an impressive début at Town Hall last season, offers an excellent recital on a new Angel release. With piano accompaniment, she sings selections from Schubert, Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Fauré, Reynaldo Hahn, and Chausson, in that order, revealing a beautiful tone and delightful expressiveness. . . . On another new Angel record, the young tenor Nicolai Gedda tackles a wide variety of operatic arias in French, Italian, Russian, and German, with an orchestra backing him up. Gedda's voice is pleasant, his style is admirable, and the concert comes off very well, on the whole; the fact remains, however, that his voice is exceedingly light, and as a result his delivery of several of the more passionate items lacks substance. . . . On a third new Angel recording, the incomparable Quartetto Italiano, probably the most highly refined string ensemble to be heard today, offers jewellike readings of Debussy's lambent String Quartet in G Minor, Opus 10, and Milhaud's String Quartet No. 12, a lighthearted and attractive composition. . . . Maria Kurenko, soprano, accompanied by a piano, presents a concert (Capitol) made up of Moussorgsky's sparkling little song cycle "The Nursery" and eight charming songs by Rachmaninoff, all in the original Russian. Miss Kurenko, an expert in this field, sings them to perfection. —D. W.

• •

HELLAS

O for an island,
mustard, brown, or tawny—a dolphin port,
a blue bell-tower, and
peaks crowned by a saffron Venetian fort
or Byzantine monastery!
High above the broom shops,
the gramophones and Turkish houses,
I'll have fig trees,
a donkey, a hammock,
a lemon grove and a whitewashed stable,
dried fish in the pantry,
sesame seeds, grape leaves, honey.
White-bellied birds will fly through the window,
owls will hoot nightly
by the one column still standing, a landmark for sailors,
in Poseidon's temple. Surely the isles will wait for
my caïque with sails like a Chinese junk
and me in the rigging,
dipping cherries in
mavrodaphne,
island-spotting.

—ANNE HYDE GREET


Saw some really believable commercials on the Robert Montgomery TV Show last night.
Those are the ones Needham, Louis & Brorby* does for Johnson's Wax. They really know how to use TV effectively.

*Here are the clients of Needham, Louis & Brorby...

Campbell Soup Company
Cummins Engine Company, Inc.
The Eagle-Picher Company
Household Finance Corporation
S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
Kraft Foods Company
Macwhyte Company
Monsanto Chemical Company
Morton Salt Company
The Peoples Gas Light and
Coke Company
Phenix Foods Company
The Quaker Oats Company
State Farm Insurance Companies
Wieboldt Stores, Inc.
Wilson & Co., Inc.
Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

NEEDHAM, LOUIS & BRORBY, Inc.
Advertising
135 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois
Chicago
New York • Hollywood
Toronto

A SARATOGA CHILDHOOD

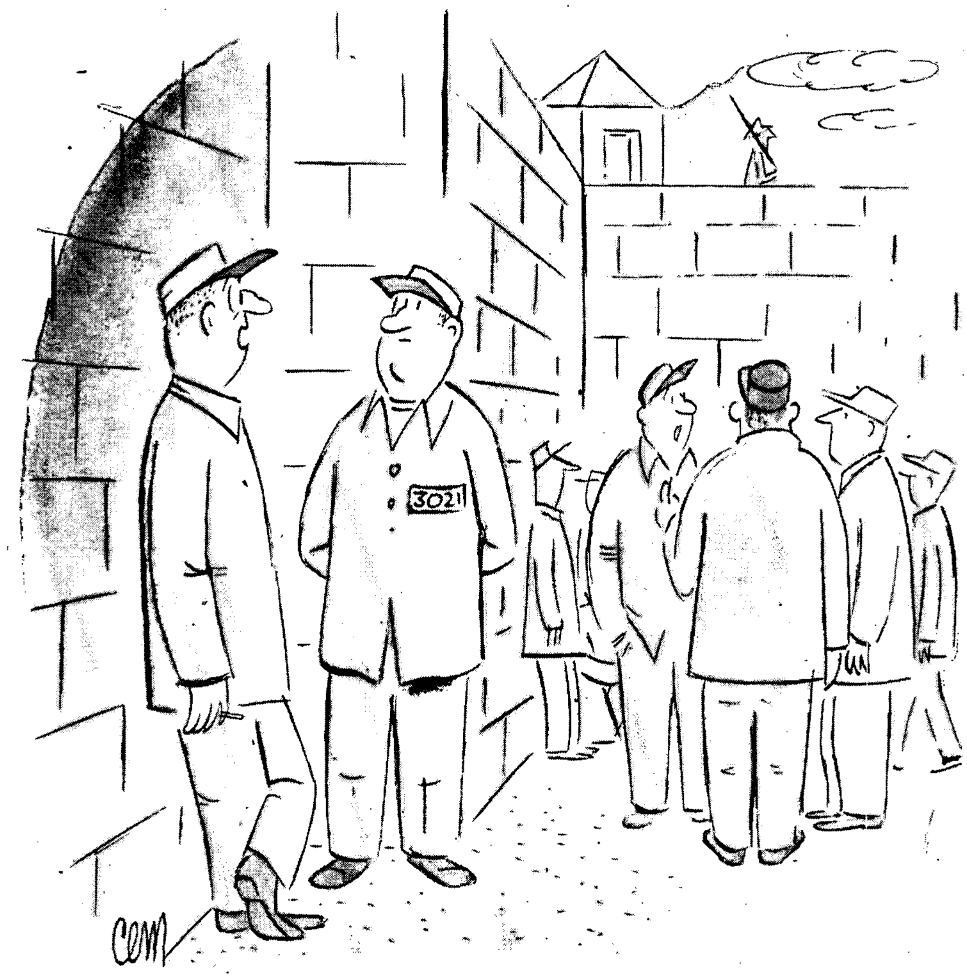
CARNIVAL

BACK in the nineties, High Street, in Saratoga, was a thoroughfare one block long, accommodating six dwellings, a greenhouse, a large barn in which hay was stored, and a number of small boys, including me. It was on the outskirts of the village—a lane unadorned by macadam, curbing, or other urban frills. In winter, it was as remote and snowbound as one of Willa Cather's prairie hamlets. In summer, it was verdant but dusty, except when washed by rain or when the village sprinkling cart, an equipage second in fascination only to a circus calliope, deigned to squirt its way along it, with an admiring escort of youth in its wake. High Street ran its brief course north and south. At the south end, a providence alert to the interests of small boys and girls had placed Mrs. Crary's store, where a complete line of licorice sticks, jawbreakers, and other penny candies fashionable in that day was on sale. At the north end was an expanse known as the Rye Lot, where circuses set up when they came to town, and to its east, beyond the back yards of the five houses, among them my family's, that stood on that side, was the Saratoga Race Track, stretching far out into the distance. The race track was a playground made to order for youngsters. It lent itself wonderfully to all sorts of games, especially those needing plenty of room. The horse barns provided unlimited hiding places, the steeplechase jumps served admirably as forts, and the harrows stored in the paddock in the off season made fine Roman chariots.

High Street came into its own late in July, when the race track began to fill with horses and the neighborhood with racing folk. From then until September, we youngsters lived in a carnival atmosphere of glamour and excitement. There were few points of similarity between our education and the education of Henry Adams. I imagine we were better-posted on turf matters than Henry was in his youth. We could always tell you what jockeys like Arthur Redfern and Grover Cleveland Fuller and Freddy Taral were up to, or who had *won the* Saratoga Cup the year before, or what the racing colors of James R. Keene were. We mingled daily with real jockeys, some of them not much bigger than we were, though already well known or on the way to becoming so. These jockeys were heroes to us, and familiarity did not make them less heroic. If one of them gave one of us an old jockey cap as a souvenir, the fortunate youth was as transported as a boy of today would be if Yogi Berra gave him one of his catcher's mitts. One August a few years ago, after I had returned to Saratoga to live, a small and usually hatless neighbor sported a gay silk jockey cap, which his mother said she could hardly get him to take off at bedtime. I understood how he felt.

A man named Gottfried Walbaum owned the Saratoga Race Track in those days, and ran it on the most informal lines. The races began at eleven-thirty in the morning, and if any resident of High Street wished to view them, he simply strolled through the gate beyond Mrs. Crary's store; there was very little fuss about tickets of admission. The larger stables had their own kitchens, and around those kitchens hung a rich and tantalizing aroma of watermelon and fried chicken, with hints of homemade ice cream in various flavors. The bosses of the kitchens were colored chefs who were invariably aware of a small boy's fondness for watermelon and generally ready to indulge it. In September, it was quite a comedown to return to the simple fare our mothers provided. As for the horses, I do not recall that we formed any intimate friendships with Hermis, or Africander, or any of the other Native Dancers of that era. We were not allowed to take any liberties with those high-strung thoroughbreds, but we knew quite a few of the dogs, cats, goats, banty roosters, and other stable pets that served as their mascots and companions.

East of the race track lay Yaddo, the estate of Spencer Trask, which was then, and still is, a beautifully wooded park, dotted with lakes. Around 1900, Yaddo was a great place for chestnuts in October, for skating in January, for wild strawberries in late June, and for swimming in July and August. At the swimming hole, we were usually



"I'd had the car so long I completely forgot I'd stolen it when I reported it stolen."

Any reporter knows that it's a lot simpler to tell what man is doing than what he is thinking. Deeds speak for themselves. Thoughts must be clothed in words. Maybe that's why Ecclesiastes moaned that "of making many books there is no end."

Francis Brown can tell you about that. He's editor of The New York Times Book Review. He gets some 7500 books a year for review. This leaves no time for moaning. Instead, he must find space and talent to review some 2500 of these, about 50 a week.

"Doc" Brown comes by the title legitimately. He earned it at Columbia, after being graduated from and teaching at Dartmouth. He has published three biographies, one of Henry J. Raymond, founder of The New York Times. During World War II he edited several volumes of war maps.

Despite his job, there's nothing bookish about Francis Brown. For more than 20 years he has been an active reporter of the history men make from day to day. He was an associate editor of *Current History*, a senior editor of *Time*. For nine years he helped produce The New York Times Review of the Week. He has been editor of The Times Book Review since 1949.

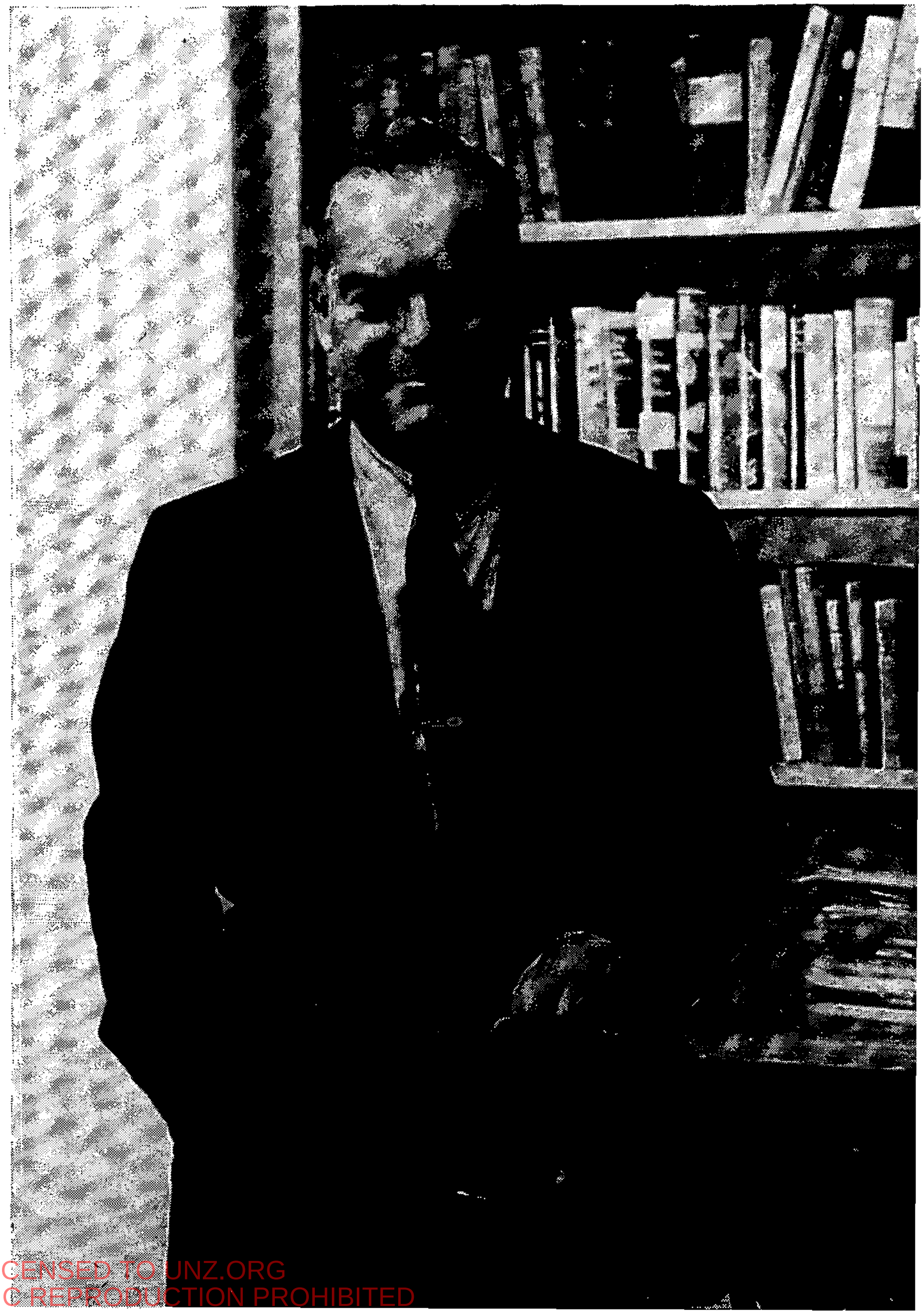
Aided by a staff of 20, and by scores of contributing experts, Francis Brown approaches books as news. He seeks to report what's in them that's new, what they contribute, or fail to contribute, to our culture. Thus The Times Book Review is more than a literary supplement, recognized as America's greatest. It is a running report of the culture of our world and our time.

Francis Brown is one of hundreds of men and women who make up the team that produces The New York Times. They join their knowledge and their talents to bring you every day a newspaper that is alert and vigorous, alive and interesting, different from any other. They put more into it. You get more out of it.

The New York Times

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

"Read any good books lately?"



Arnold Newman

M&W
THOMAS
Cottons

COTTON IS A FALL GUY

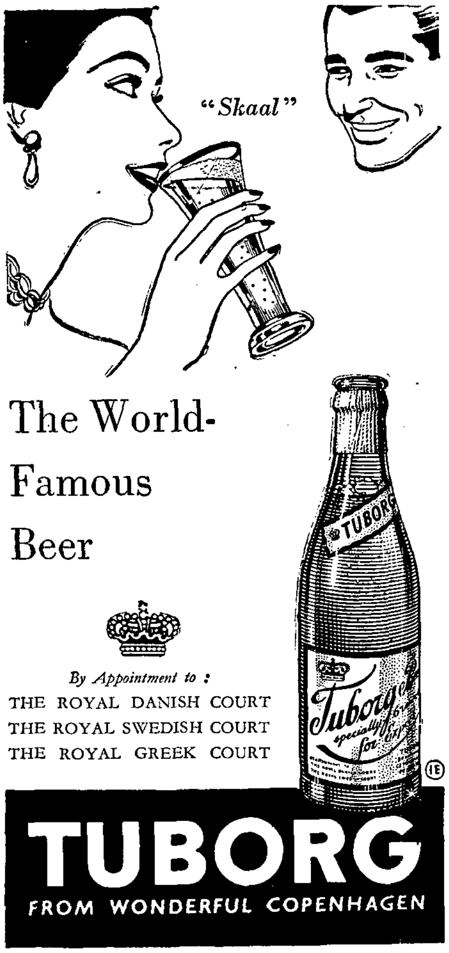
Brisk as Autumn, these Thomas cottons add dash to anything. HYLO'S plaid shirt, **$11.95;** WARREN-JAY'S striped team, tie, **$2.50;** adjustable belt, **$3.95.**

Bloomingdale's, New York
Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis
Baskin, Chicago

joined by stableboys from the race track. We country boys regarded these lads as men of the world, who had been around and seen life, and we listened bug-eyed to their tales of adventure in places far away. Sex figured occasionally in these powwows, and there was one swashbuckler of perhaps thirteen whose tales of his conquests among the sirens of a hellhole called the Barbary Coast would have unnerved Dr. Kinsey himself. It never occurred to us naïve appleknockers from High Street to doubt one word this puberal Don Juan spoke, or to suspect that his boasted prowess was the figment of a gifted imagination, stimulated by eavesdropping on the conversations of rowdy elders.

IN August, all the householders on High Street with spare rooms rented them to racing folk, who liked to live in the neighborhood because it was so handy to the race track. The extra income helped lay in many a barrel of potatoes and many a ton of coal against the winter. Our house was a mansion of ten rooms, for which my father paid a rent of eight dollars a month when the mood seized him, and in August it was always crowded with delightful characters, who commanded my enthusiastic admiration. That house had a happy knack of constantly being able to stretch itself to take in a few more, including friends of ours who decided the nicest time to visit the Sullivans was in August. The family slept anywhere, or nowhere. It didn't matter. There would be plenty of time for sleep next winter. My pallet in August was a mattress on the floor. This modified form of roughing it I looked upon as a welcome novelty and part of the seasonal fun.

My mother rejoiced in her August guests, but more temperately than I did. She liked most of them, and she was lonesome when they left, but she was also relieved. She was a kindly, patient woman, and an innocent one, and I imagine she learned a good deal about life from the high-spirited visitors she was hostess to. They startled her quite often. One August, a well-known jockey, whom I'll call Hibsen, arrived on High Street with his wife and two small children. They had made no arrangements for a place to stay and all the rooms everywhere were filled. He appealed to my mother, she felt sorry for him, the old house stretched, and the Hibsens were stowed somewhere. They were a turbulent crew. The two children were the first to assert themselves. They sailed into a precious and fragile collection of little cups and



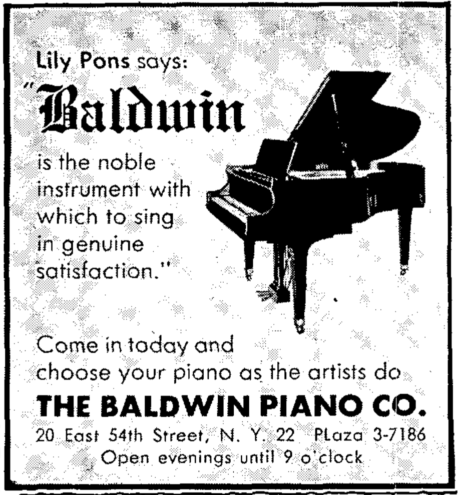
"Skaal"

The World-Famous Beer

By Appointment to:
THE ROYAL DANISH COURT
THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT
THE ROYAL GREEK COURT

TUBORG
FROM WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN

Tuborg Breweries, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark



Lily Pons says:
"Baldwin is the noble instrument with which to sing in genuine satisfaction."

Come in today and choose your piano as the artists do
THE BALDWIN PIANO CO.
20 East 54th Street, N. Y. 22 PLaza 3-7186
Open evenings until 9 o'clock

LLOYD
WALLPAPERS
the ultimate in beauty
at dealers and decorators
W.H.S. Lloyd CO., INC.
16 East 52nd St., New York

FRENCH FOOD WITH FINESSE!
Le Trianon
Famous for Hot Hors-d'oeuvre
CHICKEN TARRAGON
PARKING OPPOSITE 56 E. 56 ST.
CLOSED SUNDAY MU 8-0140

saucers, which my sister had arrayed on a table in the parlor, and smashed several before they could be brought to book. Then they wandered into a hen coop where my mother had a hen setting on thirteen eggs. That was the conventional number for a setting in those days, I believe. The hen was almost at the end of her task and the tots abruptly terminated it. After chasing her, squawking, off the nest, they happily heaved the thirteen eggs at the henhouse wall.

Mrs. Hibsen, a dark woman, was said to be part Indian, but if so, she had none of the traditional docility of the squaw. She had an unsettling effect on her husband, and he protested often that he would find her much more attractive if she were a hundred and eighty miles away in New York. Under nagging, he frequently broke training, and she accused him of breaking his marriage vows, too. The voice of the Hibsen was loud on High Street that summer. One night, the calm of dusk was shattered by a discord at the Rye Lot end of the street, and everyone ran down to enjoy whatever it was. It was Mrs. Hibsen horsewhipping Hibsen and an unidentified blonde. Though we kids enjoyed this fracas almost as much as we would have enjoyed a fire, we did not wholly comprehend the issues at stake. We learned more later, however, by listening to our elders discuss it. It seemed that Mrs. Hibsen's worst suspicions about her husband had been confirmed, at least to her satisfaction. Prowling about in the gloaming, she had caught him strolling with the blonde. Mrs. Hibsen had been packing a horsewhip—hopefully, I feel sure—for just such an emergency, so she out with it and let the erring couple have it. The blonde fled across the Rye Lot with injured cries, and the squaw chased her bruised consort around the neighborhood until she grew winded. That was the first and the last summer the Hibsens found a welcome at our house.

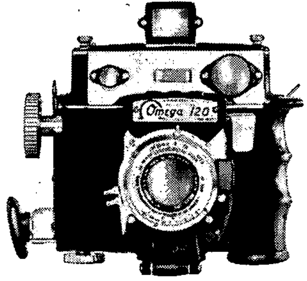
IN the discussions on winter evenings among my mother and her friends—Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Crary—there was always one point they concurred in: Men were to be preferred to women as summer guests because they gave so little trouble. The trouble, the ladies agreed, started when the men brought their wives. Either the wives wanted to invade the kitchen or they were up to something even more outrageous, as in the case of Mrs. Hibsen. Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Thompson, and

Your RESISTOL "100" Sir

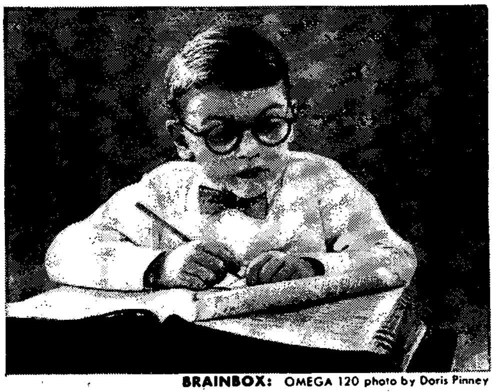
Truly a hat for only the most distinguished of gentlemen. The Resistol "100", with the exclusive "Self-Conforming" comfort construction, expresses an appreciation of luxury and an understanding of good taste equalled by no other article of men's apparel. Created by Harry Rolnick, internationally known hat designer, for a select few who can afford the ultimate in distinction.

One Hundred Dollars

Custom order through Resistol dealers everywhere. Other qualities ten to forty dollars.
Resistol Hats, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



brilliant new definition for picture sharpness



BRAINBOX: OMEGA 120 photo by Doris Pinney

Your pictures take on a *whole new meaning* through the rare and beautiful brilliance of detail you capture *automatically* with the all-new Omega 120. From new magnifying rangefinder for infallible *pin-point* focusing to synchronized film pressure plate for border-to-border sharpness . . . every feature *follows through* on the supreme resolving power of its new custom lens. And its matchless handling *ease* even includes automatic changing of flash bulbs. Get *all* the exciting details from your photo dealer.

THE ALL-NEW
omega 120
makes sharper pictures sure and simple

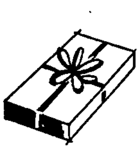
Makers of famous Omega and Automega enlargers. omega *For free folder write Dept. NY-9-18*
SIMMON BROS., INC. 30-28 STARR AVENUE, LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N. Y.

CLOTHES OF CHARACTER
EDDIE JACOBS
CHARLES AND REDWOOD STS.
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND

An Eddie Jacobs original

Eddie Jacobs introduces an original sportcoat with flannel collar & cuffs

the WINSTON WICKET


P.S.
It's "cricket" to give the "Wicket" for Christmas.

Deft accents of flannel hallmark this a classic-bound sportcoat. Hand woven Shetland with slanted flap pockets & cash pocket. Side vents; extension collar tab. Black & white herringbone with Oxford grey flannel or brown & white herringbone with dark-tone brown flannel. Regs. & longs. Mail orders invited. Sorry, no C.O.D. $65

Write for free, illustrated catalog of Eddie Jacobs' distinctive apparel for men.

WILLIAMS AND HUMBERT
DRY SACK SHERRY
The world's finest sherry comes dressed in a sack

Neither too dry... nor sweet

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Crary could cite cases from their own experience, and later on my mother was able to further buttress her own argument with the case of the Orange Pudding Lady.

This attractive visitor, whom I'll call Mrs. Smith, came to Saratoga with Mr. Smith one summer and stopped at our house. She was as charming as she was beautiful, and she captivated all the household, including my mother, who, to the astonishment of those familiar with her views, offered Mrs. Smith the freedom of the kitchen after she had confided that she loved to cook. As it turned out, Mrs. Smith's culinary repertoire was limited to one confection—orange pudding. Every few days, she put an apron around her slim waist, entered the kitchen with the air of Marie Antoinette about to play the milkmaid, and set to work on an orange pudding. On these occasions, everyone crowded around, eager to help the gentle chef, and my mother beamed tolerantly at the disruption of her kitchen. The orange puddings were good, too, and we had them quite often that summer. Indeed, Mrs. Smith would have been enshrined in my mother's esteem as the paragon of paying guests and the shining exception to the antifeminist rule had not the High Street grapevine, soon after Mrs. Smith's departure, discovered that her claim to the title of "Mrs." was spurious. When my mother learned of this desecration of the sanctity of her home, which had been accomplished with such winning guile, too, her indignation was great. But not for long, since hers was a forgiving nature. In later years, when she spoke of Mrs. Smith, it was more in sorrow than anger, but after that season no woman summer guest got into our house without a rigid screening.

A young man named Harry Williams stopped with us one summer. Harry was about the size of a jockey, but his job was not riding horses; it was writing about them, as an expert for the *Morning Telegraph*. He was the first newspaperman I had ever met, and when I saw that the words he put down on his typewriter actually got printed, I decided that his was a profession almost as noble and glamorous as a jockey's. My friendship with Harry Williams lasted until his death, years later. So did my admiration for him, although it was put to a stern test that first summer I knew him. It was one of Harry's duties to pick, or try to pick, the daily winners for the *Morning Telegraph's* readers. He did this under the oracular pseudonym of Hindoo. At that time, there

After the chase!

Arrange now for your camping and hunting trip to Québec. From the border right north to James Bay and Ungava, you will find virgin lakes and streams where fish and game abound. Enjoy French-Canadian hospitality.

For help planning your trip, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

LA PROVINCE DE
Québec

authentic
IRISH CLAN CREST
Neckties & Scarves
CLANCY
MURPHY
NUGENT
FLYNN
O'SHEA
DWYER
KELLY
BOYLE
These traditional crests, rich in historic associations, are embroidered in Dublin for over 1600 honoured Irish names on hand-woven poplin and other fine materials.

Crested Ties: hand-woven poplin—$12.50. Silk—$10.50. Shantung or barathea—$5.00. Crested Ascot scarves: poplin—$18.50. Shantung—$10.00. Grey, green, blue, ruby, etc. Give 2nd choice.

Prompt Attention to Mail Orders
Send for descriptive folder and name list.
Visit our unique shop

DE MOLEYNS OF DUBLIN Inc., PLaza 5-6951
59 EAST 54th STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

ARPEGE
LANVIN
Extract and Toilet Water

were six races a day, and one day Hindoo picked the winners of all six. I hailed this coup as a triumph for our house, and assumed that Harry would need a wheelbarrow and a porter to trundle his winnings home that evening. Instead, he came home looking crestfallen. In his private, non-Hindoo capacity, he had picked six losers that day.

For several summers, the liveliest paying guest at our house was a popular and handsome steeplechase rider named Tim. One day, Tim got tossed off his mount in the line of duty, and he had to spend the next week abed while his abrasions were mending. On the first Sunday afternoon of his convalescence, a victoria rolled up High Street and, drawing up at our house, unloaded the four most beautiful creatures the street had ever seen. They were young ladies of the New York stage, they said, come to comfort their idol, Tim. They wore great hats flowing with plumes, they carried lacy parasols, and they let their fluffy, ribbony gowns trail in the dust with a regal unconcern as they trooped up the path to the house. Once inside, they gathered about a pier glass in the parlor and chatted gaily while they repaired their complexions before presenting themselves to Tim. My mother looked on with interest but not with unqualified approval. Tim assured her later that they were talented girls, potential threats to Maude Adams, Olga Nethersole, and Julia Marlowe, but she was not quite convinced. What bothered her was the makeup. She protested afterward to Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Crary, and Mrs. Thompson that she had never thought she'd see the day when young ladies would come into her parlor and use paint and powder.

I must have been about nine the summer that Harry Shannon and Jack Ryan were my favorite guests. Harry was an immense man with a great black mustache and a warm smile, who owned a few horses and trained them himself. Jack was an official of a Canadian track called the Blue Bonnets. The two men shared a large room in our house. Harry had come to town early, and to kill time while he was waiting for the meeting to start, he went fishing. To my delight, he often asked me to accompany him. We fished in an outlet of Saratoga Lake called Fish Creek but we rarely caught any fish. We would anchor at a likely spot and stay there fruitlessly for an hour. Then Harry would pick a spot some distance away that looked more promising and we would row to that spot and stay *there* fruitlessly until Harry picked still

BACCARAT . . . *Imported from France*

BACCARAT . . . *The Crystal of Kings*

BACCARAT . . . *Founded in 1764*

THE ZURICH PATTERN
$6.75 EACH
AVAILABLE AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK AND BEVERLY HILLS

At fine stores . . . and at
55 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK 22,
BACCARAT

KLM suggests...
Fly 'Round the World

FROM NEW YORK
FOR AS LITTLE AS
$1,347.85*

- ★ *Stopover in Countries en route*
- ★ *Take from 5 Days to 365 Days*
- ★ *Choose from Dozens of Routes*
- ★ *Fly East to West —or West to East*

If you're bound for the Middle or Far East, it costs so little more to make your round trip a 'Round the World trip. Read KLM's fascinating folder *"Fly 'Round the World."* Ask your travel agent or use coupon below.
*Tourist Class—Subject to tax where applicable.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
430 Park Ave., Dept. NY-1, New York 25, N. Y.
Please send me my FREE copy of "Fly 'Round the World."
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ Zone______ State______
My travel agent is__________
104

another spot, and in that manner the day passed pleasantly and we came home refreshed, soothed, and hungry.

On Saturday nights in August, Harry and Jack did the town, and, in consequence, they slept late Sunday afternoons. At six o'clock, by prearrangement with a friend of theirs who was the headwaiter at the Kensington Hotel, on Union Avenue, a carriage would drive up High Street to our house, and waiters would step out bearing trays covered with napkins and loaded with a Sunday dinner that was built up around quantities of fried chicken. It was a dinner nicely constructed for two men who were not in the habit of picking at their food. The gentlemen dined in their room, and I was their only guest. After the first time, I made a point of being close at hand on Sunday afternoon from five o'clock on, ready for the delightful invitation "Son, how'd you like to step in and have a bite with us?"

But I had to sing for my supper. This was puzzling to me, because I really didn't have much in the way of a voice. Yet at those Sunday feasts, before Jack had tucked in his napkin, he would ask me to favor him and Harry with a solo. Moreover, he meant it; a boy can tell when adults are being frivolous at his expense, and I felt that for some reason, perhaps reaching back to his own boyhood, it pleased Jack Ryan to hear me sing. I was always glad to oblige, and I always sang the same song, because it was the only song I knew. It was a ballad of the day, and the first line went approximately as follows: "A big black man in a minstrel show, a-sittin' on the end." That's all I remember of it. The two men would listen gravely and courteously while I unfolded the tale of the big black man in the minstrel show, and when it ended they would thank me. Then we would draw up chairs and fall on the fried chicken and its satellite dishes, winding up with ice cream that had come from the Kensington packed in a pail with ice and rock salt.

Some years later, when I was about thirteen, another agreeable horseman, named Jim, stopped at our house. One evening toward the close of the season, he invited me to walk downtown with him while he stocked up on his favorite brand of cigarettes—Home Runs, twenty for a nickel. After he had bought them, he was moved to give me a talk on the evils of smoking. He warned me of the havoc wrought by coffin nails on the clockwork of the human body, and he hoped I would never smoke cigarettes—at least not until I was of

5 piece place setting . . . $10.00*

The Trend

PASCO
Fine Bavarian China
BY LORENZ HUTSCHENREUTHER Since 1856
Hutschenreuther Selb LHS

Leaves and tendrils in fancy-free scrollwork—golden brown on pure white translucent china—for modern settings.

*Slightly higher South and West

Write Dept. Y-9 for illustrated leaflet and name of nearest dealer

Paul A. Straub & Co. Inc.
19 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

So...you're hard to please

May we suggest, then, that the very next time business or pleasure bring you to Los Angeles that you make this your headquarters? You'll enjoy our lawns, palms, flowers, pool and tennis courts and find that the new freeway brings it all amazingly close to downtown Los Angeles.

BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
Hernando Courtright, President
BEVERLY HILLS · CALIFORNIA

The Beverly Hills

REEVES
"first in functional fabrics"

A winner for winter . . . smart, warm and practical snowsuit by Rose Sportswear . . . of lustrous Reeves combed cotton poplin. Finely-woven, *functional* Reeves poplin is durably water-repellent and wears wonderfully. Sizes 3-6x, 7-14. About $15. At leading stores.

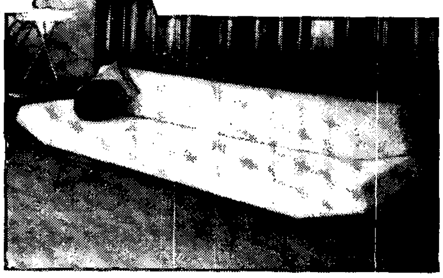
REEVES
REEVES
FINE QUALITY
Poplin
REEVES
REEVES

LOOK FOR THIS TAG
. . . your assurance of fabric satisfaction.

For stores near you write
Rose Sportswear Inc., 1372 B'way, New York

Fabric by REEVES BROTHERS Inc., 54 Worth St., N. Y.

Fine designs for the contemporary home-
Maurice Villency
55 E. 8th St., N. Y. 3
GR 3-3218 • Write for catalog



Designed for the young at heart. This Romantic foam rubber sofa upholstered to your order in luxurious cotton loop fabric. Choice of 9 stunning colors. 60" to 120" wide. Completely covered, prices start at $115.

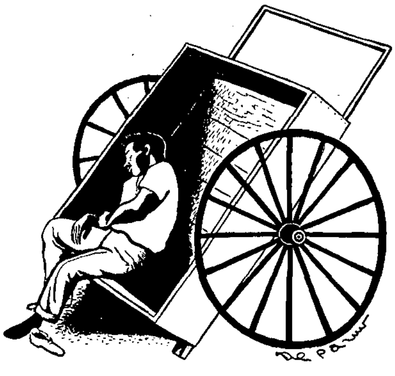
DISCRIMINATING PARENTS CHOOSE
Carteret
SCHOOL FOR BOYS

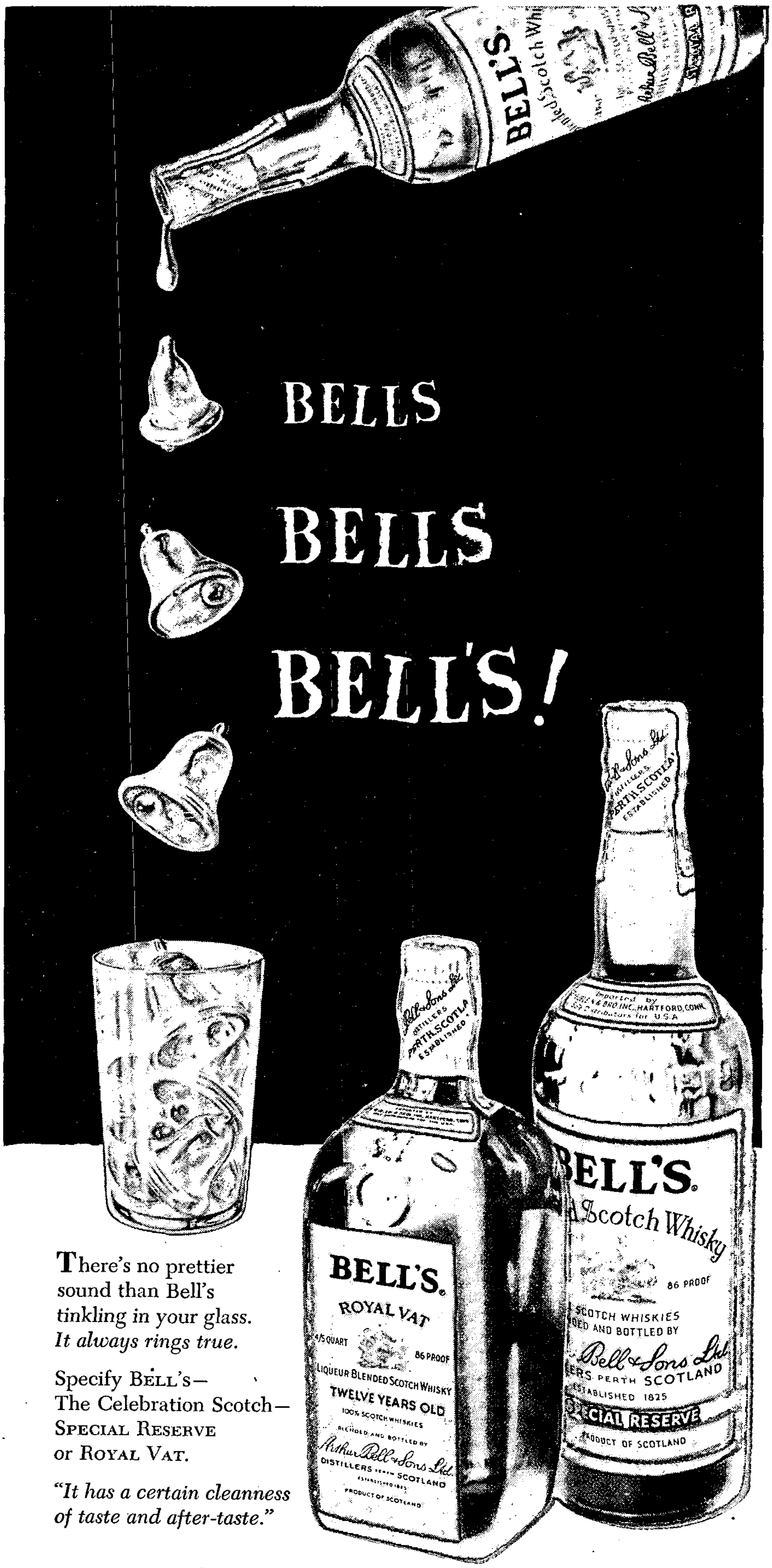
Superior College Preparation. Accredited 1st Grade to College entrance. Personal guidance. Small classes. Proper study habits stressed. Remedial reading. Shops. Homelike dormitory, full time or week-ends home. Large gym. 40-acres atop Orange Mt. 20 miles from N. Y. Moderate rate. Preparation for leading colleges. Bklt. Carteret School, Box J-10, West Orange, N. J.

the BEEF and BOURBON
RESTAURANT
Serving the Finest Prime Roast Beef & Steaks
DINNER SERVED TO 10 P. M.
LUNCHEON • COCKTAIL BAR
PARK AVE. & 38th ST. • MU 6-9364

age. If I did smoke before then, I could never hope to be a champion miler, for my wind would be gone. My past already included a period of addiction to cigarettes made of corn silk, and, in common with my friends, I was soon to pass through the cubeb period, but it was some years before I smoked a real cigarette. I think it might have pleased Jim to know that when I did smoke, the cigarettes I chose were Home Runs. I smoked them partly because he had smoked them, partly because they were so attractively priced for my slender purse, and partly because my older brother, Tom, developed an uncanny skill at hiding his Sweet Caporals from me. Jim, by the way, was right: I smoked before I was twenty-one and I never became a champion miler.

On the way home that evening, Jim said he wanted to buy a basket of fruit to present to my mother as a parting courtesy, so we stopped at a fruit store and he made his purchase. Coming out, we passed a gaily caparisoned young lady, mincing and wiggling along on high heels, and she cast an inviting eye on Jim. He did not seem pleased at this overture from the forward baggage, and he asked me gravely if I knew what calling the lady followed. I said I had a vague idea. Apparently impressed by the earnestness with which I had listened to his cigarette homily, Jim now undertook to tackle a more complicated subject. He warned me that when I grew to man's estate I must at all costs avoid sirens like the one we had just seen, or incur the risk of evils more dire than anything even nicotine could bring upon me. He began to go into detail about what a young man should know, but he did not get far. Denouncing cigarettes was one matter, discoursing to a thirteen-year-old on the perils of sex was another. Jim found himself unexpectedly embarrassed, and the more embarrassed he got the more embarrassed I got. I felt as I once did during a Friday-afternoon oratory period in high school when a friend of mine suddenly could not re-





There's no prettier
sound than Bell's
tinkling in your glass.
It always rings true.

Specify BELL'S—
The Celebration Scotch—
SPECIAL RESERVE
or ROYAL VAT.

*"It has a certain cleanness
of taste and after-taste."*

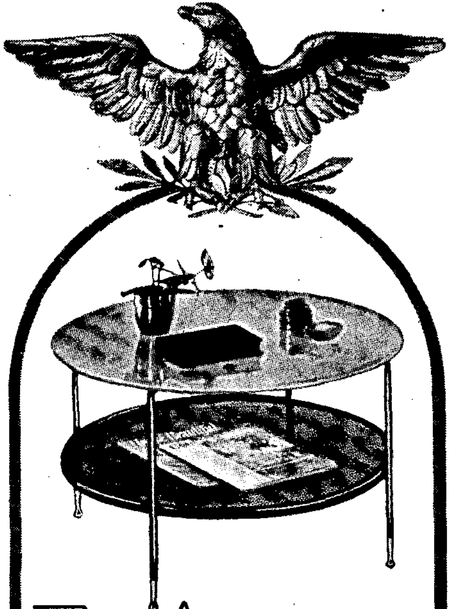
BELL'S...*the Celebration Scotch*®

86 PROOF. Blended Scotch Whisky. Arthur Bell & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Perth, Scotland. G F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A.

Your favorite linen blouse—Irish linen—crease-resistant in a completely new assortment of lovely colors: Plum, Raspberry, Aqua, Moss, Dutch Blue, Charcoal and Forest Green. Sizes 10-18. **$10.95**

The Bermuda Shop

554 Madison Avenue, at 55th Street,
New York 22, N. Y.



Troy-Americana

421W COFFEE TABLE; black Bonderized steel accented by gold anodized ferrules of aluminum; White Opal glass top; sold in furniture and department stores, and through decorators; about $50. Send 10c in coin only to Troy 5, Ohio, for booklet on casual decorating.

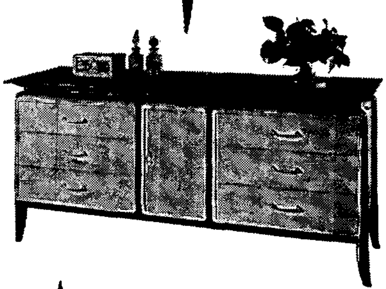
THE TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY

ONE PARK AVENUE, N. Y. • TROY 5, OHIO

member the rest of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," and I was relieved when Jim gave it up as a bad job. I could not help suspecting that those visiting lads at the Yaddo swimming hole had a better grasp of the situation. *They* never got embarrassed.

Then there was a couple who for several summers provided High Street with a gratifying mystery. The husband was only a husband, bald and plain, but the wife was a fine figure of a woman, upholstered in the plump, hourglass Gothic style of the McKinley-Roosevelt era. They were quiet, agreeable people, and they would have stirred no special attention had it not been for one recurrent phenomenon that marked their Augusts. When they arrived on High Street at the start of the season, the lady was invariably in that impressive and scintillating state known as dripping with diamonds. When she ventured out around noon, ready for the races, outsize sparklers rested like paperweights on her fingers, and her dainty ear lobes miraculously supported two diamonds that looked as though they might have been pried from the British crown of state. Bracelets encrusted with emeralds, rubies, pearls, and sapphires—to say nothing of diamonds—covered considerable areas of her arms. Fond memory may exaggerate my idea of her splendor by a carat or two, but that's the general idea. This woman and her drab little husband attended the races every day. The conventional greeting at Saratoga in August is not "How are you?" or "How do you feel?" but "How did you do today?," meaning "Did you win or lose?," and in answer to this neighborly query both husband and wife always gave cheerful assurances that they had done all right. Yet within a week after their arrival something began to happen to the lady's trappings. At first, the change was almost imperceptible; only the more observant critics—usually other women—could detect a chink here and there in her armor. The pair continued to have the best of luck at the track, to hear them tell it, but ten days or so after the meeting started, the diamond earrings were gone and there were entire fingers unprotected by so much as a solitaire. Even we kids would notice the diminished radiance by this time. Come the third week, no one was so tactless as to ask the couple how they were doing. It was too apparent. The unfortunate lady kept on molting, at an increasing rate, and the knowing ones were not in much doubt about where the diamonds were going.

The man and his wife stayed as long



visionary

Double Dresser from the new Visionary collection designed by Be Dubourcq. Through decorators and dealers only.

ALBANO

305-311 E. 46 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
PL 5-3273

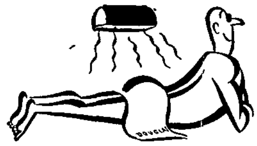
A dining place with a pleasing purpose—

The Ivy

AIR CONDITIONED
Theatre-Goers Dinner

The best in food and refreshment . . . an unflurried service exactingly planned for "on-time" theatre arrival.

Luncheon, too, in ***The Ivy***
at the Hotel **DRAKE**
440 Park Avenue at 56th Street
PLaza 5-0600



KEEP THAT TAN. You can still enjoy sunbathing on our Roof or relax under our sun lamps. And a little exercise will keep you feeling as fit as you look.

the Health roof club
480 LEX. (46 St.) • PL 5-8100

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years

82nd ST. B'WAY N.Y.

Steinberg's

DAIRY RESTAURANT

as they could, which was as long as the jewelry held out, but they always left before the season ended. They never departed without settling their debts, though; they must have kept one bracelet in reserve for that. They were never known to borrow carfare home and they were never heard to admit that they had had a bad day at the races. They were game losers. Everyone liked them and was sorry they had not done better. What baffled High Street was that the next season the couple would be back, ready to try their luck once more, the little husband as complaisant as ever and the wife newly resplendent. Then the process of erosion would begin all over again. How did they do it? What resources, presumably unavailable to them in the summer, enabled them in the winter to get her gems out of hock? Many theories were advanced, ranging from the charitable to the sinister, but nobody on High Street ever found the answer. The couple came and went in this fashion for about five years. Then they stopped coming, and we never saw or heard of them again.

WHEN August ended, the races ended, too. Overnight, the horses, the jockeys, and all the pleasant racing folk vanished. The carnival was finished, the fanfare and tantivy of the bugles were stilled, and a quiet that was deafening dropped on High Street. It was too sudden and sharp a letdown for us youngsters—worse than the one after Christmas. Even now, the first two weeks of September are a vaguely lonely time for me, and I know the feeling stems from those September days on High Street when all the excitement and fun seemed to have gone suddenly out of the world.

When the horses left town, a few Saratoga youngsters usually left with them, fired with dreams of becoming rivals to Tod Sloan. Most of them didn't get very far, but a handful made careers for themselves, like Jimmy Donohue, from White Street, who became a well-known rider and, after that, a successful trainer. The August invaders sometimes bore off Saratoga girls, too, as when young Sam Hildreth, the trainer, fell in love with one of the pretty Cook girls from our neighborhood and persuaded her to become Mrs. Hildreth. Then Hildreth's colleague Frank Taylor married Mrs. Hildreth's sister, and then another horseman, Tom Welch, married Pearl Kelly, a cousin of the Cook girls.

Venturesome boys were not the only Saratogans who skipped town in the

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

All your guests will enjoy it —anytime!

Cherry Heering over ice cream —try it!

49 PROOF. SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

COPENHAGEN
Heering
PETER F. HEERING
CHERRY HEERING
MADE BY PETER F. HEERING COPENHAGEN, DENMARK
CHERRY HEERING LIQUEUR

Sparkle Lights . . .

. . . that sparkle through deep hued fabrics. Radiantly expressed in Hammonton Park suits with Animated Style . . . and interlined with Inter-Flex, of course.
7500

THE HEART OF THE GARMENT

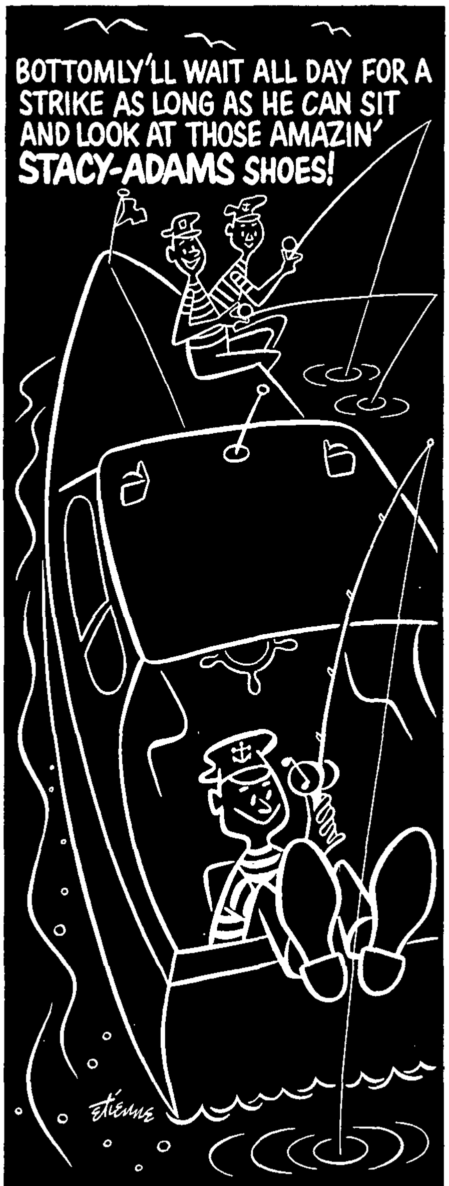
Inter-Flex®

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

NEW NAME FOR INTERLINING... FEATURED IN

Hammonton Park Clothes

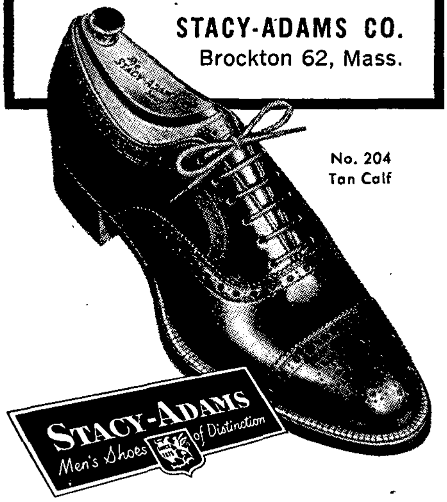
Inter-Flex, a Product of
NATIONAL HAIR CLOTH COMPANY
Philadelphia, New York City


BOTTOMLY'LL WAIT ALL DAY FOR A STRIKE AS LONG AS HE CAN SIT AND LOOK AT THOSE AMAZIN' STACY-ADAMS SHOES!

A fish is just a fish, but your satisfaction in Stacy-Adams Shoes can be forever. If you're still fishing for the ultimate in footwear, you'll find there's nothing finer afoot than a pair of Stacy-Adams Shoes. Try 'em today.

Write—we'll tell you where

STACY-ADAMS CO.
Brockton 62, Mass.



No. 204
Tan Calf

wake of the four-footed Pied Pipers. Early one September, my father and two friends of his grew so homesick for the horses that they took off for a weekend at the old Sheepshead Bay track, saying they would be back Monday. The weekend proved so charming that it extended itself to a week, and after that the three sportsmen found themselves in Maryland, enjoying the fall racing there. By the time they got back to Saratoga, a month had passed and the frost was on the pumpkin. Feeling that the situation called for some fast diplomacy, my father started talking before my mother could, telling her of a beautiful shawl he had brought her from New York. But when he looked for the shawl it was not to be found, and it turned out that he had left it on the train.

Eventually, we youngsters would adjust ourselves to the quieter tempo of High Street in the fall. School began, as a counter-irritant to the letdown, and there were other compensations, like the rudimentary form of football we played on the Rye Lot, and the pear tree we raided in Mr. Ryall's yard. The pears were small and hard, but to our robust palates they were golden fruit. Mr. Ryall liked them, too—possibly because they were his. He was a whiskered patriarch, spry for his age, which we boys deemed to be a hundred or so, and when we stole his pears, he was obliging enough to take after us with rake or hoe and cries of vengeance. That gave an agreeable fillip to life on High Street in the pear season.

ONE fall day, a throng of workmen invaded High Street, camped in shacks on the race track, and started to pull it apart. Some wealthy sportsmen had bought the track from Gottfried Walbaum and were bent on enlarging and improving it on a grand scale, in time to open the following August. The enlargement involved the purchase of all of our side of High Street, and the five houses there were either razed or moved away. In the spring, our house was placed on rollers and, in a confusion of shouting workmen and straining horses, swung majestically up the street and over a block to a new site, on Nelson Avenue. By that time, though, we ourselves had moved—two blocks in the other direction, to Lincoln Avenue, where I live today. Before writing this fond tribute, I walked over to High Street to see how it is faring. I found it changed from the days when the chorus girls called on Tim and Mrs. Hibsen belabored the blonde. Shrubbery grows

NON-FATTENING but Never "THIN"
in BODY • in TASTE • or QUALITY

Cott
premium quality
NON-FATTENING
BEVERAGES
2 for 29¢

NON-FATTENING
Cott
SUGAR FREE

Sugar Free—Salt Free
9 Delicious Flavors

• • • • •

IF YOU ARE NOT DIETING . . .
BUY THE SAME FINE QUALITY COTT BEVERAGES
MADE WITH PURE CANE SUGAR IN
17 TRUE FRUIT AND OTHER DELICIOUS FLAVORS

Let's Go!
A sea to see . . .
September sun
With open decks
To get it on,
Boardwalk, beaches,
Sports appealing
Fill you with that
"Let's go!" feeling.

GEORGE B. BRUNI, General Manager
New York Office - LOngacre 5-1114

THE SKYSCRAPER BY THE SEA
The CLARIDGE Hotel
ATLANTIC CITY

designed for gracious living

draper lane

MAIN & CEDAR ST.
DOBBS FERRY, N. Y.
NEW ELEVATOR APTS.
Set on a High Plateau —
Overlooks the Hudson
NOW RENTING —
Oct. Occupancy
3½, 4½, 5½ Rooms
1-1½, 2 Baths
Rentals from $125
All Apartments have Balconies or Terraces
Garages Available on Premises
Close to Shops and Schools
Walking Distance to R.R. Station
Renting Agent on Prem. DO 3-9709
"A Paterno Building"
A. V. AMY & CO., Agents, 2112 B'way, EN 2-3030

where Mrs. Crary's store was, and a copse of beeches under which horses are saddled before the races stands about where our house did. The approximate site of Mr. Ryall's pear tree is now the base of operations in August for the functionaries who summon motorcars for the clubhouse patrons. The Rye Lot was taken over by the race-track people years ago and serves as a parking space. High Street now accommodates a greenhouse, two stables, and one lonely, shabby, unoccupied dwelling. I came away feeling like Oliver Goldsmith after he had revisited sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.—FRANK SULLIVAN

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Rochester, N.Y., News of Southern California, published in Lynwood, Calif.*]

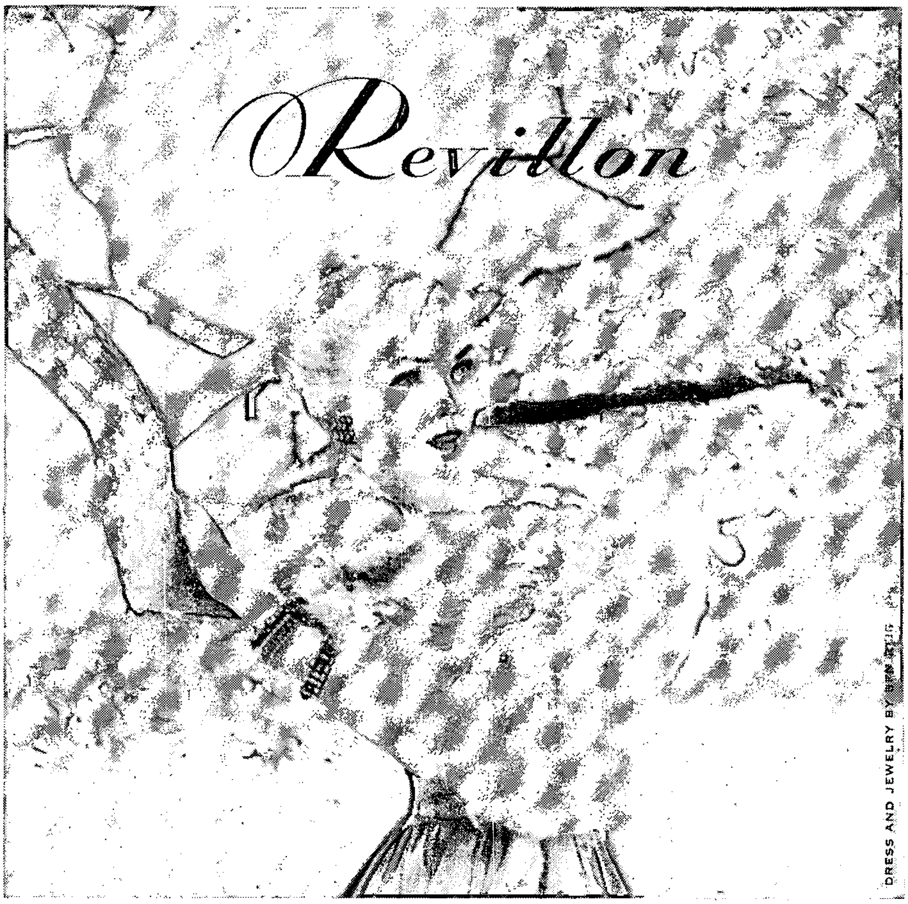
The wedding of Miss Barbare Ann Sorkin, daughter of Frank and Esther and Mr. David Morton Spellman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney M. Spellman took place on the 17th of July with about 150 dinner guests in attendance. The Spellmans came from far and near, and as far east as Chicago, but they were outnumbered by the Rochesterians. The bride looked beautiful in her wedding gown and was attended by many brides maids, the groom was escorted by best man and many ushers, after the wedding the couple left for Las Vegas, they had decided to steer clear of Reno for fear of history repeating itself. Little Bobby Sorkin stole the show, he was dressed in a white dinner jacket and long tux trousers and stood at attention as if he were the groom. The highlight of the affair was Frank Sorkin doing a 1920 version of jitterbugging with Mrs. Spellman, and the liquor flowed like wine which flowed like water, all in all it was a wonderful affair, and if Frank refrains from playing poker at the club the next few months, well did you ever try to feed 150 hungry people at about $4.50 a throw. The place was Factors Air Conditioned Hall that wasn't Air Condition enough, but that was the only complaint for the dinner which was chicken was accompanied with plenty of yum yum kishkey.

•

He is the cuddliest little lap-cat that ever kept a cat-infatuated woman from her sewing. So often he does remind me of the kitten ways of my sweet Hah-Chah, who would climb up my dress after arriving on my skirt by a flying leap from the floor. He also lays his cheek against mine, as the baby Hah-Chah did, and wants to hold my hand with his paws instead of having his tiny white mittens tucked into my palm. Just a darling.

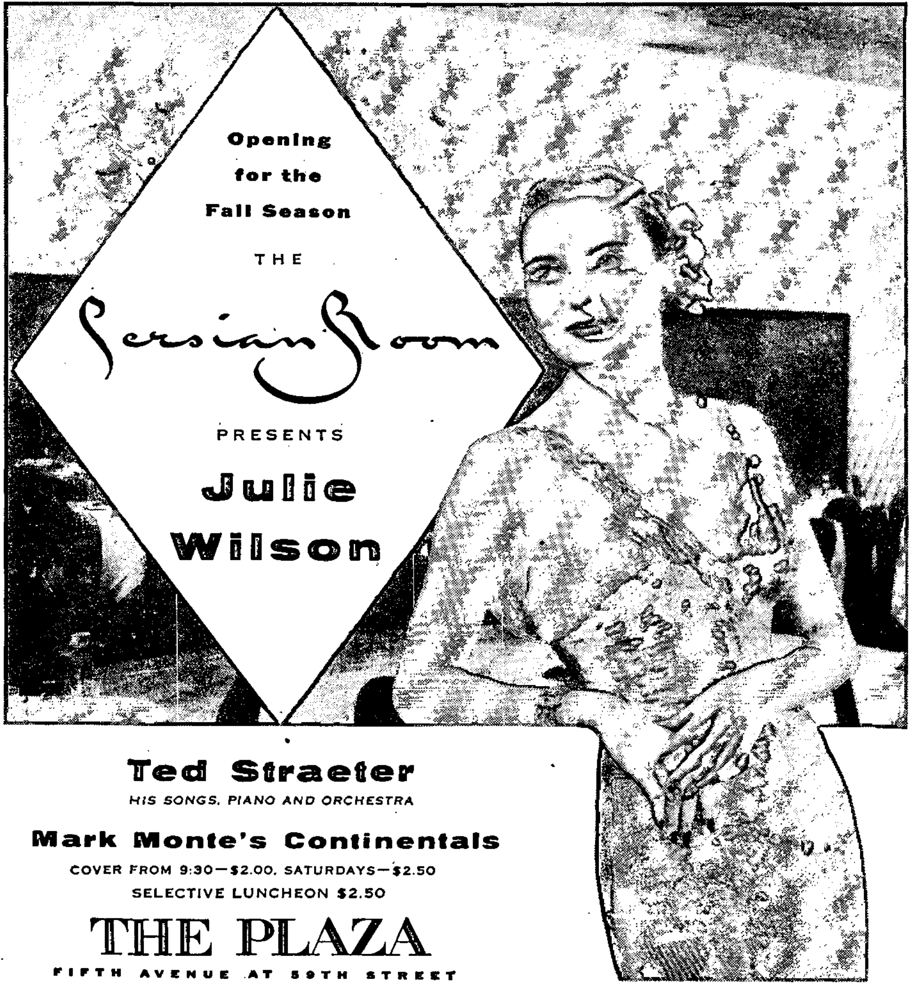
Now, again, I'd like to remind my readers to send me those time-saving self-addressed envelopes, not just a stamp, when they write letters calling for a reply. After all, I am awfully busy.—*Henrietta Hitchcock in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

And at somewhat of a disadvantage.


Revillon
DRESS AND JEWELRY BY [illegible]

thistledown haze of ***Norwegian Blue Fox****... first fox of fashion.* *$210 plus tax*

Revillon • 11 West 57th Street, New York • 40 Rue La Boëtie, Paris



Opening for the Fall Season

THE

Persian Room

PRESENTS

Julie Wilson

Ted Straeter

HIS SONGS, PIANO AND ORCHESTRA

Mark Monte's Continentals

COVER FROM 9:30—$2.00. SATURDAYS—$2.50

SELECTIVE LUNCHEON $2.50

THE PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET

finish
dinner
with a
Flourish

after coffee...
enjoy

B and B

the DRIER
liqueur

There is only one proper blending of Benedictine's exquisite flavor with cognac's superb dryness. It is achieved in Benedictine's own bottled B&B. The result is perfection . . always uniform.

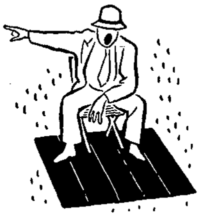
86 Proof

Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
Let This Seal Be Your Guide to Quality

Get 4 of these Benedictine Liqueur Glasses
Graceful, crystal clear and smartly styled. Send $1.75 to Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Dept. N-2, Teterboro, N. J.

ON THE COURTS

At Long Last



DURING the presentation ceremonies that followed the triumph of Victor Seixas, Jr., of Philadelphia, over Rex Hartwig, of Australia, in the final of the United States Lawn Tennis Association's Men's Singles Championship at Forest Hills last week, Colonel James Bishop, president of the U.S.L.T.A., said to the still-panting winner, "Well, Vic, you've finally won the big one, and you're still young enough to come back and do it at least twice more." That's a very pretty sentiment, but one that I find it a little difficult to string along with. Just about everyone present was delighted that Seixas had won the affair, after so many years of persistent effort; he came close last year, when Tony Trabert, of Cincinnati, beat him in the final, and he's won most of the other major tournaments at one time or another. However, he will be thirty-two next summer, and no one that old has won the men's singles since Bill Tilden did it, at the age of thirty-six, in 1929, and competition then was considerably less keen than it is today. Seixas is no Tilden anyhow. Furthermore, although Seixas unquestionably played the best tennis he is capable of throughout the week, he was to a large extent fortune's darling. He beat Neale Fraser, his fourth-round opponent and one of the most promising of the young Australians, by a score of 4–6, 7–5, 7–5, 6–2, and both the second and the third sets could easily have gone the other way. Tom Brown, Jr., of San Francisco, whom Seixas put out in the quarter-finals, had played brilliantly in eliminating Sven Davidson, Sweden's No. 1 player, but could offer nothing like the same game against Seixas. And Hamilton Richardson, of Baton Rouge, who was Seixas' victim in the semifinals, had scored the big upset of the tournament in the previous round, when he beat Lewis Hoad, Australia's best, in a five-set thriller, and was evidently still weary from that match. Even so, Seixas and Richardson divided the first two sets, and Richardson led, 5–2, in the third before Seixas took command.

Hartwig showed perhaps the best

New Dandruff Control Shampoo by Tang

Gourielli's own extra-antiseptic blend uses p-chlorophenyl a-glycerol ether

ARTCHIL GOURIELLI, international arbiter of male grooming, has long made a specialty of men's hair care. His Tang Dandruff Control Shampoo, he feels, combines two remarkable features in one great new product.

First, Tang is a *luxurious* shampoo, embodying rare oils, the breeze-light Tang fragrance, and a multitude of suds.

Second, Tang is a *modern* shampoo. It is *extra*-antiseptic, because of p-chlorophenyl a-glycerol ether, which works scientifically—and fast—to destroy the common causes of dandruff.

Tang Dandruff Control Shampoo lathers in *any* water, cleans thoroughly, and really lives up to its name. Its wonderful oils condition the scalp, leave your hair well-behaved when you're through your rinse. Follow up your Tang Dandruff Control shampoos with daily use of the new Tang Hair Groom*. At better department and drug stores, in 5¼-oz. plastic squeeze bottles, $1.50 each. **plus tax*

GOURIELLI, 16 East 55 St., New York 22

FOAM RUBBER Center
Designers and Builders of Fine Furniture

A VERSATILE UNIT providing matchless comfort night and day. 30" x 75" lounge bed features 5-inch foam rubber mattress, foam rubber bolsters, and no-sag spring base. Detachable end tables provide storage space for bedding. Overall length 123". Each unit custom built in a wide variety of fine woods. Also available with one, two, or no end tables.

As shown . . . $259.50 in muslin.

7-9 East 20th Street, New York 3
between 5th Avenue and Broadway
Open Daily and Saturday 'til 6; Thursday 'til 9

Dale Carnegie Course

teaches poise and confidence. It's good fun too. Why not arrange to see a class in action? No obligation of course. Phone Mrs. Pridgen at—JU 2-4560 or write 22 W. 55th St.

Nino's RESTAURANT
CUISINE CLASSIQUE
Telephone:
BEDFORD VILLAGE
4-3374
Rt. 121—BEDFORD VILLAGE, N. Y.
Merritt Pkwy Exit 31 (40 mi. from N.Y.)
Open 12 to 11 P. M. Closed Tuesdays

tennis of the week as he disposed of Trabert in four sets in the quarter-finals and as he disposed of his own compatriot Kenneth Rosewall in straight sets in the semifinals. He showed the same high quality of play in the first set of the final, which he won, 6–3, but after that, unaccountably, he slumped, practically handing Seixas the next two sets, 6–2 and 6–4. When Hartwig lost his service in the first game of the fourth set, the let's-get-away-ahead-of-the-crowd group started for the exits. But Hartwig wasn't quite done for, it developed. He broke Seixas' service twice in the next five games, to go ahead, 4–2. That was all, though; Seixas ran out the last four games handily in about eight minutes, clapped Hartwig enthusiastically on the back, and headed for the trophy table.

IT'S hard to imagine what got into Trabert in the course of his lack-lustre defeat by Hartwig, but he's got to exorcise it if he is ever again to be named the world's top amateur, as he was last year. He says the blisters on his racket hand, which forced him to take a two-week layoff in midsummer, are all healed. In fact, he says he has no idea what's wrong. Maybe he's just over-tennised. Whatever it is, though, I'm still convinced that he is *potentially* the world's top amateur.

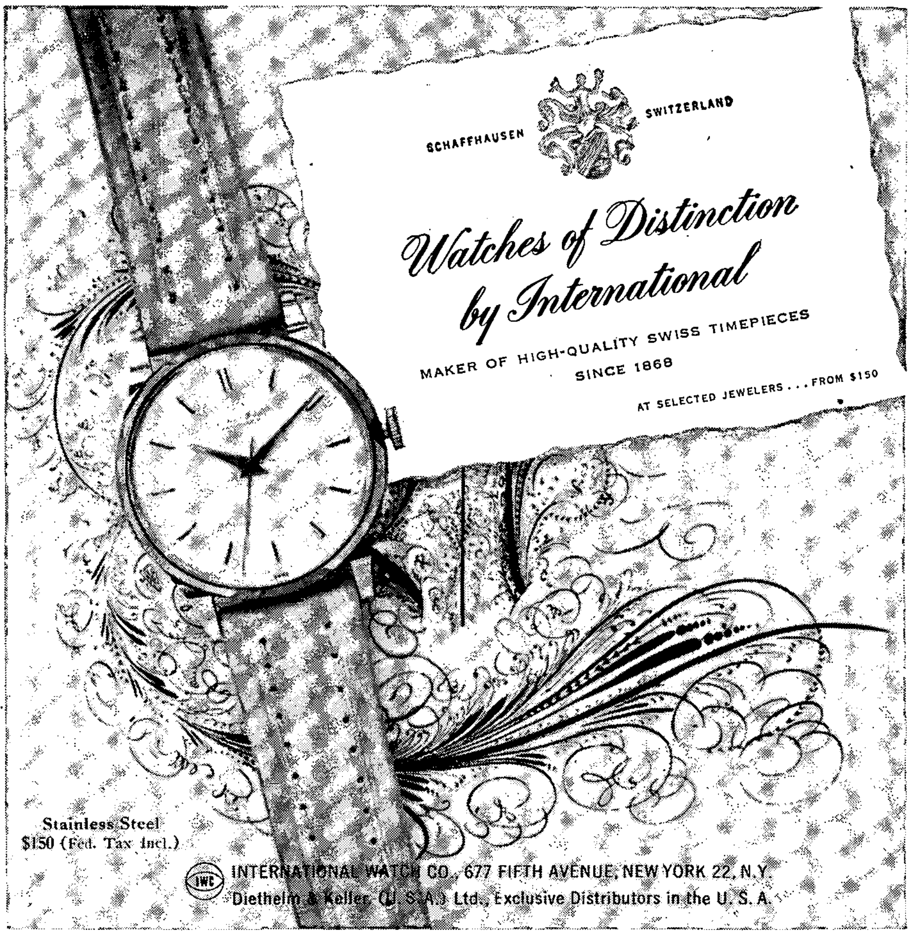
One aspect of Trabert's match with Hartwig was, as far as I know, unique. It was almost certainly the first time the spectators ever told the U.S.L.T.A. officials what to do and succeeded in making them do it. The match was in its third set on the grandstand court, which seats fewer than two thousand, when Seixas and Brown completed their match in the stadium, before about ten thousand people—three thousand short of capacity. Upon learning that there was no room for them in the grandstand, the ten thousand in the stadium began a rhythmic clapping, of the type more usually heard at the Polo Grounds. Trabert and Hartwig were so upset that they refused to continue until this horridness was halted. Finally, Alrick Man, Jr., the tournament chairman, led everybody—players, umpires, and spectators—to the stadium. I've always said that tennis is a democratic game.

—P. W. W., Jr.

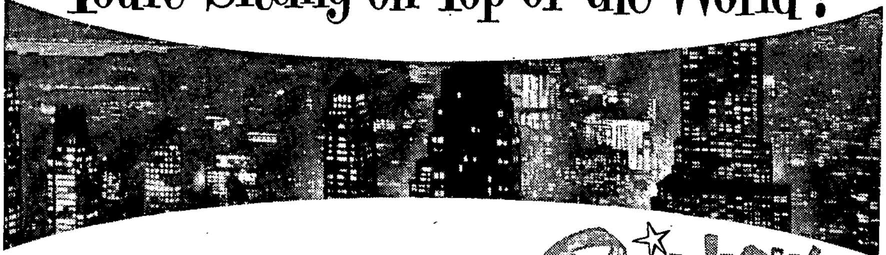
•

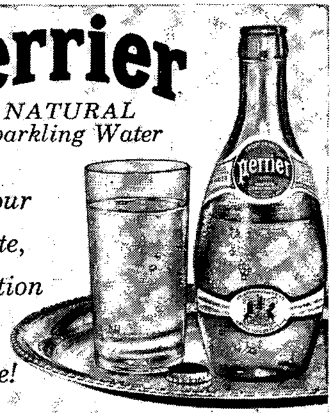
GAIL OBERLIN TO WED ADVENTURER
—*Headline in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Just give the news, please.


SCHAFFHAUSEN SWITZERLAND
Watches of Distinction by International
MAKER OF HIGH-QUALITY SWISS TIMEPIECES
SINCE 1868
AT SELECTED JEWELERS . . . FROM $150
Stainless Steel
$150 (Fed. Tax Incl.)
IWC INTERNATIONAL WATCH CO., 677 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
Diethelm & Keller (U. S. A.) Ltd., Exclusive Distributors in the U. S. A.
WRITE FOR BOOKLET N9 AND NAME OF NEAREST AUTHORIZED JEWELER.

You're Sitting on Top of the World!


Enjoy your favorite cocktail
served in air-conditioned luxury, high
above Manhattan. Music, hot hors d'oeuvres;
no additional or minimum charge.
Open 4:30 to 9, except Sunday. CI 6-5800.
Rainbow Room
"THE ROOM WITH THE VIEW"
65th FLOOR • RCA BUILDING • ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Perrier
NATURAL
Sparkling Water
for your
appetite,
digestion
and
pleasure!

Imported from France by
Seggerman Nixon Corp. • Long Island City, N.Y.

Underneath the Purple Tree
Where Cocktails bloom instead of flowers,
There's a table just for us,
To while away the pleasant hours.

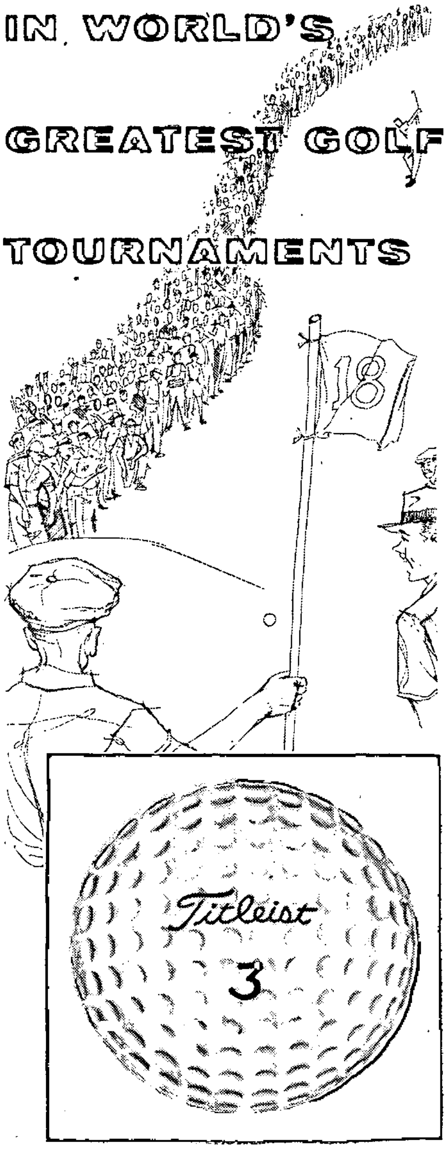
It's cool and calm and comfortable,
With music in a minor key.
For luncheon, cocktail hour or supper,
Meet me at the Purple Tree.
Purple Tree
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
OF THE
Vanderbilt
HOTEL
ON PARK AVENUE AT 34TH STREET
THOMAS J. KELLEY II, Gen. Manager

FIRST CHOICE

IN WORLD'S

GREATEST GOLF

TOURNAMENTS



As in the '54 National Open, so in the '54 P. G. A. Tournament the Titleist was the overwhelming favorite of the world's greatest golfers.

Titleist led the second choice ball by 96 per cent! — the third choice ball by 175 per cent!

And remember! — these great stars play the Titleist *solely* by preference — *it's the most modern of modern balls.*

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through
Pro Shops only

For those who like a ball that's long and also tough, play the Finalist — one that's practically uncutable, use the Bedford. For those who want good golf at a budget price, Green Ray or Pinnacle.

LETTER FROM BONN

I CAME to Bonn from Berlin, driving along the Autobahn that passes through the Ruhr—an instructive way, I found, to approach the capital of the German Federal Republic. While I was crossing the Soviet Zone, I had the four-lane highway practically to myself, but after I entered the British Zone, at Helmstedt, traffic increased, and by the time I reached the Ruhr, I was in an endless file of vehicles, moving at a crawl—mostly trucks and trailer trucks, interspersed with small Volkswagens and now and then a glossy, chauffeur-driven Mercedes limousine. Unlike most comparable roads in the United States, which neatly circumnavigate industrial areas, the Autobahn runs straight through the heart of the Ruhr, flanked by blast furnaces and rolling mills, with their slag heaps, coalpits, and dump cars, and I had to drive through what seemed like the suburbs of a dozen Pittsburghs. The last time I had been in this area—three years after the war—I had seen smokeless chimneys rising above the twisted girders of silent factories. Now the air was full of sulphurous smoke and the hissing and pounding of machinery as red streams of molten iron rolled out of the furnaces, and dump cars and narrow-gauge trains clanged back and forth. Later, I came upon miles and miles of new one-family and two-family houses, built by the government, by the steel companies, or by private investors with government help. The Ruhr workers, who had practically no houses at the end of the war, are now the best-housed workers in Europe, and their rents are among the lowest; a worker pays thirty-nine marks (nine dollars) a month—roughly ten per cent of his income—for a two-room apartment with a bathroom and a kitchen. Production in the Ruhr is now greater than it was in 1936, the last so-called normal prewar year. All this makes a dramatic picture of recovery, which elates some Autobahn travellers and terrifies others. During a brief stop at Cologne, I talked with two Frenchmen who had driven across the Ruhr the night before and were still dazed by the stupendous red glow of the blast furnaces against the dark skies. "We know we're supposed to forget our old fears and prejudices," one of them said. "But look what these Boches have achieved in half a dozen years. How can you ever trust them?" As the world recently learned, a good many Frenchmen feel the same way without ever having seen the blast furnaces.

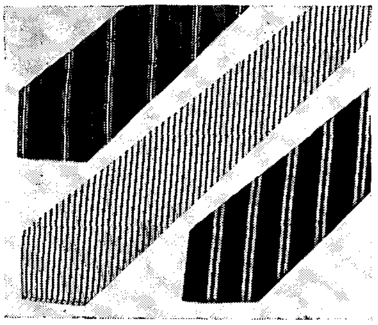
IN the years before the First World War, Bonn was a pleasant university town and a haven for retired Army officers and wealthy aristocrats (at one time it had a hundred and fifty gold-mark millionaires), and it took pride in the fact that it was the birthplace of Ludwig van Beethoven and the garrison of the Königshusaren, one of Germany's most exclusive guards regiments. The sons of the Kaiser, like many other highborn young men, went to Bonn to avail themselves of the privilege of studying at the Rheinische Friedrich Wilhelm University and putting in their Army service at the same time. The university had a high academic reputation; among its teachers or alumni were Carl Schurz, Friedrich Nietzsche, the historians Jakob Burckhardt and Heinrich von Treitschke, and the poet Hoffmann von Fallersleben, who wrote "Deutschland über Alles." (More recently, Joseph Goebbels attended classes there.) In the old days, the students' corps, or clubs, each representing a definite social stratum, provided Bonn with a certain amount of liveliness. The fanciest corps of all, the Borussen, was restricted to royalty and the nobility. Then there were, in descending order, the Rhenanen, for the sons of rich landowners; the Palaten, for the sons of industrialists; the Hanseaten, for the sons of merchant princes; and the Saxonen, for the sons of lawyers and judges. The corps students were monarchists—their slogan was "For Kaiser and Fatherland, Honor and Freedom"—and they duelled enthusiastically all over town. They paraded, wearing their colors, on a promenade called the Couleur Corso, and they went in for *Kneipen*, or all-night drinking bouts, at the Weinhaus Streng, which still keeps its barrels in cellars under the university. During the Second World War, the university's main building, which was once an archbishop's palace, was bombed and several wings were burned out, but the gold-plated statue of the Virgin Mary, known as "Regina Pacis," that tops the southern façade was spared by the flames, and the people of Bonn considered this a good omen. Bonn University, as it is now commonly and unceremoniously called, has become the second-largest university in Western Germany, with more than seven thousand students, but student life, by some lights, is far drabber than it used to be. Duelling is frowned upon, and only a small group of nationalistic diehards practice it. Most of the students nowadays regard the venerable Teutonic rituals as a waste of time. They are more interested in money and jobs.

The house, at 20 Bonngasse, in which Beethoven was born, on December 16, 1770, still stands. It narrowly escaped being torn down sixty-odd years ago, though, when it was being operated as a tavern and neighbors complained that the goings on there were disorderly. The building was saved by twelve citizens of Bonn, who put up the cash to buy it and then organized the Beethovenhaus Society, among whose charter members were Johannes Brahms, Max Bruch, Giuseppe Verdi, Joseph Joachim, Anton Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, Prince Otto von Bismarck, and Field Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. The back part of the building was restored to look as it had at the time of Beethoven's birth, and the front was converted into a museum. This now contains such things as the keyboard of the organ, from the old Church of the Friars Minor in Bonn, on which the eleven-year-old Ludwig made his first attempts at preluding; the viola Beethoven used as a member of the court orchestra; a Nicolò Amati violin and an Andrea Guarnieri cello; Beethoven's monocle, on a black cord; and the ear trumpets that were made for him by the Vienna mechanic Johann Nepomuk Maelzel. There are forbidding busts of the composer everywhere one turns—in the small, low, dim attic room where he was born, and even in the generally charming vine-enclosed garden behind the house. As I looked around, I couldn't help thinking of a visit I once paid to Chopin's birthplace, a white frame house in a village near Warsaw. It was cheerful and airy, and its rooms were decorated with white wild roses and peonies, picked every morning in the garden. By contrast, the Beethoven house seemed like a mausoleum.

After the collapse of the Hohenzollerns in 1918, Bonn retained its cultural eminence but lost a good deal of its dash. The guards regiment was, of course,

IMPORTED
IMPORTED
MACNAUGHTON'S
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Canadian Whisky
A BLEND
Blended and bottled under Supervision of the Canadian Government
John MacNaughton Co. Ltd. Montreal, P.Q. Canada
RARE PERFECTION OF FINE WHISKIES SELECTED FOR THEIR DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR AND BOUQUET
A PRODUCT OF CANADA
86.8 U.S. PROOF
4/5 QUART
The Gem of Canadian Whiskies
MACNAUGHTON'S

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.



UPHOLDING OUR
REPP-UTATION
a finer-than-ever collection
of Sambrooks Stripes

For many years we have been noted for our exceptionally large selection of pure silk repp ties. Our new Fall assortment includes many unusual and subtle colorings. The silks, loomed by *Blue Bird*, are of superb quality. They wear wonderfully, knot beautifully. Four-in-hands, $2.50. Bows, $2.00

Exclusive with
Paul Stuart
18 East 45th Street
New York, N. Y. MU 2-0322

Beautiful
Christmas
Cards

A choice of unusual holiday cards await you in the America House collection. 15% reduction on orders placed before October 15th.

AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.

disbanded, and the student corps became considerably more subdued. The burghers of Bonn, monarchists almost to a man, paid as little attention as possible to the Weimar Republic. Hitler came to Bonn in 1932, during his unsuccessful campaign for the German Presidency, and the owner of the Königshof, then the town's leading hotel, indicated that his presence as a guest would not be desirable. He went, instead, to Bad Godesberg, a town four miles away, where he was cordially received at the Rhein-Hotel Dreesen. The Bonners were delighted to see him leave, and Hitler never forgave them. From that time on, when he visited the Rhineland he invariably kept clear of Bonn. In 1938, he made history at the Dreesen when he and Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain met there for an informal talk, which led to the Munich Conference. The Königshof was badly bombed during the war, and is still a ruin; the Dreesen, after serving as the headquarters of the French High Commissioner for several years, was returned to its owner, who rebuilt it magnificently and reopened it in the fall of 1952. The former *Führer-Suite*, consisting of two bedrooms, a drawing room, a conference room, and a bathroom, is available at forty marks, or less than ten dollars, a day—a real bargain.

ON November 3, 1949, to the dismay of the people of Bonn, the Bundestag voted, by a narrow margin, to make their city the capital of Western Germany. Most Bonners had favored Frankfurt, the runner-up. But Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was against Frankfurt, because its population was predominantly Socialist and it was run by a political machine. He felt that a small, aloof city of indeterminate views, like Bonn, would keep the political temperature of the Bundestag relatively low, and would also emphasize the provisional character of the government, for at the time there was genuine hope that Germany would be unified and Berlin would again be the capital. Most Bonners still wish Frankfurt had been chosen. They complain that Bonn has become noisy and overcrowded, and it is true that in four years the population has increased from ninety thousand to a hundred and forty thousand. Many of the newcomers are refugees from the Soviet Zone of Germany, who come to the capital in search of jobs or assistance. The Bonners talk about these people as if they were immigrants, and not fellow-Germans. "Those refugees will do practically anything to make

NEWEST IN
HI-FI ENJOYMENT

Norelco Concerto Grand

ALL-WAVE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

This newest model "Concerto Grand" is as distinguished in appearance as it is faithful in reproduction. Made by famed Philips of the Netherlands it mounts two concert speakers and a host of exclusive features found only on this fabulous instrument. Distinctive continental design cabinet in mahogany veneer. Visit Schirmer's now for a demonstration of this precision-made, all-wave, high fidelity instrument. $850

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 43rd ST., MU 2-8100
BROOKLYN: 275 LIVINGSTON ST., MA 4-5170

perrier
NATURAL
Sparkling Water

drink
to your
own
good
health!

Imported from France by
Seggerman Nixon Corp. • Long Island City, N. Y.

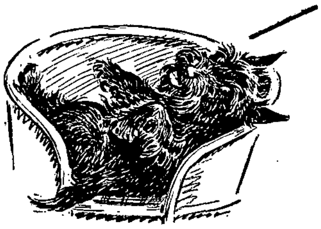
AT THE BEACH IN BERMUDA
Private beach front cabana cottages for two. Bed-living room, bath, veranda. Main Club for meals, entertainment, dancing under the stars.
Your Travel Agent or N. Y. Office
16 West 55th Street. JUdson 6-3070
the Reefs
BEACH CLUB
Southampton Bermuda

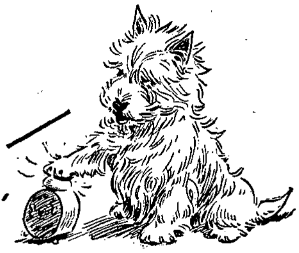
Pygmalion
AIR COND.
STEAK HOUSE
Open 7days a week · Noon to 3A.M.
Free Parking for Patrons
2nd Ave. between 56 & 57 Sts.
RESERVATIONS: PL 3-8420

money," one well-to-do citizen said to me the other day. "They start out as building workers, and their wives get jobs as charwomen. In no time, they're running their own enterprises. Our schools are jammed with their children. And their young people are already marrying our sons and daughters. In a few years, the pure Catholic character of our region, the whole cultural and religious structure of our beautiful Rhineland, will be destroyed by those Protestants from the East. You run into them everywhere. Even the police force is full of them. They get the best jobs, because they work so hard. Here we like a graceful way of life—a walk through the Siebengebirge, a glass of Rhine wine. Now it's work, work all the time, and the competition is terrific. In ten years, these new people will own everything, and Bonn will be as vulgar as Berlin."

The impact on Bonn of the vast governmental machine that was suddenly thrust upon it has been tremendous. It is as if Princeton, New Jersey, say, were called upon to accommodate all the agencies of the federal government in Washington. Elsewhere in Germany, Bonn is referred to with a mixture of amusement, condescension, and affection as "*das Bundesdorf*"—"the capital village"—and, indeed, it has remained a small town at heart. The other morning, I saw a herd of sheep grazing on a plot near the Bundeshaus, in which the Parliament convenes. During the day, automobiles are not allowed to park on the south side of the charming old Marktplatz, because they would block the way to the stalls of flowers, vegetables, and fruit that have been set up there every morning for generations. Fast through trains still stop at the local railroad station for only a minute, just as they did in the days before Bonn became the capital of the most populous country in Western Europe. "Old" Bonners will have nothing to do with the new Bonn. They wouldn't think of being seen in the Café Kranzler or the Café Vaterland—two restaurants that were once famous in Berlin and have now moved here.

Nevertheless, the struggle to keep the old Bonn alive is a losing one. On the road between here and Bad Godesberg, I saw four new buildings in the space of one block—the headquarters of the British High Commission, the headquarters of the Social Democratic Party, a Coca-Cola bottling plant, and a huge white garage. The streets swarm with automobiles bearing license plates that are prefixed with "O" (official German cars), "4C" (American Ar-





SCOTCH
BLACK & WHITE
JAMES BUCHANAN
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLACK & WHITE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Time to Wake Up!

"WAKE UP, WHITEY! WE'VE GOT FRIENDS WAITING!"

"I'M WITH YOU THERE, BLACKIE! SEEMS EVERYONE'S AWAKE TO THE FACT THAT THE CHARACTER AND QUALITY OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

my), "4H" (American civilian), "BZ" and "CCG" (British), and "DO" and "FZ" (French). The new Bonn is being established not in the historic center of the town, but at its eastern edge, on the left bank of the Rhine. This is where the Chancellery and the Bundeshaus are, and a number of former millionaires who used to live in the section and who lost their money in Germany's various inflations and currency devaluations have rented or sold their villas to the government for temporary use as office buildings and Ministries. The Ministries of Foreign Affairs, Finance, and Post and Communications have been installed in brand-new boxlike buildings, and the other Ministries soon will be. In a few years, Bonn will be a spick-and-span, made-to-order capital. There is nothing provisional about the new buildings; they are made of steel and reinforced concrete, and they seem to have been designed with the idea that there is to be a Western Germany for a good long time and that Bonn is to remain its capital. Even the most optimistic government officials have given up hope of moving back to Berlin. Like soldiers in the trenches, they are now simply trying to make themselves as comfortable as they can while wishing they were elsewhere.

Since there still aren't nearly enough apartments to go around, a civil servant arriving in Bonn must plan to spend at least a year in a rented room, without his family, if he has one. During this time, a married man receives eight marks (two dollars) a day as so-called separation money, and he is supposed to live on this, while his salary goes home to his family. Every three months, he gets a free round-trip ticket, third class, on the federal railroads for a visit home. And when he is at last assigned an apartment, his wife quickly discovers that she has set up housekeeping in one of the most expensive cities in Western Germany.

All things considered, the Berliners who have had to move here are no more enthusiastic about Bonn than Bonn is about them. "Bonn is not a capital but a form of capital punishment," a civil servant who arrived three years ago told me. "What with the fog from the Rhine, the dampness, and the hothouse climate, people feel logy and tired all the time. Some of my friends have constant headaches. We miss the invigorating air of Berlin—and not only the air. We're all suffering from claustrophobia. At night, I meet the same people I see all day long at the office. In my three years here, I've never once

The Maisonette

Constance Moore
AND HER SONGS

MILT SHAW and his Orchestra
and The Ray Bari Ensemble

Special Theatre Dinner
6 to 8 P.M. $4.25
(No entertainment tax)

HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. at 55th ST.

A MEANINGFUL ADDRESS

for Social and Business Gatherings

"*At The Park Lane*" on your invitation conveys a world of meaning to your guests, whether the occasion be a wedding banquet, a business conference, a group breakfast or a cocktail party. It signifies cuisine and service of flawless perfection . . . a setting of impressive charm . . . a Park Avenue location of supreme convenience.

Distinctive, air-conditioned meeting rooms for large or small groups include the:

CRYSTAL BALLROOM
TAPESTRY ROOM
CAFE-LOUNGE
and PETIT SALONS

For details and brochure, call Maitre d'hotel

PLaza 5-4100

The PARK LANE
Park Avenue at 48th Street
PLaza 5-4100

Frank W. Regan, *President*

IDEAL FOR GUSTY FALL WEATHER

OUR NEW WIND-MASTER UMBRELLA
$5.95

YOU SPRING IT BACK IF IT'S BLOWN INSIDE OUT

Our new Wind-Master can be snapped back, with its ribs as strong as ever, if blown inside out! All-Nylon Cover, ten-rib tempered steel Sweson Evans frame, solid brass Tip-Cup, a fine Wooden Shaft, and a choice of Imported Handles: Beech Wood, Whangee, Castanea or Malacca. Priced at $5.95

MAIL ORDERS INVITED
On New York City deliveries please add 3% Sales Tax. Add 31c mailing charges beyond New York United Parcel zone.

Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON

Write: Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N.Y.

one of the world's famous eating places... where one always dines well and pleasantly...in the best of company!

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th Street

Beau Sejour
RESTAURANT
Bethpage, L. I. Phone: Hicksville 3-0091
Closed Tuesdays
Enjoy real country dining on our new patio

GUY LOMBARDO'S East Point House
OVERLOOKING PICTURESQUE GREAT SOUTH BAY
Sea Food Our Specialty
Dancing on open Marine Deck to Joe Candullo's Orch. Featuring Eddie Litvin at organ. Cocktails Trophy Room
Foot of South Grove St., FREEPORT, L.I.
OPEN ALL YEAR
Daily from Noon
Closed Mondays

been asked to the house of a native Bonn family. What I miss most is people who don't talk shop every night. In Berlin, my wife and I knew artists and musicians and publishers. We had fun. Here, about all my wife can do is join in a weekly *Kaffeekränzchen* with the wives of two other German officials and with a French and an American lady. They take turns speaking German, French, and English, and it's really more educational than social. Of course, we see a lot of Allied officials at the monster cocktail parties, and we used to go to their homes, too, but then after a few times we felt we couldn't accept any more of their invitations, because we're in no position to ask them to our place. Two dinner guests at a time are about all we can manage in a two-room apartment, and I can't serve decent wines. The walls are as thin as paper, and the neighbors can hear every word we say. I like to play chamber music, and so do some of my colleagues, but how can we play in the evening when there is a baby asleep in the apartment next door? Some American friends of mine sometimes drive up to Düsseldorf for a concert or an opera, but I can't afford a trip like that. On Sundays, I do some bird watching—I got started on it when I was in England for a while before the war—but that's about my only recreation. Not a very interesting life, is it? We all pretend that someday we'll get out of Bonn, but, of course, we really know that we're stuck here for good."

Of all the recent arrivals here, the eleven hundred Americans undoubtedly have the most lavish accommodations. All of them, except Dr. James B. Conant, the High Commissioner, who has a house in Bad Godesberg, live just outside that town, in a specially built modern village, in the southern-California style, and complete with a shopping center, a church, a school, a cinema, a clubhouse, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, a central heating plant, a printing plant, a warehouse, and a gas station. The Americans call the development the Compound, and the Germans call it the Golden Ghetto. "A self-imposed one, mind you," a Bonner told me, with a smile. Less elegant housing developments, for the German employees of the Office of the United States High Commissioner for Germany, or HICOG, have been built in nearby Muffendorf and Tannenbusch. And in Mehlem, ten minutes from Bonn by car, is the new HICOG headquarters—a modernistic structure consisting of six wings, one of them seven

PILLOWS . . . with a personality!

CONVERSATION POINTS . . .
with a life, a verve, a whimsy
all their own. The gayest of
shapes in wonderfully vibrant
colors on felt . . . quite unlike
anything you've ever seen!

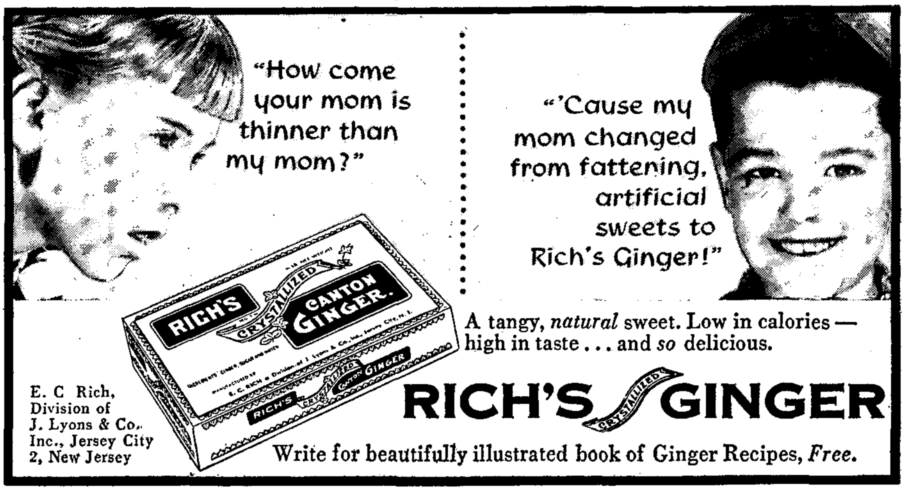
DOMINO—
Black with white dots 9.95
BARBER POLE—Royal Blue, white
and red stripes 12.95
MANDARIN FISH—
Chinese red 13.95
CLOCK—White face with moss
green and gold trim 12.95
WATERMELON—Flamingo center
with green trim 10.95
MAN-IN-THE-MOON—White face
with blue appliqued back
and ice green trim. 10.95

Post-Paid Anywhere USA

Hammacher Schlemmer

145 East 57 Street, New York 22, N. Y.
ELdorado 5-4700
Just One Block East of Park Avenue

In NYC add 3% Sales Tax
Send for Fall Housewares
Catalog N-2



"How come your mom is thinner than my mom?"

"'Cause my mom changed from fattening, artificial sweets to Rich's Ginger!"

A tangy, *natural* sweet. Low in calories — high in taste . . . and *so* delicious.

RICH'S CRYSTALLIZED GINGER

E. C Rich,
Division of
J. Lyons & Co.,
Inc., Jersey City
2, New Jersey

Write for beautifully illustrated book of Ginger Recipes, *Free.*

THE AIR CONDITIONED
Drake Room
OPEN DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY
Preferred by the town's most interesting people for
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
ADDISON BAILEY in "Songs Without Words" at the piano during dinner and supper
HOTEL Drake 440 PARK AVE. at 56th St.
Plaza 5-0600
Bing & Bing Inc., Mgt.

Three Crowns
Revolving Smorgasbord of World's Fair fame
LUNCHEON from $1.50
DINNER from $2.50
COCKTAILS
Open Every Day from 12 to 12
12 E. 54th ST. • PL 3-9692
Facilities for Private Parties

NO FINER HATS
Lock & Co.,
Herbert Johnson
and our own English hats

We import these distinctive hats—noted for their close-felting, hand-finishing and attention to detail—in styles and unusual colors of our own choice...in light, medium light and full English weights. $15 to $20

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
346 MADISON AVE. COR. 44 ST • NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

TERRACE ROOM
presents
RALPH FLANAGAN

AND HIS
ORCHESTRA
featuring
KEE LARGO
THE RHYTHMETTES
and THE SINGING WINDS
plus FLANAGAN'S
FLATBUSH FIVE
Continuous dancing nightly from 7 p.m., to 1:00 a.m., Saturdays until 1:30 a.m. Closed Sundays.
LOngacre 3-1000
HOTEL New Yorker
A Hilton Hotel
34TH ST. AT 8TH AVE.

stories tall, that stands on stilts near the bank of the Rhine. Now, with German sovereignty in the offing, HICOG is shrinking steadily, and the surplus offices are being turned over to the German government; when HICOG is dissolved, the Americans will keep only enough real estate for a normal embassy and dispose of the rest. Altogether, the American projects are said to have cost around twenty million dollars. Everything was ready by November, 1951, and that month five hundred Americans, with their families, household goods, and office equipment, moved here from Frankfurt. The big move took five months to plan and eighteen days to carry out.

Compared to HICOG's Little Rockefeller Center, the British and the French headquarters are rather modest. The British adhered to the local German style in designing their rather austere building, in Bonn. The French headquarters, in Bad Godesberg, has a fine club and a good restaurant, and it reminds me of crossings on the Liberté and the Ile-de-France.

THE Bundeshaus, a square modern structure, dating from 1930, that was originally a teachers' seminary, overlooks the Rhine, that most powerful of all German national symbols. From the stone-paved terrace of its restaurant, which is open to the public, brooding Germans not only can keep their mystical watch on the Rhine as they drink their coffee with whipped cream and eat their *Kuchen* but can look up at the Drachenfels, the mountain on which Siegfried slew the dragon, and at the Petersberg, with its luxurious Kurhotel, which was built in the early years of this century by Peter Mülhens, the manufacturer of 4711 cologne. In May, 1945, American troops who were engaged in mopping-up operations discovered a subterranean armament factory in the Petersberg where a thousand Russian and Polish slave laborers were making airplane parts. Four years later, the Kurhotel became the headquarters of the three Allied High Commissioners. Once in a while, Adenauer would be invited to come there for a conference. Today, when the High Commissioners want to talk to Adenauer, they call on *him*. The Kurhotel is now in private hands again, and has been converted, at a reported cost of seven hundred thousand dollars, into a deluxe hideout for Ruhr millionaires. Instead of the three Allied flags, the black, red, and gold German flag is again flying on its roof—another pleasing sight

CHARM

The charm of Mayfair House lies in the perfect blending of old-time ideas of hospitality with modern conveniences.

Furnished and unfurnished apartments of one to four or more rooms. Spacious foyers and ample closet space. Serving pantries with quiet refrigeration. Some suites with wood-burning fireplaces.

Transient Accommodations Available
Air-Conditioned, if desired

Mayfair House
Park Avenue at 65th Street
New York

Build a Collection by Renting Original Paintings

One can build a personal art collection by renting, then purchasing, if one wishes, through our unique rental service. Our collection consists of the finest original works of recognized American and European masters.
Rentals from $5.00 to $80.00 per month may be applied toward purchase price.
For details, write or phone.

NEW YORK CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS
640 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. • PLaza 9-7754

HENRY AUSTIN CLARK, Jr.
presents
Carnival of Cars
air-conditioned
'SHOW-PALACE'
ASTOR THEATRE BLDG.
BROADWAY & 45th STREET
antique auto spectacle!

EARLY AMERICAN PAINTINGS
PRIMITIVE & HISTORICAL
and
Old maps and prints, "a most interesting gallery". Visit us.
argosy gallery
116 EAST 59th STREET, NEW YORK 22 • PL 3-4455

for the people on the terrace of the Bundeshaus.

In the restaurant, grave-faced men discuss business and politics—the two are inseparable in Bonn—over large plates of sauerkraut. The political parties are assigned their own tables, and the members are always careful to sit at them; it would cause much comment if a Social Democrat sat down to lunch with a Christian Democrat. Each political party also has its own hotel and winehouse in town. Party discipline is very strict. The leaders lay down the law at caucuses, and when a vote is taken in the Bundestag, each floor leader keeps an eye on his deputies, like a teacher in front of a class, to make sure that they vote as they have been told to. There are few roll-call votes, because no one likes them. A deputy who is obliged to go along with his party on what may turn out to be an unpopular measure can always tell the voters that he was against it, and without a roll call no one can prove he wasn't. Three out of every four laws that are passed by the Bundestag are introduced by the Cabinet. One deputy, explaining the Bundestag's lack of initiative, said, "Only the Ministries have staffs of legal experts competent to prepare new legislation." Since the deputies are so languid about lawmaking, lobbyists don't bother much with them, concentrating instead on officials in the Ministries.

All this, of course, serves to enhance the eminence of Chancellor Adenauer, up in his chancellery—the Palais Schaumburg, an eighteenth-century baroque building that once belonged to the Francophile Prince Schaumburg-Lippe. "Bonn *is* Adenauer," an American who has been here from the start told me. "He can sometimes be utterly ruthless in order to reach his objective, but his objective is always the good of Germany, as he sees it. He has the patience of a wise old man. He never arrives at his decisions in a hurry, and he isn't afraid to change them when he feels he has made a mistake." Among the Germans, Adenauer's authority appears to be unchallenged. At press conferences, he acts like a pleasant but stern professor. Every time he leaves Bonn, his colleagues work up ambitious projects of their own, but these are usually scuttled as soon as he returns.

One of the big questions in Bonn, naturally, is what will happen when the seventy-eight-year-old Chancellor is no longer around. Unlike Churchill, Adenauer has not encouraged the emergence of a political heir. Quite the contrary. Last year, when Dr. Heinrich

Scotland's Gift to the World

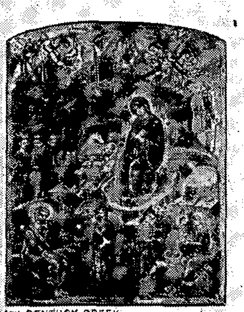
Queen Anne Rare Scotch
QUEEN ANNE
RARE
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND
HILL THOMSON & CO LTD
EDINBURGH · SCOTLAND

Queen Anne Rare
is a blend of whiskies of some
18 of Scotland's finest distilleries.
The malt whiskies in our brand come
from Morayshire in the highlands,
north of the Cairngorms, a beautiful range
of heather-covered mountains.

Queen Anne
SCOTCH WHISKY

Henry Kelly Importing and Distributing Co., Inc., New York 14. Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 proof.

PICTURE yourself WITH
JOHN STUART
FURNITURE



4TH CENTURY GREEK

JOHN STUART INC.

JOHN STUART FURNITURE — AT MOST FINE STORES THRUOUT THE COUNTRY OR YOUR OWN DECORATOR
Send $1, dept. Y-John Stuart Inc. 4th Ave. at 32 St. N.Y. for "The Gold Book" 231 photographs of Exceptional Furniture

bath—beach—boudoir

just plain wonderful!
thirsty terry wraparong*
pampers you a thousand ways

Wraps you up—dries you off—takes you tenderly from tub to telephone, from locker to lounging. Perfect for make-up, shampooing, sun bathing, dormitory wear. Shaped and fitted . . . buttons on securely in a second. White, maize, aqua, green and pink. Small, medium, large. **$3.95**

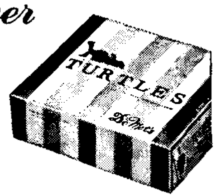
THE TOG SHOP
Americus, Georgia
Please send me the following:

	Quan.	Size	Color
Wraparong $3.95			

name______
address______
city______zone______state______
☐ Check ☐ M.O. **add 25¢ for postage**

TURTLES
BRAND
© 1953

You've never tasted **Candy** *like this!*



Made Only by
DeMet's, INC.
177 N. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.
SOLD AT LEADING CANDY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

von Brentano, the Christian Democratic floor leader, was mentioned as the next Chancellor, Adenauer began to bear down on him in caucus meetings, and today no one talks of Brentano. A while ago, Adenauer fell sick, and several of his political friends reminded him that someone would have to take his place someday. Adenauer looked at them in surprise, and then said yes, there was always the chance that he might be run over by a car. "He seems to rule out the possibility of natural death," one of them said later.

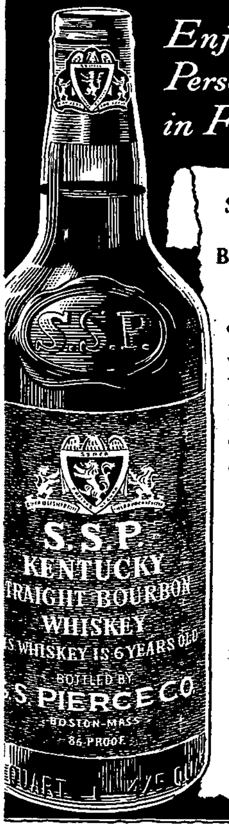
QUITE early the other morning, I drove over to Rhöndorf, the sleepy little town on the other side of the Rhine where Adenauer lives. After having breakfast in the Drachenfels Hotel there, I set out to find the Chancellor's house, following some rather vague directions the waitress had given me. I headed for the foothills of the Drachenfels, which looms up behind the town, and soon I saw a large black Mercedes limousine with the license number O-002 (Dr. Theodor Heuss, the President of the Republic, has O-001) parked in front of a garage, which was being painted by two men in coveralls. A lane at right angles to the street ran past the garage and then, flanked by lilac and magnolia bushes, up a slope, ending in a flight of perhaps fifty steps, at the top of which was the comfortable white frame house, overlooking the Rhine, in which Adenauer lives, with his bachelor son. In front of the house was an exotic tree—transplanted, I've been told, from the Crimea—and on the doorstep were some empty milk bottles; in the rear, I knew, were his famous rosebushes. I asked the painters if the Chancellor was at home. They said that he was, and that he'd probably be coming out at any minute. "And when he comes, he'll come fast," one of them added. "He always walks fast, even going up those steps after a long day."

Just then, a man wearing a long leather coat came out of a small white building at one corner of the property, where, the painters told me, the Secret Service had set up shop. He walked over, joined us, and began chatting about his duties. The Chancellor was an easy job, he said. The immediate neighbors—a doctor, a businessman, and a clerk—were all old friends of Dr. Adenauer's, and they took better care of him than any Secret Service could.

A fast Porsche, with the word "POLIZEI" on its side, and a Mercedes, smaller than the parked one, drove up,

S.S. PIERCE CO
Boston, Massachusetts
Wine Merchants and Grocers Since 1831

Enjoy the Personal Touch in Fine Whiskies



S. S. P. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 6 YEARS OLD

"The Red Label with the Golden Words" is a Bourbon that is rarely equalled and never excelled.
86 proof

Other Selections
SCOTCH
BLENDED WHISKIES
MIXED COCKTAILS
RUM
BRANDY
COGNAC
BORDEAUX WINES
VERMOUTH

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
The Barbizon

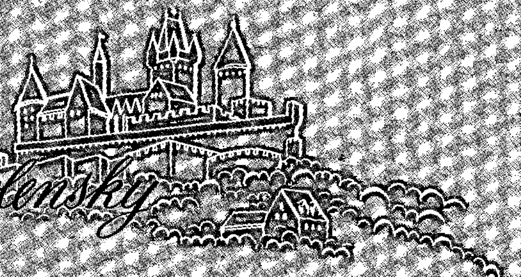
If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $3.75 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet **N.**

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

BANNED IN BOSTON
Ban dining boredom by visiting Boston's famous
darbury room
Fabulous food, unsurpassed service. In our lounge . . . entertainment commencing at the cocktail hour. Definitely the place to go in old Boston town.
DARTMOUTH AT NEWBURY ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

HIGH and DRY
AIR CONDITIONED
East 57th St. **SUTTON** PL 9-1411

Princess Alexander Obolensky



Princess Alexander Obolensky of Paris and New York says: "In Europe, this wonderful blanket is a treasured possession. I know that in America, too, it will be held in the same high esteem for its comfort and beauty."

The Princess's emerald and diamond necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels

Unquestionably… The Most Luxurious Blanket in the World

"Elégance"

by Chatham

The luxury blanket of Europe comes to America in "Elégance" by Chatham, made by a famous Belgian process imported for exclusive production here. No blanket in all the world is so comfortable, so fabulously beautiful. Warmer than three ordinary blankets, "Elégance" has an unbelievably deep, rich nap and is regally bound on all four sides in nylon velvet. Illustrated, San Moritz Yellow with Topaz binding—one of five enchanting color combinations. In an exquisite presentation box.

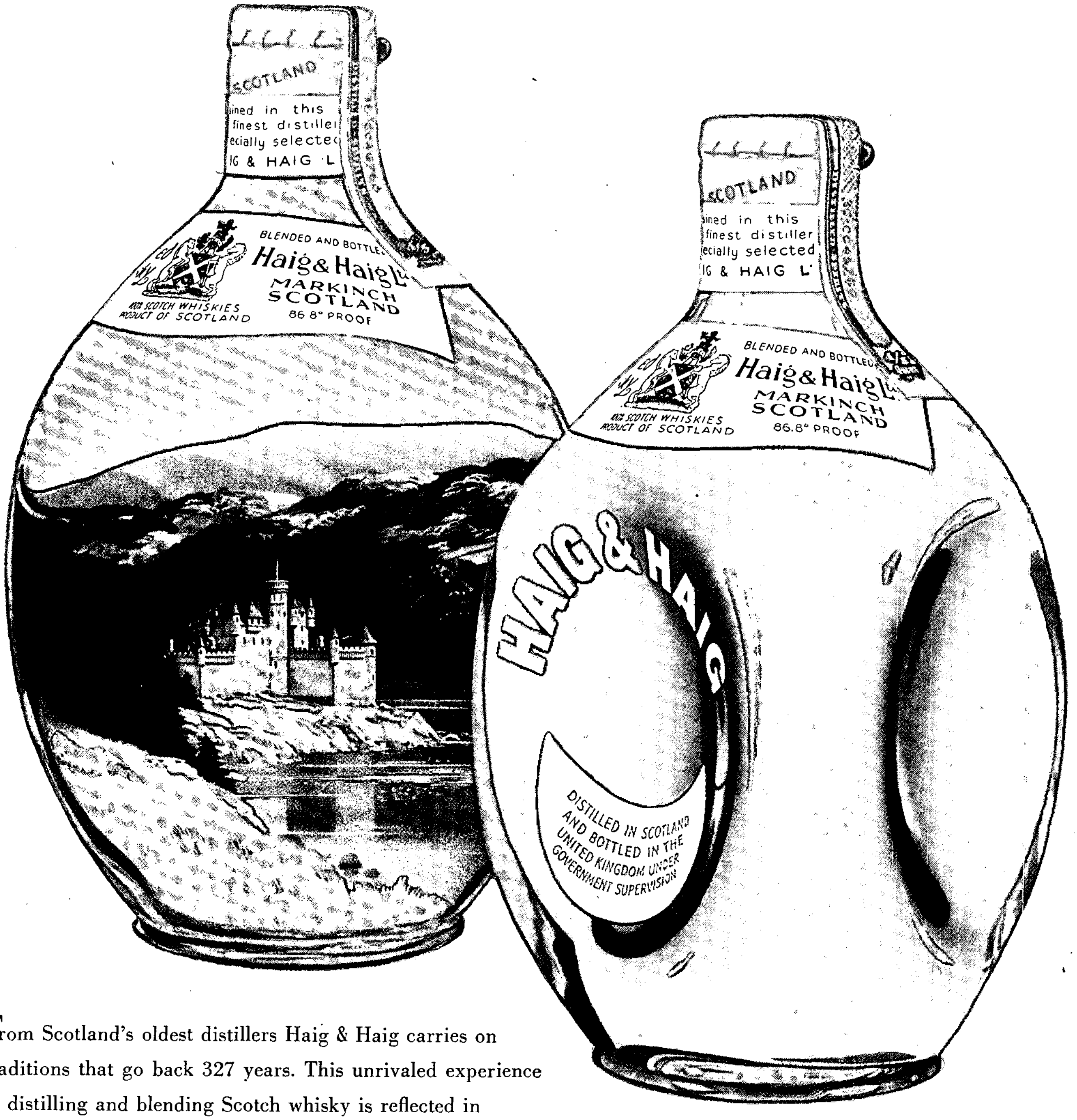
Fifty Dollars

Chatham Manufacturing Company

Mills at Elkin, Charlotte and Spray in North Carolina

U.S. Pat. No. 2,241,22

Scotland in a Bottle!


SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED
Haig & Haig Ltd.
MARKINCH SCOTLAND
86.8° PROOF
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
HAIG & HAIG
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

From Scotland's oldest distillers Haig & Haig carries on traditions that go back 327 years. This unrivaled experience in distilling and blending Scotch whisky is reflected in the fine flavour and unvarying quality of Haig & Haig today.

Don't be Vague... say **Haig & Haig**

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

and half a dozen more men in leather coats got out. The Secret Service man looked at his watch and said the Chancellor would be coming down the lane at any moment. "Punctual as a clock," he went on. "Leaves here at nine-fifty, which gets him to his office at ten. Hates to have us use the sirens, though, even when the traffic is heavy. . . . Good morning, Frau Schmitz."

A fat, middle-aged woman in a faded house dress was walking down the road toward us, leading a small boy by the hand. She started to reply to the Secret Service man's greeting, but at that moment he and the other men snapped smartly to attention. A tall, erect old man wearing a black homburg and carrying an umbrella was striding briskly down the lane. As he passed us, he took off his hat, nodded this way and that, and said, "*Morn zusamm*' [Good morning, everybody]," in the Rhenish dialect. Then he got into his limousine, and was driven off, preceded by the Porsche and followed by the smaller Mercedes. One of the painters took a cigarette out of his breast pocket and rolled it between his fingers as he stared after the three cars.

"In two years he'll be eighty," he said, and shook his head incredulously.

"He's all right," said Frau Schmitz, her eyes shining with admiration. "He'll go on forever."—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

Abstract art has always existed, but until this century it never knew of its existence.—*First sentence of the book "Abstract Painting," by Thomas B. Hess.*

Picasso was right, as usual, when he said: "There is no abstract art."—*Last sentence of the same book.*

Pity you didn't find out sooner.

•

TAKEN BY MISTAKE: Will the party who picked up my purse at the Robinson Drug Store Saturday, please return the small beaded coin purse and money as it holds a sentimental value for me. Rita Schauer, Garrison, N. Dak.—*Adv. in the McLean County (N.D.) Independent.*

Great-great-grandmother in love with Alexander Hamilton?

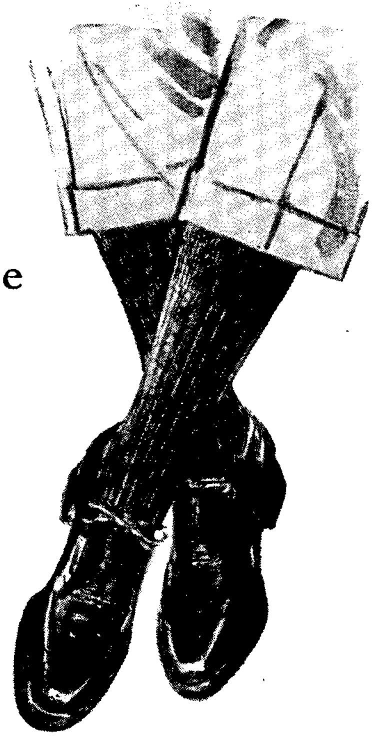
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the New Orleans Times-Picayune*]

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA (AP)—Mrs. E.B.A. Fowles of Annerley, Brisbane, had a bad sneezing turn on the way home one night.

She didn't go to a doctor about it. She went to the police.

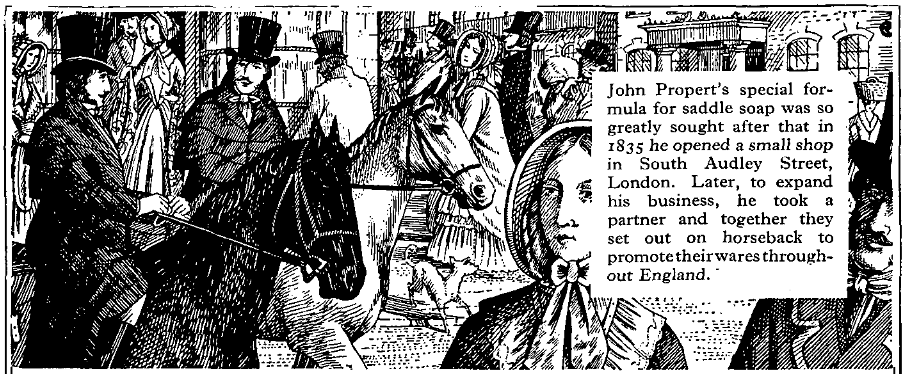


For the man
who wants the finest,
our made-in-England
Wool Half Hose

Knit by Allen Solly, a name that is a tradition in fine hose. Full-fashioned of soft, shrink-resistant wools in a good-fitting 6x3 rib. Navy, black, navy heather, black heather, steel gray, peat brown and burgundy.
Sizes 10½ to 13. 3.50

Men's Store,
Street Floor

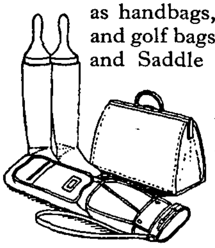
New York • New Rochelle • Fresh Meadows • Stamford



John Propert's special formula for saddle soap was so greatly sought after that in 1835 he opened a small shop in South Audley Street, London. Later, to expand his business, he took a partner and together they set out on horseback to promote their wares throughout England.

Even non-riders need good habits

Many people who have never owned even a quarter share in a horse use Propert's Leather and Saddle Soap as a matter of regular habit. For this old established leather preservative from England is not only the lifeblood of harness, saddlery and riding boots; it is indispensable to the care of such articles as handbags, brief cases, trunks and golf bags. Propert's Leather and Saddle Soap certainly has no equal for preserving fine leather. As well as cleaning it to its very pores, it breathes life into it, gives it suppleness, endows it with a warm and friendly personality and that invaluable gift for growing old gracefully. No wonder John Propert of Regency days made such a fine name for himself. There is still nothing to touch his formula for cleaning, softening and preserving fine leather.



PROPERT'S
Leather & Saddle Soap
for preserving fine leather

PROPERT'S
LEATHER AND SADDLE SOAP
PROPERT'S SPECIALLY
THE BEST LEATHER CLEANSER
SHOES, BAGS, SADDLES, HARNESS
54/F

You will find Propert's Leather and Saddle Soap at all stores where they know how good leather should be treated. ESTAB. 1835

AGENTS: SALOMON & PHILLIPS, 460 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

S. J. Glaser inc. furs

26 EAST 56 STREET, NEW YORK

no need to beg for

Turkish Treasures

The **finest** imported Turkish cigarettes . . . **98.55% free-of-nicotine . . . naturally aromatic** . . . a delight to the taste and to the eye!

Exotic cigarettes that have graced the homes and dinner tables of smart hostesses the world over. Intrigue your friends, and yourself, with a new smoking pleasure—TURKISH TREASURES, distinctively packaged, gracefully oval-thin in shape, fashionably tinted in "watercolor pastels".

Each carton of four boxes contains cork and plain tipped in regular and king size lengths. **$1.25 per box** (40 cigarettes) **$5.00 per carton** (4 boxes)

Send check or money order to: **TURKISH TREASURES, INC.**
258 Broadway
New York 7, N. Y.

Sole Distributor of Cesit Cigarettes in the United States, by appointment of the Turkish Government, State Monopolies.

THE RACE TRACK

Bumped

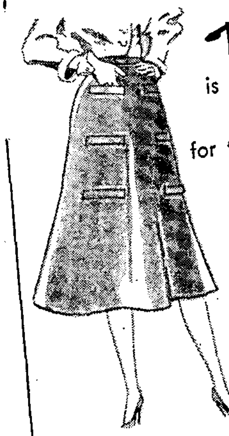
LAST week for perhaps the first time—at any rate, Diogenes Checkpoints can't find another instance in his records—racing on Long Island was stopped by a hurricane. It seems that the storm last Saturday morning left the Aqueduct track pitted with holes and washouts, so around noon the management decided the course wouldn't be safe to gallop over and called things off for the day. At Atlantic City, however, it was business as usual. In fact, one of my outside men reports that when some of the early arrivals at Pennsylvania Station learned that Aqueduct was closed, they simply took the train to Jersey and saw the Brookfield Farms' Impromptu win the World's Playground Stakes in a photo finish with one Chuck Thompson. Oh, well, they say you can't keep a squirrel on the ground.

Generally speaking, rain and high winds don't bother horses and horseplayers much. The hurricane we had week before last naturally cut attendance at Aqueduct, but more than twelve thousand people showed up, and there were eight races. There was also racing at Aqueduct the day of that hurricane in 1944, but it must have been only so-so, for all I can recall of the occasion was that the public-address system went out of commission. In fact, after emitting a couple of horrid gurgles and squawks, the loudspeaker was silent for the rest of the week. The storm of 1938 was something else again. We were at Belmont Park, and most of us spent the afternoon huddled under the grandstand, ankle-deep in water, waiting for the skies to fall. Nevertheless, six races—all they had that afternoon—were run off. Belmont and the other Long Island tracks came through better in that one than Rockingham Park, in New England, did. Rockingham lost part of its roof, which, as it happens, was copper-covered. There's a trainer I know who still delights in telling how a large sheet of copper chased him for a furlong, caught him at the door of his stable, and nicked him in the ankle.

ANYBODY who keeps up with the doings of our better horses hardly needs to be told that E. P. Taylor's Canadiana, an old favorite of mine, runs

from the buyer's note book

Hazel Riston



This Skirt

is charming for the office, for travel, for the Modern Gal's wardrobe. Our own skirt of superb Irish tweed handwoven by Gaeltarra – special price $18.00

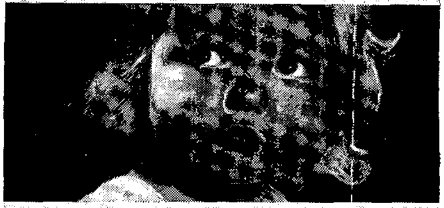
Fabric samples happily mailed upon request

AUSTIN LTD. PRESENTS

Lady Austin TWEEDS

45 WEST 48th STREET, NEW YORK

JOSEF SCHNEIDER LOVES BABIES



Front cover of Ladies' Home Journal, (January 1954) has a picture by Schneider. If you're looking for an unforgettable baby picture, call Josef Schneider, foremost children's photographer. 119 W. 57th Street, New York, CO 5-1223.

Cherio

RESTAURANT

LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.

46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

Lum Fong

New York's Favorite
Chinese Restaurant
Air Conditioned

150 West 52 St.
220 Canal St.

authentic Chinese Food and Delicacies

especially well the first pop out of the box after a long rest, or that she likes races at less than a mile. So it wasn't at all surprising to see her lead most of the way in the Vagrancy Handicap, a seven-furlong event at Aqueduct a couple of Saturdays ago, and win comfortably from Clear Dawn, Dispute, and seventeen other fillies and mares. I don't suppose it was terribly surprising, either, that Joe Jones, a four-year-old who is trained by Hirsch Jacobs, won the Bay Shore Handicap on Labor Day. He's a son of Stymie, you know. Ever since Stymie was retired, five years ago, his aficionados have been hoping that one of his sons or daughters would develop into a topnotch racer, and now a lot of them think Joe Jones may be the one. Certainly he is the first of Stymie's children to win anything but second-class races. Still, I must say that I haven't been spellbound by any of his performances. Among other things, he holds his head high when he runs, and that, as any horseman will tell you, is not a sign of quality. True, Stymie used to do it, but then Stymie was an exceptional animal. For my part, I have a notion that Mr. Al L., a two-year-old son of Stymie's, who is also trained by Jacobs, is a better colt. Anyhow, I liked the resolute way he won at Aqueduct the other afternoon. By all odds the closest finish of the week—or of the month, for that matter—was a sprint at six furlongs in which Bayou Boy, Iamarelic, Hypa-long, and Dash for Cash finished noses apart on the winning post. Although they weren't even Class C horses, it was a good show.

IT must be a tossup with followers of Chicago racing whether the big upset of the recent Washington Park Futurity was the victory of Georgian, a 28–1 shot, or the failure of Royal Note, the odds-on favorite, who didn't even finish in the money. An old long-distance second-guesser, I'd say that Royal Note is never going to be as good again as he was before Royal Coinage beat him at Monmouth Park last month. As for Georgian, who is owned by Hal Price Headley, no doubt we'll see him at Belmont, which opens next week, but you can be sure he won't be at such long odds the next time he starts. —AUDAX MINOR

•

It was that funny, but not to Byron as he was choking.
qy . . . ypwjpffmtheir—*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.*

We know, we know.

(*Advertisement*)

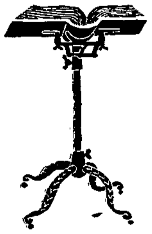
"I think you should know that NATIONAL AIRLINES is fastest and finest to Florida"
54-NM-3657-5

OPENING TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st
The Hotel Pierre presents with great pride

the incomparable
Hildegarde
and
Jack Whiting
with
Howard Fenton and
Gene Bone
STANLEY MELBA and his orchestra
with the Cotillion Strings
Chico-Relli and his music
Luncheon Fashion Shows—Wednesdays & Thursdays
Cotillion room
CLOSED MONDAYS
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

BOOKS

In Good Queen Victoria's Glorious Reign

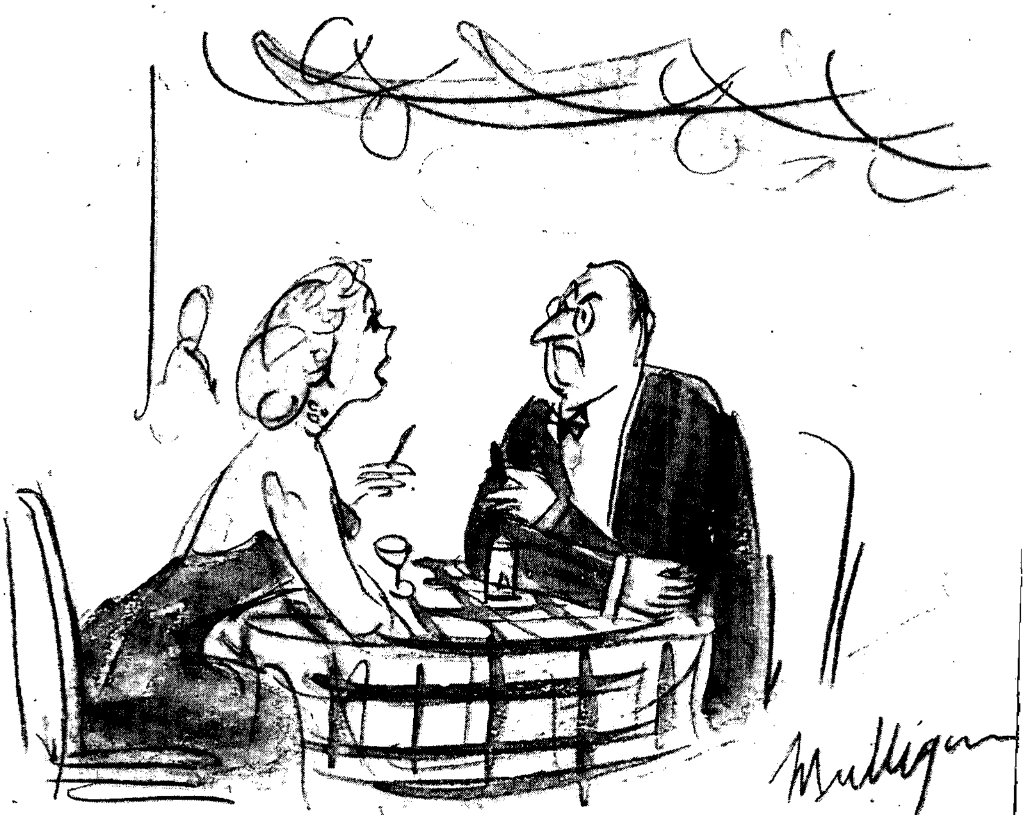


WHATEVER one thinks of the age of Victoria—and only lately have we emerged from the exaggerated scorn that often follows a period of excessive respect—it produced an extraordinary number of Personalities. This may be why there are now so many biographies of Eminent Victorians, usually executed with more sympathy than was shown by the author of that phrase. Charles George Gordon and Samuel Butler, the subjects of two current books, may be taken as polar extremes of the Victorian personality—Chinese Gordon, the romantic soldier whose exploits in the dark corners of the earth were as thrilling to every British household as his evangelical piety was soothing, and the prosaic, sedentary, cynical Butler, who spent a quiet life writing a shelf of iconoclastic books that nobody read. Gordon died a hero's death, with his boots on, hacked to pieces by the Mahdi's dervishes in the fall of Khartoum; Butler died in a London nursing home of pernicious anemia. Gordon's last words are unknown, for obvious reasons; Butler's were "Have you brought the checkbook, Alfred?" If Gordon was the ideal Victorian hero, a man of action with the proper Christian morality, Butler, three years his junior, was the age's great anti-hero, working away patiently, obscure and snubbed, preparing the ideological dynamite that would, after his death, blow one of the first breaches in the Victorian ramparts. For all their differences, they were both extreme individualists, men of strong will and daring who followed their daemon wherever it led and who had an irritating way of solving problems, in warfare or in scholarship, without paying much attention to the rules of the game. The age of Victoria was the last to produce Personalities of this scale and pungency; afterward came the deluge of our modern mass society, flattening out, smoothing down, rounding off the edges.

Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson's "Chinese Gordon: The Story of a Hero" (Funk & Wagnalls) is a crudely written, poorly organized book, rough-hewn from the extensive quarry of Gordon material already in print—his own copious letters and journals, plus the biographical studies by his brother, Sir H. W. Gordon, and by D. C. Boulger, Egmont Hake, Birkbeck Hill, Sir Charles Wilson, H. E. Wortham, and others. It is not distinguished by psychological penetration, which is a pity, since Gordon's personality was absorbingly complex. Wortham's "Gordon" (1933) is much superior to the present biography both as a narrative and as a picture of Gordon. If the Hansons have nonetheless written an interesting book—and they have—the credit must go mainly to their subject.

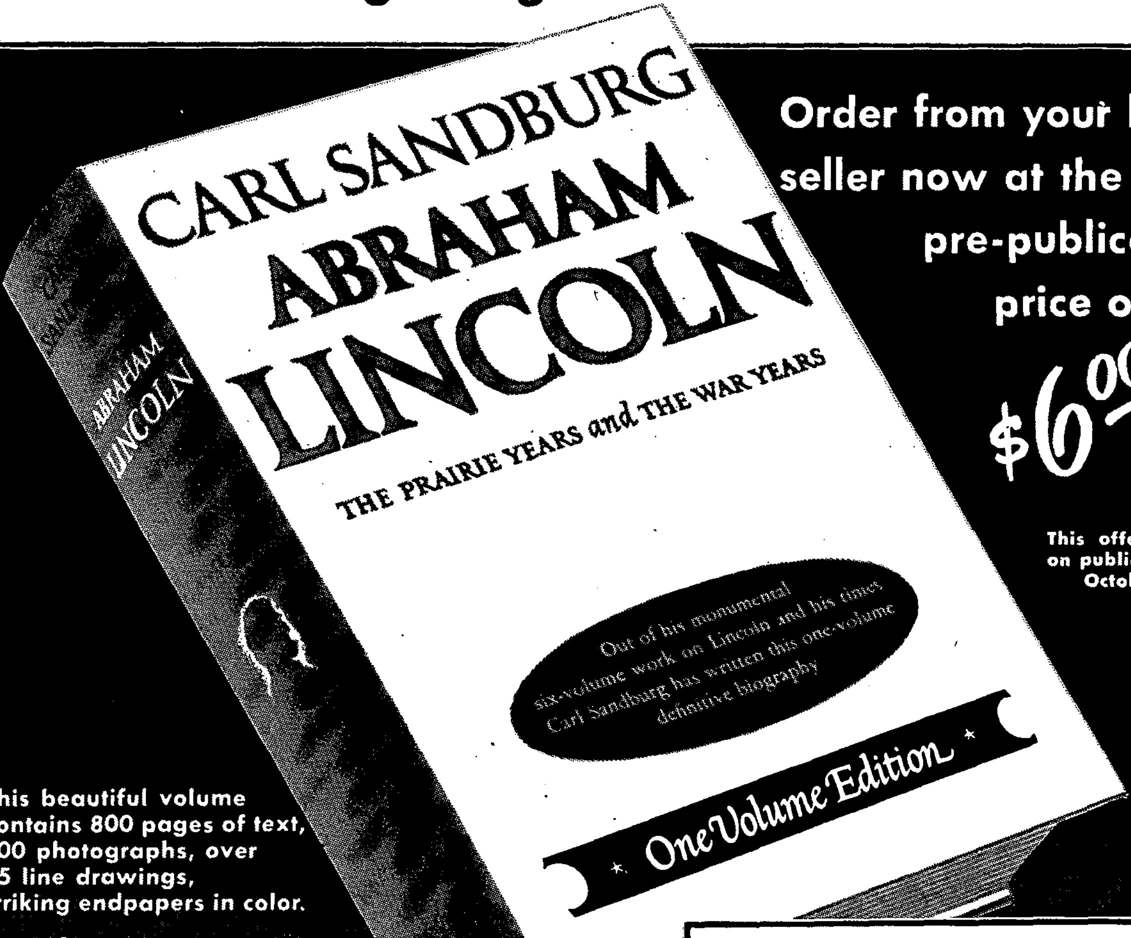
Chinese Gordon was so termed because, a brevet major of Royal Engineers just turned thirty, he had, in a brief and brilliant campaign, put down the great Taiping Rebellion, which had overrun the richest provinces of China and was threatening to overthrow the Manchu dynasty and, what was more serious from the British mercantile viewpoint, sweep all the foreign devils into the Yellow Sea. His instrument was an extremely and indeed excessively irregular force of a few thousand Chinese and European mercenaries that called itself the Ever-Victorious Army. It had been improvised by an American soldier of fortune named F. T. Ward, with funds supplied by the British and Chinese merchants of Shanghai. The Ever-Victorious hardly justified its title until the slight, handsome, smiling young engineer took over the command. In little more than a year, Gordon led his men from one dazzling victory to another, walking ahead of them in battle, a spruce figure with a bamboo cane under his arm and a cigar between his teeth. The odds were fantastic, and so were the casualty lists; in one engagement the Taipings lost five thousand men, the Ever-Victorious only two. The campaign ended in 1864 with the fall of Nanking, the rebels' capital, and the suicide of their leader, the self-styled Heavenly King.

After that, to the distress of the British War Office, which took a dim view of Gordon's unorthodox methods and personality, he became a national hero



"Of course, to be completely fair, I'd have to hear your wife's side."

Carl Sandburg's long-awaited one-volume Lincoln


CARL SANDBURG
ABRAHAM
LINCOLN
THE PRAIRIE YEARS and THE WAR YEARS
Out of his monumental six-volume work on Lincoln and his times Carl Sandburg has written this one-volume definitive biography
One Volume Edition
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Order from your bookseller now at the special pre-publication price of

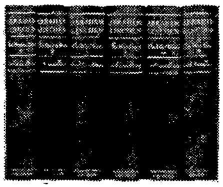
$6.00

This offer expires on publication day October 7th

This beautiful volume contains 800 pages of text, 100 photographs, over 25 line drawings, striking endpapers in color.

Actual size: 6¼ x 9¼

Handsome format; rich library binding stamped in red and gold.



The heart of Sandburg's

$54.00 SIX-VOLUME LINCOLN SET

Yours for the phenomenally low price of $6.00 if you place your order now.

Only your bookseller can make this offer. **There will be no book club distribution of this book.** After publication day, October 7th, the price will be $7.50.

MORE than a hundred thousand people have already purchased Sandburg's magnificent life of Lincoln in the original six-volume edition. This biography has become the standard work on the subject and has been called "the greatest historical biography of our generation." Now, after years of labor, Sandburg has literally "distilled the essence" of his monumental work, rewriting, condensing, and adding new material in the light of recent findings, to produce the most readable and definitive one-volume Lincoln ever published.

Nearly 40 years ago Carl Sandburg set himself an extraordinary task — to reproduce Lincoln's life as it was lived, and to impart to the reader the exact sensation of living it while he reads. That Sandburg had succeeded was widely attested. The critical acclaim was immediate, unqualified, unanimous:

"I feel as if I had been living with Abraham Lincoln!"
—LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A triumphant success, a book for posterity."
—ALLAN NEVINS, *Saturday Review*

"A monumental undertaking, grandly realized."
—ROBERT SHERWOOD, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

Perhaps no other man can again record so vividly the man Lincoln and his times; for Sandburg had grown up in Lincoln's neighborhood and talked with those who remembered him. The devotion was complete. It is this remarkable ability to bring Lincoln and his age alive that makes Sandburg's one-volume Lincoln unlike any other. If you act now, before October 7, you can possess a first edition of this great work for only $6.00. After publication day the price will be $7.50.

Reserve your copy with your bookseller today

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., NEW YORK 17

The *amazing*
stuns us briefly
The *impossible*
we take for granted

THE MAN IN THE THICK LEAD SUIT

By DANIEL LANG

This is a chronicle of the people who live with the scientific facts of tomorrow: a Navajo shepherd who discovers uranium; a military rocket specialist; a top nuclear physicist who is ordained as a deacon: these are the highly personal stories of the VIP's who are shaping the future that we will take in stride.

"The book will do something, I hope, to dispel the public's terrifying ignorance of what is going on in the scientific field."
—Arthur C. Clarke

Introduction by ERIC SEVAREID

$3.50 *at all bookstores*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11

Add this "outdoor room" to your house for very little money

Let Shan Stewart show you how easy it is to get the patio or terrace you want. Her new book shows how to plan it, build it, furnish it. Everything you need to know—exterior decorating, materials, construction costs, barbecues, children's areas, etc. Every step simplified and illustrated with examples by the top architects. 400 Photos. 53 Diagrams and Master Plans. *Only $2.95*

Order from CROWN PUBLISHERS, Dept. A33, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. 16. Refund in 10 days if not delighted. Save postage by remitting now.

PLANNING & BUILDING YOUR PATIO

Making the Most of Your FOOD FREEZER

NOW completely revised and enlarged edition of this kitchen classic, filled with new short cuts, new ideas, new recipes

by Marie Armstrong Essipoff

"She writes about her freezer... as some men write about love."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

$3.95 at all booksellers

RINEHART & CO. N. Y. 16

comparable to that other unconventional man of war, Lord Nelson; in fact, for years their statues shared Trafalgar Square. For ten years, the War Office successfully sat on him, employing his talents to build useless forts on the Thames and to improve navigation on the Danube. Then, in 1874, the Khedive of Egypt invited him to suppress the slave trade in the vast hinterland of the Upper Nile. For six years, as governor general first of Equatoria and then of the Sudan, Gordon struggled with this impossible task. Although he performed such feats as walking, alone and unarmed, into the remote camps of the slavers and demanding—and getting—their submission, the result was considerably less satisfactory than his achievement in China, the slave trade being a social and economic rather than a military problem. But his reputation soared even higher with the British public, which was stirred by moral endeavor and romantic dash regardless of results. After another period of eclipse, during which the War Office again got things in hand and set the national hero to such tasks as serving as commanding engineer of Mauritius, came his return to the Sudan, to deal with the holy war led by the Mahdi, and the siege of Khartoum, in which Gordon, alone at the head of some thousands of demoralized Egyptian troops, stood off the Mahdi's fanatical hordes for almost a year. The city fell on January 26, 1885, just two days before the British relief force got there. Gladstone's Cabinet almost fell, too. "To think of your dear, noble, heroic Brother, who served his country and his Queen so truly, so heroically, with a self-sacrifice so edifying to the World, not having been rescued," Victoria wrote Gordon's sister Augusta. "That the promises of support were not fulfilled . . . is to me *grief inexpressible!* Indeed, it has made me ill!" The British public and press felt the same way; in death as in life, Gordon was a trial to his superiors.

It is difficult not to like Chinese Gordon. Even Lytton Strachey was affected by his charm, treating him with much more affection than he did Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, or Cardinal Manning. Pious ladies and hardbitten soldiers were alike attracted by his direct, informal manner, his Scottish good looks, his glowingly magnetic eyes. Even his evangelical earnestness had a fresh, innocent enthusiasm about it, and his imperiousness—which his junior officers sometimes felt—was tempered with schoolboy jokes and slang. If he was "an ideal leader of half-civilized men," as a contemporary called him, it was perhaps because they understood and responded to his own simplicity. It was also because he was physically fearless, longing for death to free him from the burden of "the flesh," as exemplified in his own trim, tireless body. When Gordon, on one of his quasi-official missions, arrived at the court of Emperor John of Abyssinia, a morose fanatic who cut a hand and a foot off any subjects who were caught smoking, he entered the throne room puffing on his usual cheroot. "Do you know that I could have your life for that?" asked the furious Emperor. "You would confer a favor on me," Gordon replied.

Courage is an important part of charm, and Gordon had moral as well as physical courage. "I care not if H. H. [the Khedive] is offended or not offended," he burst out in a letter. "I will carry things with a high hand to the last with him, and whatever the world may say, I will content myself with what God may say." There is an obvious danger in believing one acts as the instrument of God, and Gordon did not always escape it. But he was ruthless in facing up to reality, even when his own acts were involved; for example, this note of his from the Sudan:

> Some philanthropic people write to me about "noble work," "poor blacks," etc. I have, I think, stopped their writing by acknowledging ourselves to be a pillaging horde of brigands and proposing to them to leave their comfortable homes and come out to their favorite "poor blacks"! "We do not want your beads, we do not want your cloth" of the poor Moogies rings in my ears. "We want you to go away." They know well enough the little benefits that would ever accrue from our occupation.

Remarkable words from a colonial administrator, but even stronger than Gordon's piety was his hatred of cant. This hatred, which was shared by Butler—for what, after all, is the appeal of "The Way of All Flesh" if it is not its cool rejection of the cant about parental love and family life?—makes Gordon's inconsistencies likable rather than contemptible, since he never tried, in words or in action, to gloss them over. On the one hand, the man of God, the zealot and ascetic, of whom a lady admirer wrote, "He lived his religion: the glory of God, the welfare of mankind, the death of self," and who him-

"When you have to kill a man *it costs nothing to be polite*"

IT was the evening of December 7, 1941, in London. Churchill was relaxing at a table with his American friends, Ambassador Winant and Averell Harriman. When he turned on his wireless set for a regular news broadcast he heard something said about Japan attacking American territory. He at once put in a call to the White House.

"In two or three minutes Mr. Roosevelt came through. 'Mr. President, what's this about Japan?' 'It's quite true,' the President replied. 'They have attacked us at Pearl Harbor. We are all in the same boat now.' "

The very next day Churchill wrote the Japanese Ambassador to inform him that their countries were at war. He recalls that some people criticized him for the "ceremonial" style he used in his letter. "But after all," comments Churchill, *"when you have to kill a man it costs nothing to be polite."*

This is one of the thousands of interesting sidelights and anecdotes of the war which the famous Prime Minister reveals in his six-volume masterpiece, *The Second World War.* Some are tragic, some dramatic—all of them reveal the human and intimate side of the war leaders in their conduct of affairs.

Soviet Humor

Among the fascinating revelations in *The Second World War* is the by-play between Churchill, Stalin and President Roosevelt, as they sat around the conference or dining table, planning, arguing, toasting, joking.

Was Stalin really pulling Churchill's leg when he proposed that after the war 50,000 of Germany's military leaders and technicians be executed? Churchill tells how he objected to the idea, saying, "I would rather be taken out into the garden here and be shot myself than sully my own country's honor by such infamy."

President Roosevelt tried to make a joke of it by offering the compromise plan that only 49,000 be shot. When Elliott Roosevelt made a speech on the subject agreeing with Stalin, Churchill left the table in a huff. He was at once followed by Stalin and Molotov, grinning and eagerly declaring they were only playing, that nothing of a serious character had entered Stalin's head.

Mr. Churchill was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, principally for *The Second World War,* and there can be little doubt that it will come to be regarded as one of the great landmarks of world literature.

For the rest of your life these six books will be a possession you will be proud to have acquired as a memento of your own part, however humble, in this great epoch of human history. The complete set is offered to you in a Trial Membership, as a dramatic demonstration of the Book-Dividend system of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

★ **YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club's Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you would like. Or you may say, "Send me nothing."

★ **YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon below.

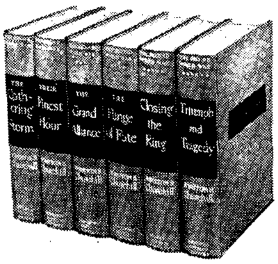
★ **AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This member profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund. This is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent *free* to members. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the six books you agree to buy.

★ **YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

Given to you...

IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
NOW AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS
DURING THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS

ALL SIX VOLUMES



The Second World War
by Winston Churchill

[RETAIL PRICE IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY $36]

NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to obtain these six volumes under the Club's regular BOOK-DIVIDEND system, write for information as to how this can be arranged.

BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE GOOD BOOKS LISTED BELOW

☐ **THE FALL OF A TITAN** by Igor Gouzenko *Price (to members only) $3.95*
☐ **MARY ANNE** by Daphne du Maurier *$3.50*
☐ **THE MIND ALIVE** by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet *$3.75*
☐ **SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET** by Heinrich Harrer *Price (to members only) $3.95*
☐ **A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE** by Erich Maria Remarque *$3.95*
☐ **THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST** by Sir John Hunt *Price (to members only) $4.95*
☐ **SWEET THURSDAY** by John Steinbeck *$3.50*
☐ **FIRE IN THE ASHES** by Theodore H. White *Price (to members only) $3.95*
☐ **THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS** by Charles A. Lindbergh *Price (to members only) $3.95*
☐ **THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY** by Ernest K. Gann *$3.50*
☐ **THE CAINE MUTINY** by Herman Wouk *$3.95*
☐ **A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX** by Bruce Catton *Price (to members only) $3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. **A879**
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Selections and Alternates—I am to receive the current Book-Dividend* then being distributed. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Name..
(Please Print Plainly)

Address..

City.. Postal Zone No. (if any) ....*State*.......

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada self wrote, "I conclude that man's flesh, taken from the ground, has in it a spiritual, satanic influence on spirit which it derived from the fall." And on the other hand, the flesh, or at least the life of action and glory into which he kept jumping at every opportunity. He hated publicity, receptions, and lionizing, exclaiming, "I had rather be dead than praised!," and he despised what he called "catering for notice, hailing the tram of the world." His struggles against involvement were sincere and chronic—"wrestling with Agag," in his phrase—but the meditative, inward life of the spirit was just not his style; he got bored and hailed the next tram. He read his Bible, but he read the newspapers, too, and almost as assiduously. (His reputation was largely the creation of the press, which at last killed him, for it was W. T. Stead, the most influential journalist of the day, who won Gordon's consent to undertake the fatal mission to the Sudan and then used his *Pall Mall Gazette* to pressure Gladstone's reluctant Cabinet into sending him.)

Gordon's personality was as riven by contradiction as his behavior. His temperament was *allegro vivace*, headlong, dashing, one would even say reckless except for his practicality—in practical matters, that is; no one could have been less prudent in intangible matters like diplomacy. His step was light, rapid, tripping, his face handsome, open, smiling, his voice sweet and rather high-pitched. But there was something sick under all that impetuous energy, something dark beneath the airy personality; there was the inward taint, the infection that makes a hero tragic—the uncontrollable fits of rage that caused him to slap orderlies' faces; the days and nights he spent brooding in his tent, incapable of even facing his officers; the long, tortured, repetitious passages of introspection in his letters and journals. "I think the greatest danger in all our actions is from the motives of such actions. They are so insidious and lead to such great effects that I doubt everything I do," he wrote toward the end of his career. These are not the words of a simple man, whether of action or of faith.

PHILIP HENDERSON'S "Samuel Butler: The Incarnate Bachelor" (Indiana University Press) is a useful introduction to Butler's life rather than to his ideas, about which Clara Gruening Stillman published a good book in 1932. Smoothly written, in the cool, understated English style, Mr. Henderson's

WHO Spends Two Dollars For a Dust Cloth?

AND WHY?

Two dollars is a lot of money for a dust cloth. At that price, who buys them? Here's a partial list of buyers of our Conniver, whose names may be familiar to you:

Mrs. Ben Hecht—
he co-authored "The Front Page"
Lillian Hellman—you know her
from The Theatre Guild
RMS "Queen Elizabeth"—
best known ocean liner afloat
Countess Mara—
the well known necktie people
Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse—
a name we all know
Ilka Chase—if you read,
or watch TV, you know her
U. S. Library of Congress—
and N. Y. Public Library
Kenneth Roberts—
he wrote "Northwest Passage"
The Mark Hopkins Hotel—
San Francisco's finest

Should you spend two dollars just because these buyers did? No, not necessarily. But you should know WHY they splurged—so that you can decide for yourself.

HERE IS WHY THE BUYERS BUY . . .

People buy Conniver (and then buy it again!) because it absolutely ends dirt-cling. A touch on any surface—wood, glass, metal, porcelain, plastic or leather—and it instantly applies a tough but invisible film that simply will not hold on to dust or dirt. The result is that anything wiped with Conniver is afterward beautifully cleaned and polished with just a flick of the cloth. That's because Silicone is the finest "release material" known to science. (A release material keeps anything from sticking to anything else.) Reader's Digest has raved about it. Big industry uses tons of it. And Conniver contains more Silicone than *any other maker* has yet been able to get into a cloth! And the Silicone stays in, too.

Use Conniver on woodwork, furniture, mirrors, porcelain and chrome kitchen appliances, windows—everywhere in your home. It won't hide or discolor any finish, but it will enhance lustre. Get one for the car, because then you can wash it dry, with just a wipe. By the way, regular use of Conniver prevents the formation of both rust and tarnish. Nice to know that, if you own silverware, or if there are guns, golf clubs, garden tools and such around the house.

You clean Conniver just by shaking it. Or, if you prefer, dunk it in a mild detergent solution. It will come up smiling, because the Silicone is there for keeps!

WE GUARANTEE IT— TO THE HILT!

We just don't know how to write a stronger Guarantee than the one we've put on Conniver. We say that if Conniver doesn't do everything we promised, we'll instantly refund your money—and you may keep the cloth! There are no strings on this. You are the judge.

Conniver buyers know that every word we've said is true. You will know too—so mail us your order right now.

We sell Conniver in two sizes. The standard 12x18-inch Conniver is $2.00 (or three for $5.00). And the double-size 18x24-inch deluxe Conniver is $3.00 (or three for $8.00). We pay the postage, but we cannot accept C.O.D. orders.

You buy Conniver by mail—*only from us* in all the country. And we Guarantee that you'll be glad you did!

BRECK'S of BOSTON
715 Breck Building—Boston 10, Mass.
Breck's has been a reliable company since 1818.

It's the top!

All of Cole's best lyrics.
They're the ones
Won him panegyrics.
It's the pick of all your
Favorite Porter
Old and new.
All the sporty lines
The naughty lines
The love songs, too . . .

PLUS (and only Porter could rhyme this) rare additional choruses from his private production files for some surprises; an index; and commentary by the editor.

103 LYRICS OF
COLE PORTER
Selected by FRED LOUNSBERRY
$3.50 • RANDOM HOUSE

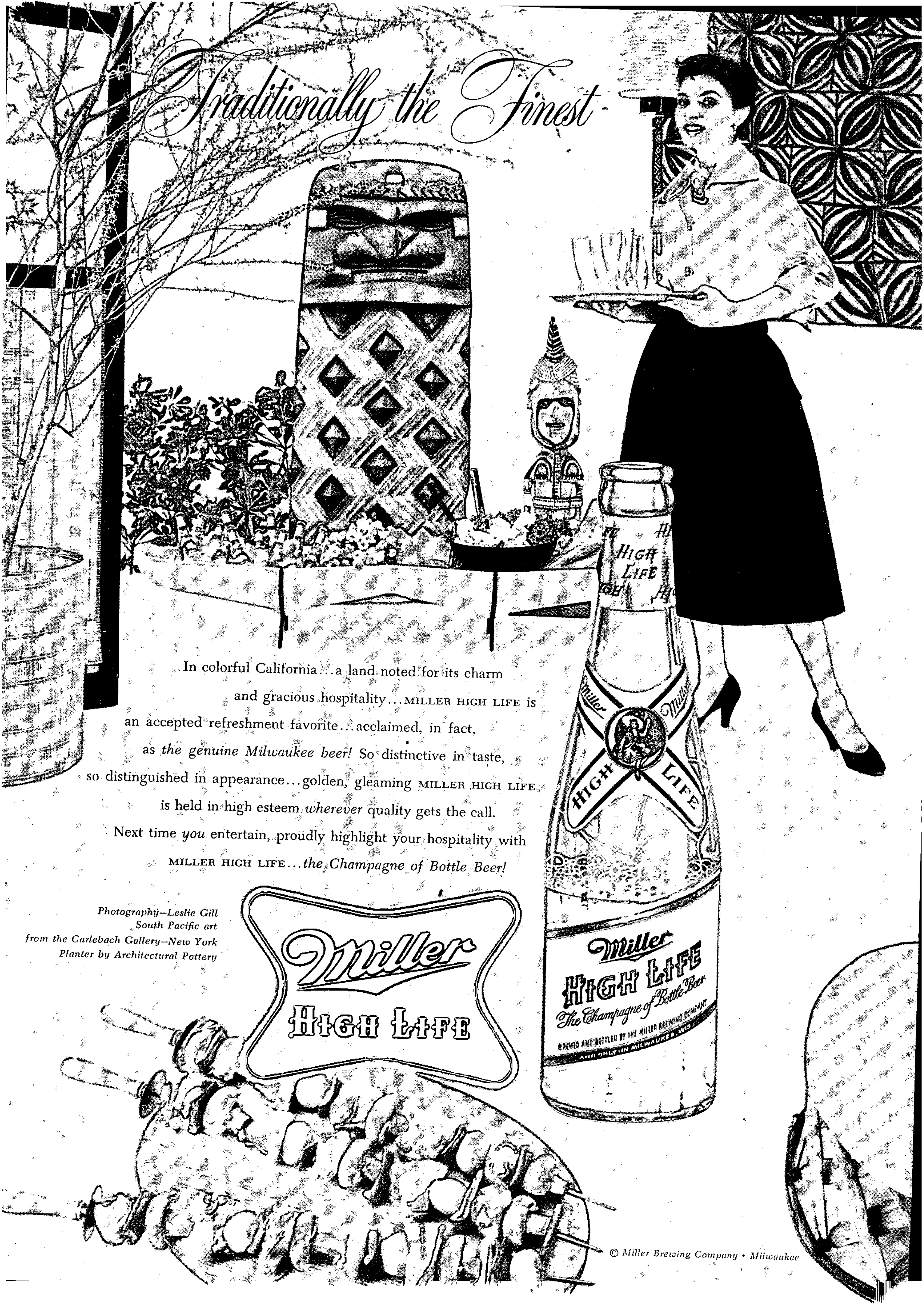
"... a thrilling story."
—*The New Yorker*

Reach for the Sky
By **PAUL BRICKHILL**
Illus. $3.75 • NORTON

"NOUVEAU PETIT LAROUSSE ILLUSTRÉ"

yours for only $1.00 We will send you for $1.00 the 1955 edition of "the definitive French dictionary and encyclopedia" (1800 pages, 6200 illustrations) if you join our Club and agree to purchase four selections at $1.96 each during the coming year! Write **FRENCH BOOK GUILD, 119 W. 57 St., New York 19**; ask for Booklet A.

Traditionally the Finest


High Life
Miller
High Life
Miller High Life
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company and only in Milwaukee, Wis.

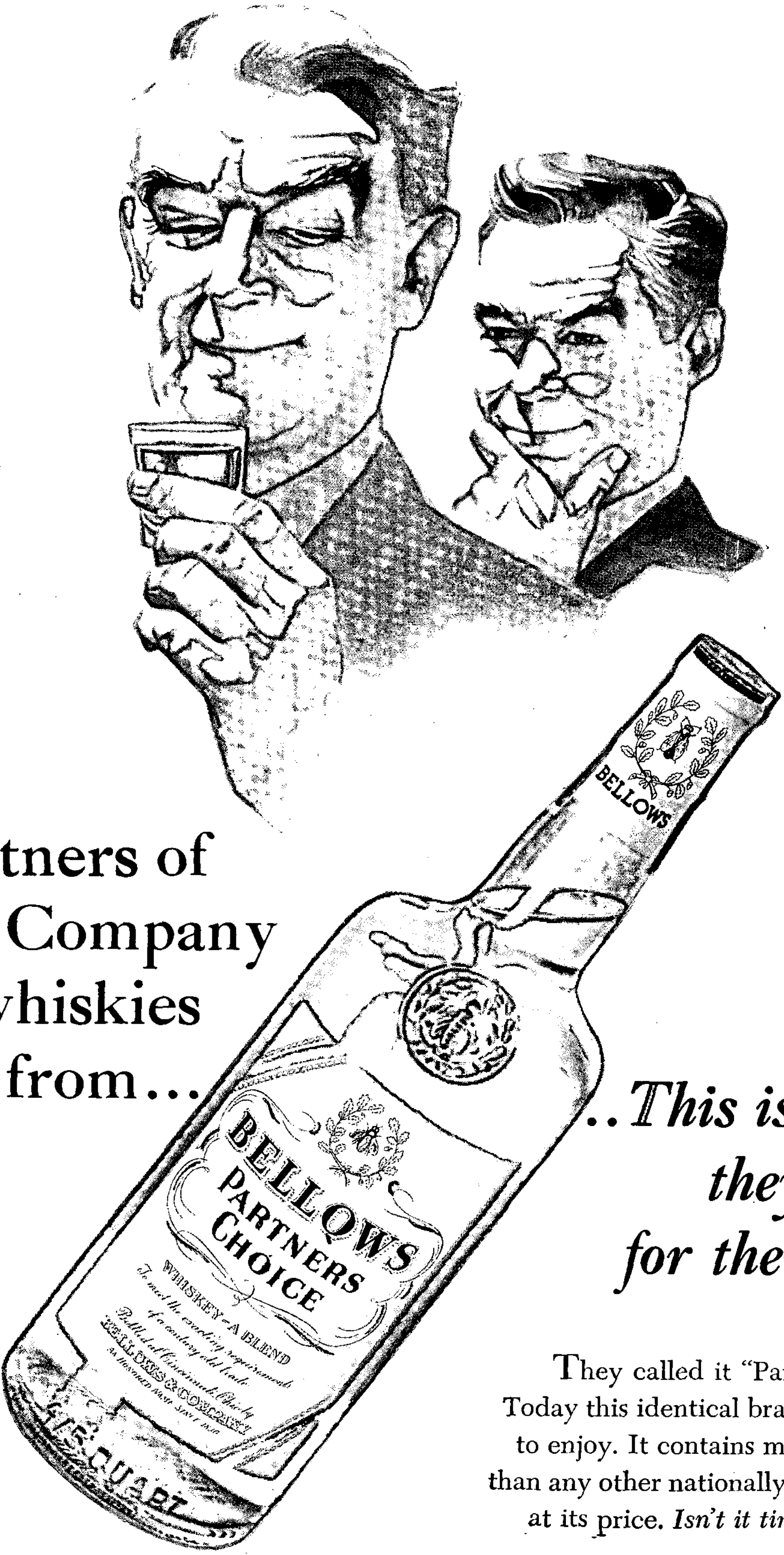
In colorful California…a land noted for its charm and gracious hospitality…MILLER HIGH LIFE is an accepted refreshment favorite…acclaimed, in fact, as *the genuine Milwaukee beer!* So distinctive in taste, so distinguished in appearance…golden, gleaming MILLER HIGH LIFE is held in high esteem *wherever* quality gets the call. Next time *you* entertain, proudly highlight your hospitality with MILLER HIGH LIFE…*the Champagne of Bottle Beer!*

Photography—Leslie Gill
South Pacific art
from the Carlebach Gallery—New York
Planter by Architectural Pottery

Miller
High Life

© *Miller Brewing Company • Milwaukee*

They called it PARTNERS CHOICE


BELLOWS
BELLOWS
PARTNERS
CHOICE
WHISKEY-A BLEND
BELLOWS & COMPANY
4/5 QUART

The partners of
Bellows & Company
had 53 whiskies
to choose from...

*...This is the one
they chose
for themselves*

They called it "Partners Choice."
Today this identical brand is yours
to enjoy. It contains more aged whiskies
than any other nationally sold spirit blend
at its price. *Isn't it time* ***you*** *tried it?*

BELLOWS PARTNERS CHOICE

BELLOWS & COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND • 40% STRAIGHT WHISKIES—4 YEARS OR MORE OLD • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF book offers an undergraduate course in Butler. Graduate students already had plenty to work on, for perhaps no literary personality since Dr. Johnson has been so intensively documented. Not only did Butler have his Boswell, his close friend Festing Jones, whose two-volume "Memoirs" achieves something of Boswell's detached and intimate portraiture, but one of Butler's chief scholarly interests was himself. He edited his correspondence down to sixteen folio volumes, inserting footnotes, and produced six volumes of manuscript "Notebooks"—all this in addition to the famous picture of his unhappy boyhood in "The Way of All Flesh." Like the great Doctor, Butler was a man who delighted to pass judgment, to speculate and evaluate and disagree, and, like him, he had a blend of common sense, crotchety prejudice, and a clarity and force of expression that make what he has to say interesting even when it is outrageously wrongheaded. Also like Dr. Johnson, Butler was temperamentally conservative, and it was the age's fault, not his, that he was cast as the radical critic of Victorianism. If he blazed the trail for the modernist revolt, it was because of a rationalistic and, for that matter, traditionalist contempt for the romantic enthusiasms of his period rather than because of a sympathy with "new ideas."

Butler's life was as uneventful as Gordon's was dramatic. The son of a well-to-do country clergyman, he led a quiet bachelor existence in London, except for a few years after Cambridge, when he was a sheep farmer in New Zealand, and even this interlude was a profitable commercial venture instead of an adventure. He once said he felt happiest in the reading room of the British Museum; this was his natural habitat, as a tent in the desert was Gordon's. "My books are to me much the most important thing in life," he wrote. "They are, in fact, 'me' much more than anything else." The chief episode of violence recorded in Mr. Henderson's biography occurs when a pickpocket jostles Butler in Fetter Lane and makes off with his watch chain. "It gave the Governor a dreadful scare," Alfred, his valet, told Festing Jones. "But I am by his side to comfort him." Gordon would have smiled at this, as Butler would have smiled at an entry in Gordon's Sudan diary: "I had a fearful dream last night. I was back at the Academy and had to pass an examination."

Yet the two had much in common. Both were great eccentrics, of that fine

1—Charcoal Brown Soft Grain Storm-sealed Sole $17.95

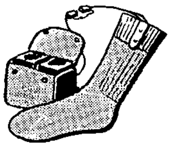
2—Charcoal Brown Soft Grain Storm-sealed Sole $17.95

3—Charcoal Brown, Maple or Golden Birch $16.95

Charcoal Brown... the new dark-leather look in timely all-weather footwear . . . rich, warm, glowing. Choose these and other leadership styles of wonderful feeling FREEMAN'S

wallachs *11 Stores in Greater New York City*

WORLD FAMED
Hotel DEL PRADO
Mexico City

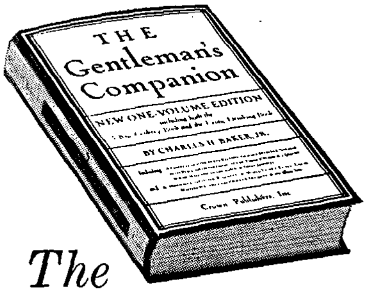


For Warm Feet All Winter . . .

Northern ELECTRIC SOCKS

Now go hunting, fishing, tobogganing or ice skating . . . watch football or hockey games . . . yet enjoy every minute because feet stay warm for hours! Finest quality, heavy, virgin wool sports socks are wired like a tiny electric blanket. Shipped in attractive storage carton complete with batteries, wires, etc. Small, medium or large. Fully guaranteed. An ideal gift. Price, postpaid....................$19.95

NORTHERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. NY2, 5224 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago 25, Ill.



The gourmet's dream come true!

The Gentleman's Companion

The secrets of the world's best chefs & barmen. Famous 2-volume limited edition (published at $15) now complete in one volume for only $3.95

By CHAS. H. BAKER, JR. The 700 greatest masterpieces of food & drink. Recipes nowhere else obtainable. Fabulous prized treasure of epicures. *Two* books in *one:* Exotic Cookery Book & Exotic Drink Book. "Wonderful!"—*Esquire*. Only $3.95

Order from CROWN PUBLISHERS, Dept. A19, 419 4th Ave., N. Y. 16. Save postage by remitting now. Refund in 10 days if not completely satisfied.

discover a FRESH approach to World Affairs

by joining a lively, rewarding,

WORLD POLITICS DISCUSSION GROUP

in your own neighborhood

- Meet Interesting People
- Take part in Stimulating Conversation
- Enjoy Good Reading

World Politics Groups, under trained leadership, meet in communities from Coast to Coast. *Sponsored* by universities, public libraries, churches, service organizations.

For information about the group meeting closest to your home, without obligation, telephone:

New York • PLaza 5-8440
Boston • COpley 7-6675
Philadelphia • LIvingston 8-8100
Chicago • STate 2-9224
Cleveland • CEdar 1-7700
St. Louis • CHestnut 1-4840
Los Angeles • TUcker 6123
San Francisco • EXbrook 2-0824
Seattle • ELiot 5686

ask for "The World Politics Program"

for many other locations, write:

AMERICAN FOUNDATION FOR POLITICAL EDUCATION

19 South La Salle Street, • Chicago 3, Illinois
270 Park Avenue • New York 17, N.Y.

WHAT MAKES GOOD WRITING?

How to lift composition above the commonplace is revealed in *The Wizardry of Words*, an inspiring handbook on the art of writing which will agitate your imagination. A collection of clues to the secrets of writing power disclosed by Conrad, Hugo, Flaubert, Maugham, Kipling, Chesterton and other experts . . . "That book is wonderful!" . . . "I am fascinated by its usefulness" . . . "The Wizardry of Words is a gem of inspiration and instruction and I intend to read it carefully and often." Your technique is bound to improve if you will brood over the "clues" in The Wizardry of Words. $1.00 post paid.

A. C. BELDEN
394 Pacific Avenue
San Francisco 11, California

old British breed that often went to seed in mere crankiness but sometimes flowered into genius. Both were irregulars, freebooters, empiricists, who fought battles or wrote books their own way, with sublime indifference to and contempt for the respectable authorities, whether of the War Office, Downing Street, Cambridge, or the Royal Academy. Gordon's informal methods of colonial warfare are curiously echoed in Butler's guerrilla raids into scholarship, as Gordon's restless appetite for action in any quarter of the globe parallels Butler's versatile exploration of a dozen fields of culture. Mrs. Stillman remarks on Butler's "sudden flights into obscure or disputed realms . . . from which he never emerged without something vital and new, often completely changing accepted outlines and values."

In today's humdrum age of specialization, it seems incredible that little more than half a century ago one man could have worked in so many vineyards, always with originality and often with success. "The Way of All Flesh" and the "Notebooks" and the correspondence, all that fascinating self-revelation—this is only the beginning. Butler studied painting for years and did well enough to be rejected by the Royal Academy. He and Jones composed a mock oratorio, "Narcissus," in the manner of Handel (a lifelong passion with him), and its libretto, at least, is witty. He wrote two satirical Utopias, "Erewhon" and "Erewhon Revisited," which are still excellent reading. He wrote three or four good poems and some others not so good. His translations of "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" are still in the running. He wrote a book asserting, on the basis of scholarly research and archeological trips, that the major locales in "The Odyssey" were in Sicily and that its author was a woman—Nausicaa, to be exact—and another to demonstrate that Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed to a man, the "Mr. W.H." of the dedication. These theories, snubbed by scholars at the time, are no longer considered bizarre. His claim that a Renaissance sculptor named Tabachetti, who made terracotta statues that were realistically painted and costumed, was superior to Michelangelo has fared less well, but Tabachetti undoubtedly was undervalued before Butler discovered him. Butler published an examination of the New Testament which, among other things, argued that the weight of evidence is that Christ did not die on the cross but was taken down alive, his "resurrection" being merely a regain-

"... her death ranked as the greatest literary loss since that of André Gide."
—GENÊT, *The New Yorker*

colette

A PROVINCIAL IN PARIS

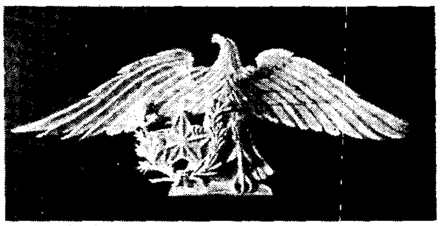
By *MARGARET CROSLAND*

"A timely and handsome reminder of an extraordinary career."—*Time*

$3.50 at all bookstores

THE BRITISH BOOK CENTRE
122 East 55th Street, New York 22

• HAND CARVINGS •



Salem Eagle and Emblem Eagles of any description designed and hand carved to order from sketches submitted for approval.

For further information, pictures and prices write to:

JOHN UPTON
WOOD CARVER
STAR ROUTE WALDOBORO, MAINE

NEW BEST SELLER! THE FALL OF A TITAN

"A book that one reads with excitement and with profit."—*N. Y. Times*

The novel by
IGOR GOUZENKO
$4.50 *at all bookstores*

NORTON

¡TOROS!

Brilliant, full-color, authentic bullfight posters, exclusive direct Spanish imports. Superb collectors items for wall, den, patio, bar decoration. Wide selection, complete Spanish text featuring famed matadors. Full 1 3/4 by 3 1/2 feet display size, two **different $3, four different $4.** Giant mural size, 3 3/4 by 5 1/2 feet, text at top only, **one $3; two different $5.** Free folder of other exclusive bullfight items with every order. Money-back guarantee

LOS TOROS Box 5964-L Indianapolis, 20, Ind.

ing of consciousness. Having thus offended one major camp of the Victorian intelligentsia, he proceeded to alienate the other by publishing four books, of which "Life and Habit" and "Unconscious Memory" are the best known, maintaining that the Darwin who was right about evolution was not Charles but Charles' grandfather, Erasmus, who, with Lamarck, had put forward the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, which his grandson was later to overthrow. Championing Lamarck against Darwin in the eighteen-seventies was like preferring Mesmer to Freud in the nineteen-twenties. Butler's main contention seems cranky—though it is still an issue, as the Lysenko controversy in Soviet Russia has shown—but these four books opened up the very modern field of social psychology and anticipated Jung's theory of the racial unconscious. One of the advantages of the kind of unspecialized, lively intelligence that was Butler's is that even when it fails to reach its principal objective, the trip is interesting.

If it is hard to dislike Chinese Gordon, it is easy to dislike Samuel Butler, as Malcolm Muggeridge, now the editor of *Punch*, once demonstrated at book length in a remarkably sustained exercise in character assassination entitled "The Earnest Atheist." For Butler was old-maidish, timid (except in his writings), snobbish, envious, smug—a graceless, touchy man who felt he was ugly and knew he was unappreciated. Resentful people are seldom likable, and Butler was resentful about everyone all his life, beginning with his father and mother and later including the entire British reading public. While Gordon complained of too much fame, Butler grumbled about too little, and resented those he thought had more than their share, which, in practice, meant anybody better known than he was—a rather large class of persons. "Butler

The Best Seller that's Sweeping the Country!

THE
Dollmaker
By
HARRIETTE ARNOW

$5.00 at all bookstores

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Philippines Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________
(Please include postal zone number)

Beautiful Hair

BRECK

Beauty Salon

BRECK HAIR AND SCALP TREATMENTS

To make your hair soft, manageable and beautiful.

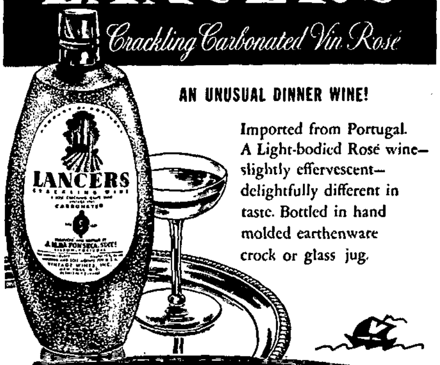
A series of Breck Treatments before a permanent, insures a soft, lovely, lasting wave.

Mr. Fred, hair stylist, and a competent staff offer you complete hair care services.

5 EAST 57th STREET
NEW YORK • PLAZA 8-1910

LANCERS

Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé



AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

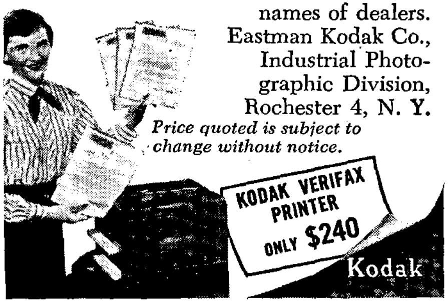
SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
114 East 16th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

3 copies made in 1 minute
less than 4¢ each

A Kodak Verifax Printer pays for itself. It gives you 3 or more photographically accurate copies from *one* sheet of sensitized paper. Anyone can use it. Write for names of dealers.

Eastman Kodak Co.,
Industrial Photographic Division,
Rochester 4, N. Y.

Price quoted is subject to change without notice.



was seldom at his best when with a celebrated man," Jones observed. "He was not successful himself and had a sub-aggressive feeling that a celebrated man probably did not deserve his celebrity." (But even Gordon was annoyed when, at a reception at St. James's Palace in 1880, he was announced as Captain instead of Colonel Gordon.)

Butler was aware of this failing, as he was of most things, good or bad, about himself. "If in my books . . . there is something behind the written words which the reader can feel but not grasp," he wrote, "it is due, I believe, to the sense of wrong which was omnipresent with me." He had good reason to consider himself wronged. His father and mother seem to have been particularly awful specimens of the Victorian parent, and Mrs. R. S. Garnett's book in their defense enhances rather than diminishes this impression. And the British reading public, taking its cue from the critics, who found in almost every work of Butler a fresh irritation of still another Victorian sore point, ignored his books with enthusiasm. He published fifteen, practically all financed out of his own pocket, and the only one that "went" at all was "Erewhon." Printed in 1872 at his own expense after George Meredith had turned it down for Chapman & Hall, "Erewhon" sold less than four thousand copies in twenty-seven years and brought its author less than three hundred dollars in royalties. That Butler had just cause for complaint only made him all the more querulous. After his death, he had his revenge. "The Way of All Flesh," which he dared publish only posthumously, settled accounts with his family so thoroughly as to leave a slight debit on the other side. Appearing in 1903, a year after his death, it was at once a *succès d'estime* (and *de scandale*), and it became the—or at least a—Bible of the rebellious generation of the twenties. As for the reading public, it has fully come around to the view of Bernard Shaw—who praised him, in vain, as early as 1887—that Butler was the most important English precursor of what were to be considered advanced ideas in the first quarter of this century.

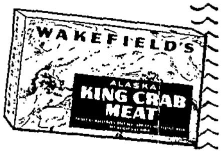
Another uncharming aspect of Butler's personality was his habit of reducing to the prosaic what most people feel should not be reduced. He said that "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Ancient Mariner" would lose their appeal if they were called—and he obviously relished the idea—"The Woman of the Pond" and "The Old Sailor." (Some of his experiments with new

Royal Treat!

Luscious meat from the fabulous ALASKA KING CRAB—Sea Food Supreme!

No other crab to equal it—in size, flavor or texture. Caught in icy northern waters . . . immediately cooked, frozen and packed aboard ship . . . on your dinner table *with all the delicate, delicious sea-fresh flavor, color and tenderness intact!* A memorable sea food experience! Try it tonight! *Send for Recipes.*

Look for this package in your grocer's frozen food cabinet.



WAKEFIELD'S
FROZEN ALASKA
KING CRAB MEAT

WAKEFIELD'S, INC.
220 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

KEEP COOL
at the
SAVOY-PLAZA

Air Conditioned Guest Rooms
always available
at no extra charge

SAVOY-PLAZA
5th Avenue at 58th Street
ELdorado 5-2600

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants

Sea-Fare
1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

YODER READING CENTER

teaches children and executives alike to read with more speed and more comprehension. If you're "snowed under," not satisfied with your reading rate, write to **Yoder Reading Improvement Center, 235 East 46th Street, PLaza 9-1808.**

names were happier, as when he called goldfish "water canaries.") His prose translations of Homer, while far superior to the fake-archaic work of Butcher-Lang-Leaf-Myers, which they unfortunately did not supplant, often have a little too much of the old sailor about them. There was also the matter of sex. He was fond of quoting a soldier he met on a train who said he had never married because "it was cheaper to buy milk than to keep the cow." For many years Butler bought milk, visiting every Wednesday afternoon a French seamstress, of whom he became fond, though not enough to tell her his name. His friend Jones visited her Tuesdays. "She was a fine woman," the faithful Alfred recalled, "dark, large, not a regular streetwalker but receiving gentlemen in her room. . . . He and Jones paid her a pound each a week, including their holidays." When she died, her customers seem to have felt no need for any more milk. The remarkable thing about the arrangement was not its businesslike precision but its existence. Butler's emotional life was directed almost wholly toward men. In some of his friendships, the homosexual element was obvious, as in the case of Pauli, the handsome man-about-town he helped support for many years, and the young Swiss lad Hans Faesch. There is no evidence of anything overt, or even that Butler was un-Victorian enough to be aware of the possibility. This sexual anesthesia might be attributed to his miserable boyhood were it not that Gordon showed the same anesthesia. For Gordon's family life was extremely happy ("Oh, how my mother loved me!" he wrote his sister Augusta, to whom he was devoted, in contrast to Butler, who couldn't stand *his* sisters), and yet he was even more of a woman-hater—or, more accurately, woman-fearer—than Butler. There were no women at all in Gordon's life, and the only persons he showed any interest in were good-looking young boys—Chinese, English, Egyptian—whom he gathered about him whenever possible, caring for them, instructing them in religion, and referring to them in his letters as his "kings," "angels," and "doves." In this sphere, the timid scholar and the dashing soldier were most eminently Victorian.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LADY OF BEAUTY, by Kikou Yamata (John Day). Mrs. Hayashi, a rich and exceedingly beautiful Japanese

BTOBEY
Carling's Red Cap Ale

(Advertisement)

"Let's skip the build-up, Jarvis . . . pour the Carling's Ale!"

Better than Beer? Can it be? Try Carling's Red Cap Ale...and see!

©CARLING BREWING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Less than 3 hours to Bermuda

New-type CONSTELLATION Service at tourist rates

The Isle of Dreams is within Your Reach

Only $99 ROUND TRIP PLUS TAX

- Fastest service to Bermuda
- Complimentary meals aloft
- All flights depart—La Guardia Field
- Skycruises from La Guardia Field every day at 11:00 A.M.

Colonial Airlines officially Timed by Benrus.

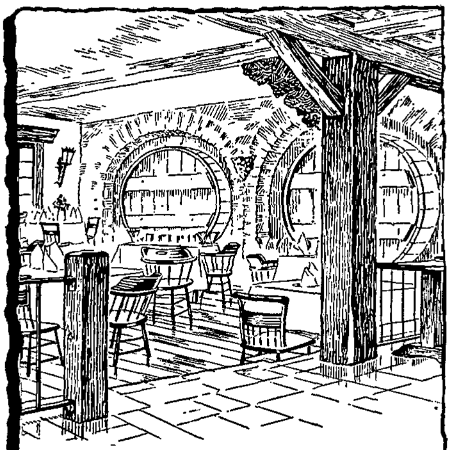
COLONIAL AIRLINES

Call MU 6-5500, or your travel agent

Canada USA Bermuda

SAFETY IS OVER 24 YEARS OF SAFETY NO ACCIDENT

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The finest type of American food

EMILY SHAW'S INN

POUND RIDGE, N. Y.

From Merritt Parkway to Exit 35 then six miles north on Route 137 *or* Route 22 to Bedford Village thence to Pound Ridge.

John F. Shaw, *Owner*

CLOSED MONDAYS

Phone: Pound Ridge 4-8873

Visit the Old English Tap Room

this is the famous
MURRAY SPACE SHOE

AVAILABLE AT

B. Nelson Co.

10 E. 39 St., N. Y. 16

AUTHORIZED AGENCY

Come in, and let us show you a remarkable demonstration. No obligation, of course.

10th SEASON

Copain

Luncheon
12:30 - 3 p.m.

Dinner –
5:30 - 11 p.m. From $2.50
Sun. Dinner from 3 p.m.

50th ST., N. W. COR. 1st AVE. • PLaza 8-0554

lady of forty or so, begins to waste away of tuberculosis of the bone. Her marriage is loveless, and as she reviews her life, during the months before her death, she finds herself possessed by a longing to love another human being and to be loved by him. Her longing comes to nothing, and she dies in silence. Miss Yamata writes vividly, and produces a clear and charming picture of life in an upper-class Japanese household before the Second World War, but her story, like her heroine, fades into a vague shadow, and becomes as negative and as meaningless as the solitary Mrs. Hayashi felt her life to have been.

THE HARVARD TREE, by Alma Stone (Houghton Mifflin). Miss Stone has brought two delightful young sisters to life here, but instead of concentrating her energy on her central characters, she allows her imagination to lead her off in so many scattered, uninteresting directions that her book is much less touching and entertaining than it should be. The sisters—Rowena, seventeen, and Laura, ten—live with an assortment of relatives on the outskirts of a small, easygoing, talkative town in Texas. The time is the summer of 1922.

LOVE IS ETERNAL, by Irving Stone (Doubleday). This ungainly, presumptuous novel follows the fortunes of a creature labelled Mary Todd from her girlhood in Kentucky to the moment when, as the widow of a creature labelled Abraham Lincoln, she leaves the White House forever. A Literary Guild choice.

THE FEAST OF JULY, by H. E. Bates (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Bella Ford, a young English hotel maid, is seduced by a country rake, who abandons her. After a long time, she meets him again, and while this second encounter destroys him, thereby giving her the revenge she once craved, it also brings her more heartbreak. Mr. Bates, who writes with a determined and unswerving pathos, seems to feel that the quality of vulnerability alone is enough to make a person worth writing about. Perhaps he finds vulnerable people more positive than others find them. Or perhaps he believes that vulnerable people have chosen to be just that and nothing else—a choice he apparently considers an ennobling one. In either case, it is too bad that he is not able to induce his reader to share any of the enthusiastic pity and sympathy he so

Starlight Roof

BETTY CLOONEY

ANDREA DANCERS

HENRY KING
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

MISCHA BORR AND HIS ORCHESTRA

TWO SHOWS: 9:30 and 12:15 weekdays. Cover after 9:30. THEATRE DINNER: served 6 to 8 daily including Sunday—no entertainment tax. LUNCHEON — Gypsy Cymbalum Ensemble. COCKTAILS—The Palm Room. SUNDAYS—Dinner from 6. Dancing 8 to midnight—no cover.

WALDORF-ASTORIA
PARK AVENUE 49TH to 50TH STS.

WE PARK YOUR CAR AT DINNER

Luchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMET'S RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE

The ONE and ONLY
King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
Your Host, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
Air Conditioned

brilliantly conceived!

the restaurant *Laurent*

111 East 56th St., off Park Ave.
Cool . . . Quiet . . . Spacious . . . Elegant
Superlative Cuisine . . Really Complete Bar • Luncheon
• Cocktails • Dinner • Special Rooms for Parties
Closed Sunday • PLaza 3-2729

obviously feels for his characters in their sad predicaments.

GENERAL

In the Cause of Peace, by Trygve Lie (Macmillan). Mr. Lie's accounting of his seven years as Secretary-General of the United Nations is, as might be expected, not only absorbing but probably the most comprehensive study of that organization that has yet been made from a high altitude. Because the United Nations was something new under the sun, its first Secretary-General had to invent a new kind of statesmanship, and no sooner was it invented than it was put to the test, for Mr. Lie had not been at his desk a full day before he was deep in the Iranian crisis and Mr. Gromyko was threatening to take his first walk. The history of his tenure from then on is a succession of crises—Palestine, the Berlin blockade, the seizure of China by the Communists, and the Korean war—punctuated by fifty-odd "Nyet"s from the Soviet bloc. Mr. Lie tells for the first time how he came to be chosen for the post and how he learned to make his way about in the stratosphere of supranational politics. He writes with frankness and with a modesty tempered by the conviction that he did a good job against considerable odds. His concluding reflections on what should be done to keep such peace as we have and his recommendations for reforms in the United Nations, particularly in the matter of the use and misuse of the veto power, are sober and seem sound.

John Ruskin, by Joan Evans (Oxford). Since 1948, when Admiral Sir William James published "The Order of Release," giving the startling details of Ruskin's unconsummated marriage to the Admiral's grandmother, there has been a new and perhaps not altogether scholarly interest in Ruskin. Dr. Evans' book, the fourth study published in the past six years, is probably the best of the lot, and because of the nice balance it strikes between, on the one hand, juicy information about the marriage, the incredible later affair with the insane Rose La Touche, and Ruskin's own manic-depressive psychosis and, on the other, a solid critical analysis of Ruskin's social and aesthetic views, it may prove to be the definitive biography for quite some time. Dr. Evans, a famous historian of art and ornament, who is now engaged in editing

The nicest gift of all is a Long Distance call

Next to being there in person, there's nothing quite so warm and satisfying as a voice-visit by telephone. Long Distance service is quick, friendly and courteous. And rates are surprisingly low, especially after six o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Somewhere today there is someone who would like to hear your voice.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

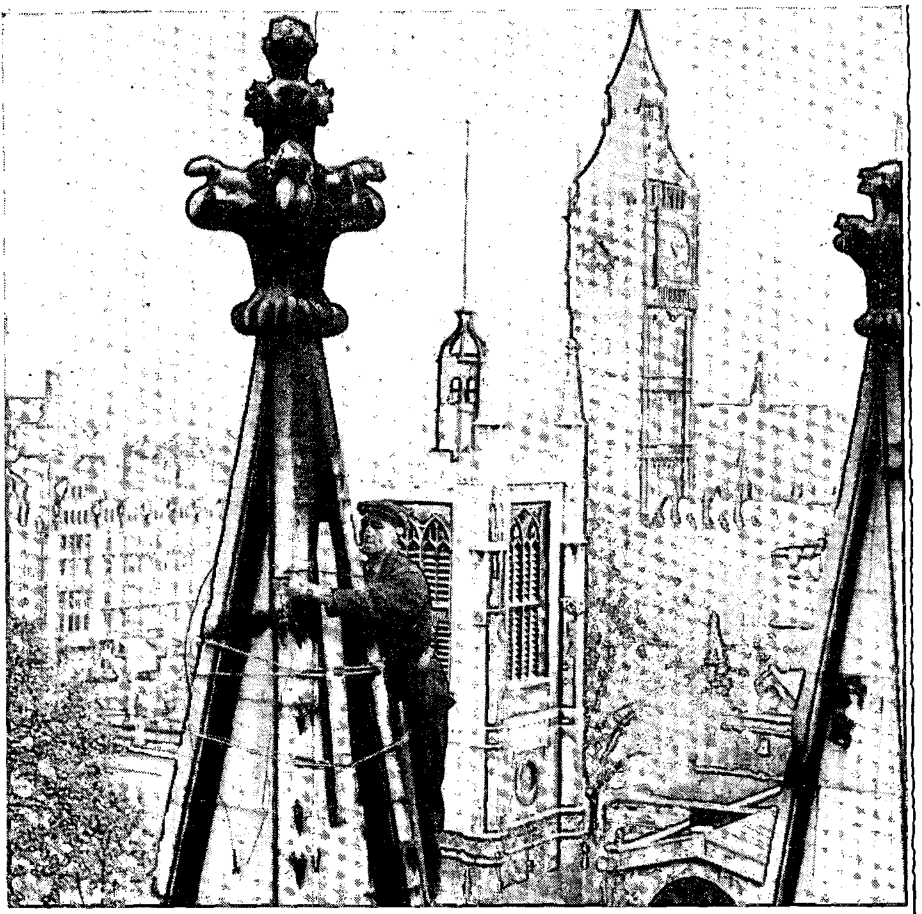
NEW YORK CITY to:

Philadelphia	**40¢**	**Cincinnati**	**$1.05**
Boston	**55¢**	**Chicago**	**$1.20**
Washington, D.C.	**60¢**	**Miami**	**$1.45**
Cleveland	**85¢**	**Los Angeles**	**$2.00**

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first 3 minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax. Low rates for similar distances all over America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

When you call, remember to Call by Number. It's faster.



Westminster Abbey is falling down

If this news leaves you unmoved, read no further

The English-Speaking Union and the sponsors of the American Fund for Westminster Abbey thank The New Yorker's many readers who responded warmly.

While the work of reconstruction has already begun, the American Fund is still receiving contributions to fill its quota of $280,000—one-tenth of the total goal.

Late gifts may be mailed to:

English-Speaking Union (Abbey Fund)
19 East 54th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

SPONSORING COMMITTEE
Hon. Winthrop W. Aldrich
Honorary Chairman
Hon. John W. Davis
Hon. Lewis W. Douglas
Hon. Walter S. Gifford
Hon. W. Averell Harriman
Honorary Vice-Chairmen
Morris L. Ernst
William V. Griffin
Langdon P. Marvin
Co-Chairmen
The English-Speaking Union of the United States has consented to administer the fund.

Ruskin's diaries with a collaborator, says in her introduction that one of her qualifications for dealing with Ruskin is that "I, too, am a Victorian;" indeed she must be, and just about the toughest-minded Victorian lady still going, at that.

MAU MAU AND THE KIKUYU, by L. S. B. Leakey (John Day). The author of this book would seem to be the ideal man to explain the secret terrorist organization known as the Mau Mau, for, as the son of English missionaries, he was brought up in Kenya among the Kikuyu people, was initiated into the tribe, and speaks the Kikuyu language, he says, perhaps better than he does English. Going back fifty years, he shows how the highly stylized culture of the Kikuyu has been warped out of shape by the British, and how the Kikuyu have amassed a set of grievances—some imagined and some, like the color bar and the shortage of tillable land, undeniably real. The real ones have been both magnified and cynically simplified by the Mau Mau; remove them, says the author, and the organization will cease to exist. Unlike some other recent writers on this subject, Dr. Leakey does not consider the Mau Mau a mystic cabal, and he gives no arcane explanation of its name; many Kikuyu, he reports, have told him the name means nothing at all.

NOTE: "The Man in the Thick Lead Suit," a collection of articles by Daniel Lang about atomic research, atomic scientists, and life in an atomic age, has been published by Oxford. All the pieces first appeared in this magazine. . . . Viking has brought out "The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley," a collection of Miss McGinley's verse. Most of the poems were originally printed in *The New Yorker*.

●

ROCHESTER, N.Y. (AP)—State police raided the Monroe farm in nearby Groveland Saturday night, arrested 130 persons, and seized 62 gamecocks.

The birds were turned over to the Humane society here who had them prepared and served to the youngsters at the Hillside Children's center as part of a huge Sunday chicken dinner.—*Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

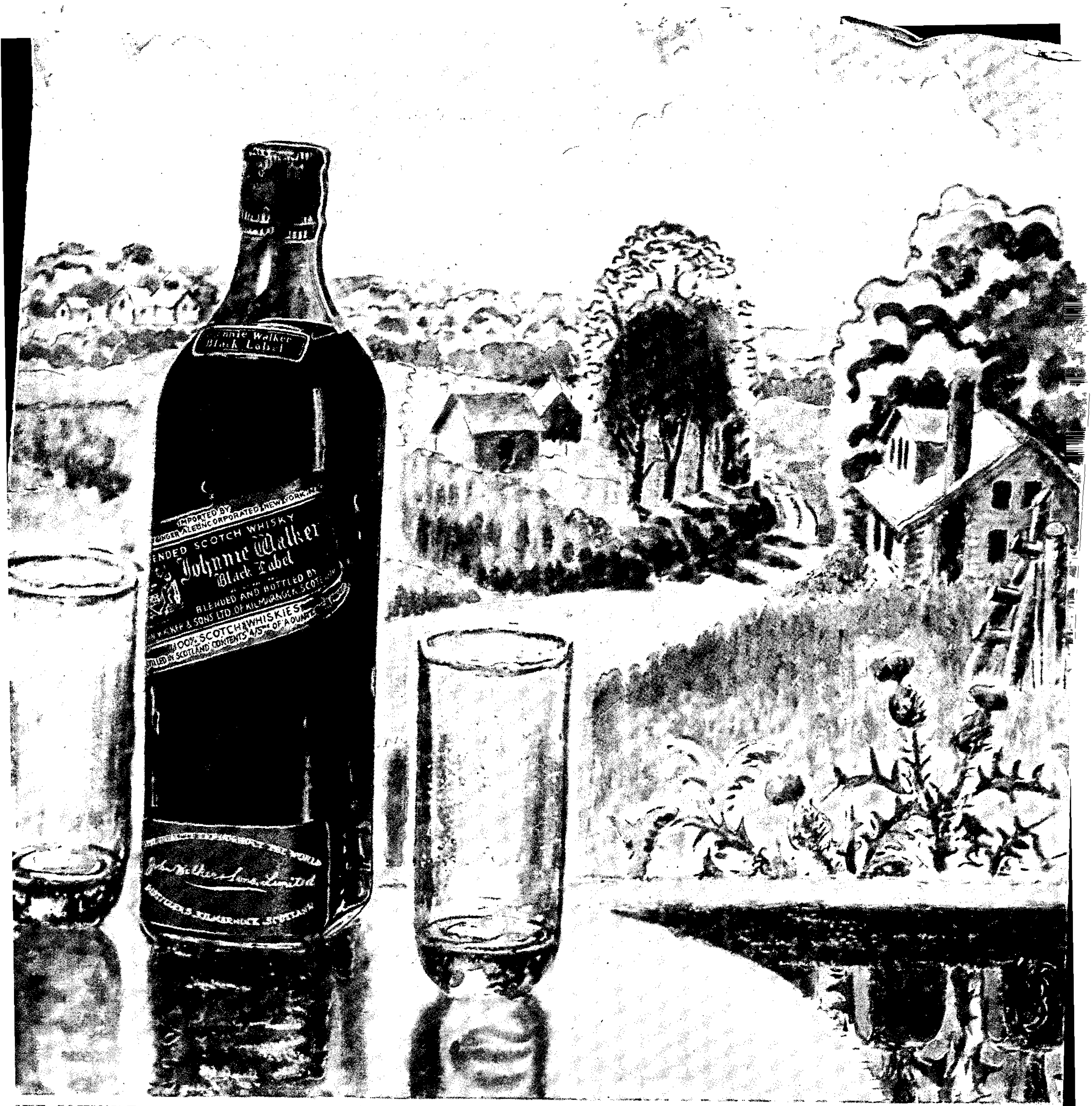
Spurs and all?

●

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Warrensburg* (*Mo.*) *Star-Journal*]

HAVE ROOM in my home for 2 patients, 1 man and 1 woman. Prefer bedfast man. 124 E. Market.


Johnnie Walker
Black Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label

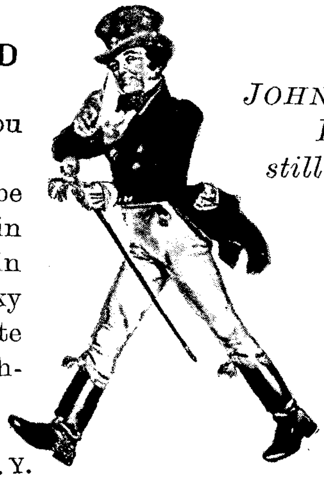
HE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

he Invitation" by CHARLES BURCHFIELD

e Artist

You *feel* the sincerity of a Burchfield water color as if you were standing on the scene.

Sincerity... integrity... devotion to quality—describe the work of another great artist in another field. Back in 1820, John Walker started making a wonderful whisky in a way known only to himself. The way and the whisky have come down through the years. Today, they culminate in Johnnie Walker Black Label. You could comb the Highlands and never find a finer Scotch whisky.

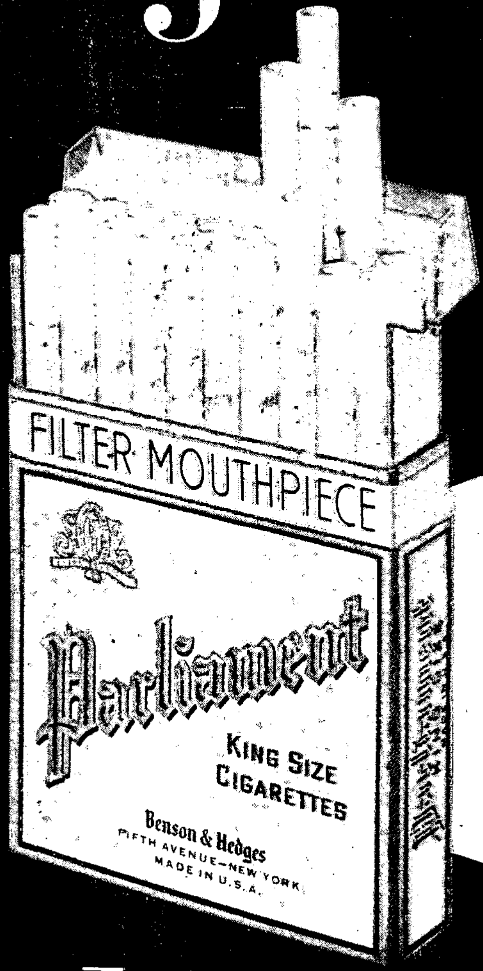


JOHNNIE WALKER
Born 1820
still going strong

hisky... 86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Now-You're So Smart to Smoke

King Size


FILTER MOUTHPIECE
Parliament
KING SIZE CIGARETTES
Benson & Hedges
FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK
MADE IN U.S.A.

New lower price -same as regular!

Parliaments

AVAILABLE IN KING SIZE OR REGULAR

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY A PRODUCT OF Benson & Hedges FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YO